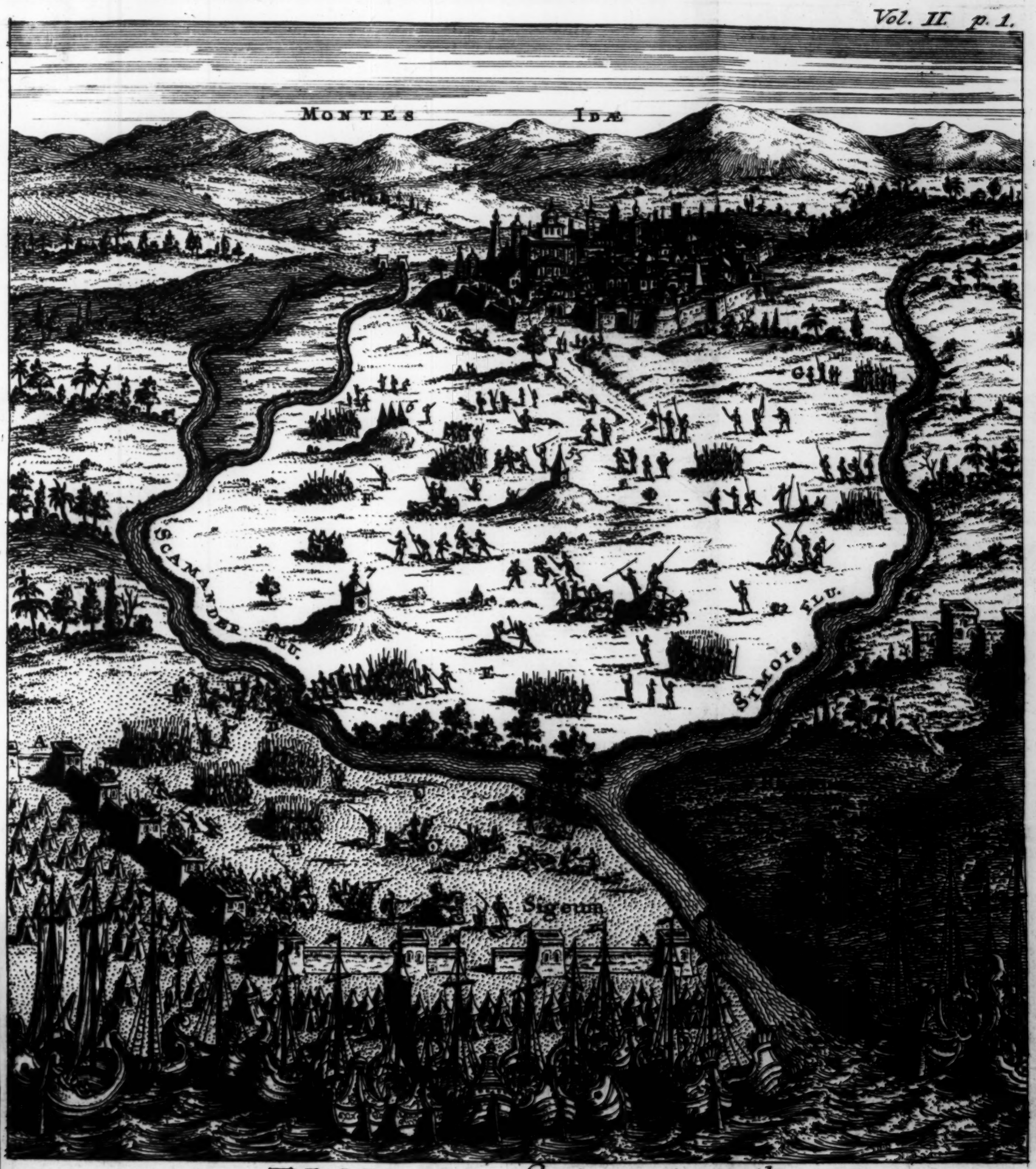

TROJA, *cum Locis pertingentibus*

1. *Porta Scæa, & Fagus*
2. *Caprificus*
3. *Fontes Scamandri duo*
4. *Callicolone prope Simoim*
5. *Batiea seu Sepulcrum Myrinnes*
6. *Ili Monimentum*
7. *Tumulus Æsetis*

A. *Murus Achivorum*
B. *Locus Pugnæ ante naves, Lib. 8. 12. 13. 14.*
C. *Gesta Diomedis hoc loco Lib. 5.*
D. *Achillis & Scamandri Certatio Lib. 22.*
E. *Locus Pugnæ in Lib. 6.*
F. *Locus Pugnæ in Lib. 11.*
G. *Locus Pugnæ in Lib. 20.*

THE FIFTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

The Acts of *Diomed.*

DIOMED, *aſſiſted by* Pallas, *performs wonders in this day's Battel.* Pandarus *wounds him with an Arrow, but the Goddeſs cures him, enables him to diſcern Gods from Mortals, and prohibits him from contending with any of the former, excepting* Venus. Æneas *joins* Pandarus *to oppoſe him,* Pandarus *is killed, and* Æneas *in great danger but for the aſſiſtance of* Venus; *who, as ſhe is removing her Son from the Fight, is wounded on the hand by* Diomed. Apollo

ſeconds her in his reſcue, and at length carries off Æneas *to* Troy, *where he is heal'd in the Temple of* Pergamus. Mars *rallies the* Trojans, *and aſſiſts* Hector *to make a ſtand. In the mean time* Æneas *is reſtor'd to the field, and they overthrow ſeveral of the* Greeks; *among the reſt* Tlepolemus *is ſlain by* Sarpedon. Juno *and* Minerva *deſcend to reſiſt* Mars; *the latter incites* Diomed *to go againſt that God; he wounds him, and ſends him groaning to Heaven.*

The firſt Battel continues thro' this Book. The Scene *is the ſame as in the former.*

BUT *Pallas* now *Tydides'* ſoul inſpires,
Fills with her force, and warms with all her fires;
Above the *Greeks* his deathleſs fame to raiſe,
And crown her Hero with diſtinguiſh'd praiſe.
High on his helm celeſtial lightnings play,
His beamy ſhield emits a living ray;
Th' unweary'd blaze inceſſant ſtreams ſupplies,
Like the red Star that fires th' autumnal skies,
When freſh he rears his radiant orb to ſight,
And bath'd in Ocean, ſhoots a keener light.
Such glories *Pallas* on the Chief beſtow'd,
Such, from his Arms, the fierce effulgence flow'd:
Onward ſhe drives him, furious to engage,
Where the Fight burns, and where the thickeſt rage.
The Sons of *Dares* firſt the combate ſought,
A wealthy Prieſt, but rich without a fault;
In *Vulcan's* Fane the Father's days were led,
The Sons to toils of glorious Battel bred;

Theſe

Where to the hip th' inſerted thigh unites,
Full on the bone the pointed marble lights;
Thro' both the tendons broke the rugged ſtone,
And ſtripp'd the skin, and crack'd the ſolid bone.
Sunk on his knees and ſtagg'ring with his pains;
His falling bulk his bended arm ſuſtains;
Loſt in a dizzy miſt the Warrior lies;
A ſudden cloud comes ſwimming o'er his eyes.
There the brave Chief who mighty numbers ſway'd
Oppreſs'd had ſunk to Death's eternal ſhade,
But heav'nly *Venus*, mindful of the love
She bore *Anchiſes* in th' *Idæan* grove,
His danger views with anguiſh and deſpair,
And guards her offspring with a Mother's care.
About her much-lov'd Son her arms ſhe throws,
Her arms whoſe whiteneſs match'd the falling ſnows,
Screen'd from the Foe behind her ſhining veil,
The ſwords wave harmleſs, and the javelins fail:
Safe thro' the ruſhing Horſe and feather'd flight
Of ſounding ſhafts, ſhe bears him from the fight.
Nor *Sthenelus*, with unaſſiſting hands,
Remain'd unheedful of his Lord's commands:
His panting Steeds, remov'd from out the War,
He fix'd with ſtraiten'd traces to the Car.
Next ruſhing to the *Dardan* ſpoil, detains
The heav'nly Courſers with the flowing manes.
Theſe in proud triumph to the Fleet convey'd,
No longer now a *Trojan* Lord obey'd.
That charge to bold *Deipylus* he gave,
(Whom moſt he lov'd, as brave men love the brave)

Then

Then mounting on his Car, reſum'd the rein,
And follow'd where *Tydides* ſwept the plain.
Meanwhile (his conqueſt raviſh'd from his eyes)
The raging Chief in chace of *Venus* flies:
No Goddeſs ſhe, commiſſion'd to the field,
Like *Pallas* dreadful with her ſable ſhield,
Or fierce *Bellona* thund'ring at the wall,
While flames aſcend, and mighty ruins fall.
He knew ſoft combates ſuit the tender Dame,
New to the field, and ſtill a foe to Fame.
Thro' breaking ranks his furious courſe he bends,
And at the Goddeſs his broad lance extends;
Thro' her bright veil the daring weapon drove
Th' ambroſial veil which all the Graces wove:
Her ſnowie hand the razing ſteel profan'd,
And the tranſparent skin with crimſon ſtain'd.
From the clear vein a ſtream immortal flow'd,
Such ſtream as iſſues from a wounded God;
Pure emanation! uncorrupted flood;
Unlike our groſs, diſeas'd, terreſtrial blood:
(For not the bread of man their life ſuſtains,
Nor Wine's inflaming juice ſupplies their veins.)
With tender ſhrieks the Goddeſs fill'd the place,
And dropt her Offspring from her weak embrace.
Him *Phœbus* took: He caſts a cloud around
The fainting Chief, and wards the mortal wound.
Then with a voice that ſhook the vaulted skies,
The King inſults the Goddeſs as ſhe flies.
Ill with *Jove's* Daughter bloody fights agree,
The field of combate is no ſcene for thee:

Go,

Theſe ſingled from their Troops the fight maintain,
Theſe from their Steeds, *Tydides* on the plain.
Fierce for Renown the brother Chiefs draw near,
And firſt bold *Phegeus* caſt his ſounding ſpear,
Which o'er the Warrior's ſhoulder took its courſe,
And ſpent in empty air its erring force.
Not ſo, *Tydides*, flew thy lance in vain,
But pierc'd his breaſt, and ſtretch'd him on the plain.
Seiz'd with unuſual fear *Idæus* fled,
Left the rich Chariot, and his Brother dead;
And had not *Vulcan* lent celeſtial aid,
He too had ſunk to Death's eternal ſhade;
But in a ſmoaky cloud the God of fire
Preſerv'd the Son, in pity to the Sire.
The Steeds and Chariot, to the Navy led,
Encreas'd the ſpoils of gallant *Diomed*.
Struck with amaze, and ſhame, the *Trojan* crew
Or ſlain, or fled, the Sons of *Dares* view:
When by the blood-ſtain'd hand *Minerva* preſt
The God of Battels, and this ſpeech addreſt.
Stern Pow'r of War! by whom the Mighty fall,
Who bath'ſt in blood, and ſhak'ſt the lofty Wall!
Let the brave Chiefs their glorious toils divide;
And whoſe the Conqueſt, mighty *Jove* decide:
While we from interdicted fields retire,
Nor tempt the wrath of Heav'ns avenging Sire.
Her words allay th' impetuous Warrior's heat,
The God of Arms and Martial Maid retreat;
Remov'd from fight, on *Xanthus'* flow'ry bounds
They ſate, and liſten'd to the dying ſounds.

Meantime the *Greeks* the *Trojan* race purſue,
And ſome bold Chieftain ev'ry Leader ſlew:
Firſt *Odius* falls, and bites the bloody ſand,
His death ennobled by *Atrides'* hand;
As he to flight his wheeling Car addreſt,
The ſpeedy Javelin drove from back to breaſt.
In duſt the mighty *Halizonian* lay,
His Arms reſound, the ſpirit wings its way.
Thy Fate was next, O *Phæſtus*! doom'd to feel
The great *Idomeneus'* protended Steel;
Whom *Borus* ſent (his Son and only joy)
From fruitful *Tarnè* to the fields of *Troy*
The *Cretan* javelin reach'd him from afar,
And pierc'd his ſhoulder as he mounts his Car;
Back from the Car he tumbles to the ground,
And everlaſting ſhades his eyes ſurround.
Then dy'd *Scamandrius*, expert in the chace,
In woods and wilds to wound the ſavage race;
Diana taught him all her ſylvan arts,
To bend the Bow and aim unerring darts:
But vainly here *Diana's* arts he tries,
The fatal lance arreſts him as he flies;
From *Menelaus'* Arm the weapon ſent,
Thro' his broad back and heaving boſom went:
Down ſinks the Warrior with a thundring ſound,
His brazen Armor rings againſt the ground.
Next artful *Phereclus* untimely fell;
Bold *Merion* ſent him to the realms of Hell.
Thy Father's skill, O *Phereclus*, was thine,
The graceful fabrick and the fair deſign;

For

For lov'd by *Pallas*, *Pallas* did impart
To him the Shipwright's and the Builder's art.
Beneath his hand the Fleet of *Paris* roſe,
The fatal cauſe of all his country's woes;
But he, the myſtick will of Heav'n unknown,
Nor ſaw his country's peril, nor his own.
The hapleſs Artiſt, while confus'd he fled,
The ſpear of *Merion* mingled with the dead.
Thro' his right hip with forceful fury caſt,
Between the bladder and the bone it paſt:
Prone on his knees he falls with fruitleſs cries,
And Death in laſting ſlumber ſeals his eyes.
From *Meges'* force the ſwift *Pedæus* fled,
Antenor's offspring from a foreign bed,
Whoſe gen'rous Spouſe, *Theano*, heav'nly fair,
Nurs'd the young ſtranger with a Mother's care.
How vain thoſe cares! when *Meges* in the rear
Full in his nape infix'd the fatal Spear;
Swift thro' his crackling jaws the weapon glides,
And the cold tongue and grinning teeth divides.
Then dy'd *Hypſenor*, gen'rous and divine,
Sprung from the brave *Dolopion*'s mighty Line,
Who near ador'd *Scamander* made abode,
Prieſt of the ſtream, and honour'd as a God.
On him, amidſt the flying numbers found,
Euripilus inflicts a deadly wound;
On his broad ſhoulder fell the forceful brand,
Thence glancing downward lopp'd his holy hand,
Which ſtain'd with ſacred blood the bluſhing ſand.

Down ſunk the Prieſt: the purple hand of Death
Clos'd his dim eye, and Fate ſuppreſs'd his breath.
Thus toil'd the Chiefs in diff'rent parts engag'd,
In ev'ry quarter fierce *Tydides* rag'd,
Amid the *Greek*, amid the *Trojan* train,
Rapt thro' the Ranks he thunders o'er the plain,
Now here, now there, he darts from place to place,
Pours on the rear, or lightens in their face.
Thus from high hills the torrents ſwift and ſtrong
Deluge whole fields, and ſweep the trees along,
Thro' ruin'd moles the ruſhing wave reſounds,
O'erwhelms the bridge, and burſts the lofty bounds;
The yellow harveſts of the ripen'd year,
And flatted vineyards, one ſad waſte appear;
While *Jove* deſcends in fluicy ſheets of rain,
And all the labours of mankind are vain.
So rag'd *Tydides*, boundleſs in his ire,
Drove Armies back, and made all *Troy* retire.
With grief the * Leader of the *Lycian* Band,
Saw the wide waſte of his deſtructive hand:
His bended bow againſt the Chief he drew;
Swift to the mark the thirſty arrow flew,
Whoſe forky point the hollow breaſtplate tore,
Deep in his ſhoulder pierc'd, and drank the gore:
The ruſhing ſtream his brazen armor dy'd,
While the proud Archer thus exulting cry'd.
Hither ye *Trojans*, hither drive your Steeds!
Lo! by our hand the braveſt *Grecian* bleeds.

Not

* *Pandarus.*

Not long the deathful dart he can ſuſtain;
Or *Phœbus* urg'd me to theſe fields in vain.
So ſpoke he, boaſtful; but the winged dart
Stopt ſhort of life, and mock'd the ſhooter's art.
The wounded Chief behind his car retir'd,
The helping hand of *Sthenelus* requir'd;
Swift from his ſeat he leap'd upon the ground,
And tugg'd the weapon from the guſhing wound;
When thus the King his guardian Pow'r addreſt,
The purple current wand'ring o'er his veſt.
O progeny of *Jove!* unconquer'd Maid!
If e'er my godlike Sire deſerv'd thy aid,
If e'er I felt thee in the fighting field;
Now, Goddeſs, now, thy ſacred ſuccour yield.
Oh give my lance to reach the *Trojan* Knight,
Whoſe arrow wounds the Chief thou guard'ſt in fight;
And lay the boaſter grov'ling on the ſhore,
That vaunts theſe eyes ſhall view the light no more.
Thus pray'd *Tydides*, and *Minerva* heard,
His nerves confirm'd, his languid ſpirits chear'd;
He feels each limb with wonted vigor light;
His beating boſom claims the promis'd fight.
Be bold (ſhe cry'd) in ev'ry combate ſhine,
War be thy province, thy protection mine;
Ruſh to the fight, and ev'ry Foe controul;
Wake each paternal virtue in thy ſoul:
Strength ſwells thy boiling breaſt, infus'd by me,
And all thy Godlike Father breathes in thee!
Yet more, from mortal miſts I purge thy eyes,
And ſet to view the warring Deities.

Theſe ſee thou ſhun, thro' all th' embattled plain,
Nor raſhly ſtrive where human force is vain.
If *Venus* mingle in the martial band,
Her ſhalt thou wound: So *Pallas* gives command.
With that, the blue-ey'd Virgin wing'd her flight;
The Hero ruſh'd impetuous to the fight;
With tenfold ardor now invades the plain,
Wild with delay, and more enrag'd by pain.
As on the fleecy flocks, when hunger calls,
Amidſt the field a brindley Lyon falls;
If chance ſome Shepherd with a diſtant dart
The ſavage wound, he rowzes at the ſmart,
He foams, he roars; The Shepherd dares not ſtay,
But trembling leaves the ſcatt'ring Flocks a prey.
Heaps fall on heaps; he bathes with blood the ground,
Then leaps victorious o'er the lofty mound.
Not with leſs fury ſtern *Tydides* flew,
And two brave Leaders at an inſtant ſlew;
Aſtynous breathleſs fell, and by his ſide
His people's Paſtor, good *Hypenor*, dy'd;
Aſtynous' breaſt the deadly lance receives,
Hypenor's ſhoulder his broad faulchion cleaves.
Thoſe ſlain he left, and ſprung with noble rage
Abas, and *Polyidus* to engage;
Sons of *Eurydamas*, who wiſe and old,
Could Fates foreſee, and myſtic dreams unfold;
The Youths return'd not from the doubtful plain,
And the ſad Father try'd his arts in vain;
No myſtic dream could make their fates appear,
Tho' now determin'd by *Tydides'* ſpear.

Young

Young *Xanthus* next and *Thoon* felt his rage,
The joy and hope of *Phœnops* feeble age:
Vaſt was his wealth, and theſe the only heirs
Of all his labours, and a life of cares;
Cold death o'ertakes them in their blooming years;
And leaves the Father unavailing tears:
To Strangers now deſcends his heapy ſtore,
The race forgotten, and the name no more.
Two Sons of *Priam* in one chariot ride,
Glitt'ring in arms, and combate ſide by ſide.
As when the lordly Lyon ſeeks his food
Where grazing heifers range the lonely wood,
He leaps amidſt them with a furious bound,
Bends their ſtrong necks, and tears them to the ground.
So from their ſeats the brother-Chiefs are torn,
Their Steeds and chariot to the Navy born.
With deep concern divine *Æneas* view'd
The Foe prevailing, and his Friends purſu'd,
Thro' the thick ſtorm of ſinging ſpears he flies,
Exploring *Pandarus* with careful eyes.
At length he found *Lycaon*'s mighty ſon;
To whom the chief of *Venus*' race begun.
Where, *Pandarus*, are all thy honours now,
Thy winged arrows and unerring bow,
Thy matchleſs skill, thy yet-unrival'd fame,
And boaſted glory of the *Lycian* name?
Oh pierce that mortal, if we mortal call
That wondrous force by which whole Armies fall,
Or God incens'd, who quits the diſtant skies
To puniſh *Troy* for ſlighted ſacrifice;

(Which oh avert from our unhappy State!
For what ſo dreadful as Celeſtial hate?)
Whoe'er he be, propitiate *Jove* with pray'r;
If Man, deſtroy; if God, entreat to ſpare.
To him the *Lycian*. Whom your eyes behold,
If right I judge, is *Diomed* the bold.
Such Courſers whirl him o'er the duſty field,
So tow'rs his helmet, and ſo flames his ſhield.
If 'tis a God, he wears that Chief's diſguiſe,
Or if that Chief, ſome Guardian of the ſkies
Involv'd in clouds, protects him in the fray,
And turns unſeen the fruſtrate dart away.
I wing'd an arrow, which not idly fell,
The ſtroke had fix'd him to the gates of Hell,
And, but ſome God, ſome angry God withſtands,
His fate was due to theſe unerring hands.
Skill'd in the bow, on foot I ſought the war,
Nor join'd ſwift Horſes to the rapid Car.
Ten poliſh'd Chariots I poſſeſs'd at home,
And ſtill they grace *Lycaon*'s princely dome:
There veil'd in ſpacious coverlets they ſtand;
And twice ten Courſers wait their Lords command.
The good old Warrior bade me truſt to theſe,
When firſt for *Troy* I ſail'd the ſacred ſeas,
In fields, aloft, the whirling Car to guide,
And thro' the ranks of Death triumphant ride.
But vain with youth, and yet to thrift inclin'd,
I heard his counſels with unheedful mind,
And thought the Steeds (your large ſupplies unknown)
Might fail of forage in the ſtraiten'd Town:

So

So took my bow and pointed darts in hand,
And left the Chariots in my native land.
Too late, O Friend! my raſhneſs I deplore;
Theſe ſhafts, once fatal, carry death no more.
Tydeus' and *Atreus'* Sons their points have found,
And undiſſembled gore purſu'd the wound.
In vain they bled: This unavailing bow
Serves not to ſlaughter, but provoke the Foe.
In evil hour theſe bended horns I ſtrung,
And ſeiz'd the quiver where it idly hung.
Curs'd be the Fate that ſent me to the field,
Without a Warriors Arms, the Spear and Shield!
If e'er with life I quit the *Trojan* plain,
If e'er I ſee my Spouſe and Sire again,
This bow, unfaithful to my glorious aims,
Broke by my hand, ſhall feed the blazing flames.
To whom the Leader of the *Dardan* Race:
Be calm, nor *Phœbus'* honour'd gift diſgrace.
The diſtant dart be prais'd, tho' here we need
The ruſhing Chariot, and the bounding Steed.
Againſt yon' Hero let us bend our courſe,
And, hand to hand, encounter force with force.
Now haſte, aſcend my ſeat, and from the Car
Obſerve my Father's Steeds, renown'd in War,
Practis'd alike to turn, to ſtop, to chace,
To dare the ſhock, or urge the rapid race:
Secure with theſe, thro' fighting fields we go,
Or ſafe to *Troy*, if *Jove* aſſiſt the Foe.
Haſte, ſeize the whip, and ſnatch the guiding rein;
The Warrior's fury let this arm ſuſtain;

Or

Or if to combate thy bold heart incline,
Take thou the Spear, the Chariot's care be mine.
O Prince! (*Lycaon*'s valiant Son reply'd)
As thine the Steeds, be thine the task to guide.
The Horſes practis'd to their Lord's command,
Shall hear the rein, and anſwer to thy hand.
But if unhappy, we deſert the fight,
Thy voice alone can animate their flight:
Elſe ſhall our fates be number'd with the dead,
And theſe, the Victor's prize, in triumph led.
Thine be the guidance then: with Spear and Shield
My ſelf will charge this terror of the field.
And now both Heroes mount the glitt'ring Car;
The bounding Courſers ruſh amidſt the War.
Their fierce approach bold *Sthenelus* eſpy'd,
Who thus, alarm'd, to great *Tydides* cry'd.
O Friend! two Chiefs of force immenſe I ſee,
Dreadful they come, and bend their rage on thee:
Lo the brave Heir of old *Lycaon*'s Line,
And great *Æneas*, ſprung from Race Divine!
Enough is giv'n to Fame. Aſcend thy Car;
And ſave a life, the bulwark of our War.
At this the Hero caſt a gloomy look,
Fix'd on the Chief with ſcorn, and thus he ſpoke.
Me doſt thou bid to ſhun the coming fight?
Me would'ſt thou move to baſe inglorious flight?
Know, 'tis not honeſt in my ſoul to fear,
Nor was *Tydides* born to tremble here.
I loath in lazy fights to preſs the Car,
At diſtance wound, or wage a flying War;

But while my nerves are ſtrung, my force entire,
Thus front the Foe, and emulate my Sire.
Nor ſhall yon' Steeds that fierce to fight convey
Thoſe threatning Heroes, bear them both away;
One Chief at leaſt beneath this arm ſhall die;
So *Pallas* tells me, and forbids to fly.
But if ſhe dooms, and if no God withſtand;
That both ſhall fall by one victorious hand.
Then heed my words: my Horſes here detain,
Fix'd to the Chariot by the ſtraiten'd rein:
Swift to *Æneas'* empty ſeat proceed,
And ſeize the Courſers of ætherial breed.
The race of thoſe which once the thund'ring God
For raviſh'd *Ganymede* on *Tros* beſtow'd,
The beſt that e'er on Earth's broad ſurface run,
Beneath the riſing or the ſetting Sun.
Hence great *Anchiſes* ſtole a breed unknown
By mortal *Mares*, from fierce *Laomedon*.
Four of this race his ample ſtalls contain,
And two tranſport *Æneas* o'er the plain.
Theſe, were the rich immortal prize our own,
Thro' the wide world ſhould make our glory known.
Thus while they ſpoke, the Foe came furious on,
And ſtern *Lycaon*'s warlike Race begun.
Prince, thou art met. Tho' late in vain aſſail'd,
The ſpear may enter where the arrow fail'd.
He ſaid, then ſhook the pondrous lance and flung,
On his broad ſhield the ſounding weapon rung,
Pierc'd the tough orb, and in his cuiraſs hung.

He

He bleeds! The pride of *Greece!* the boaſter cries!
Our Triumph now, the mighty Warrior lies!
Miſtaken vaunter! *Diomed* reply'd;
Thy dart has err'd, and now my ſpear be try'd:
Ye ſcape not both; one, headlong from his Car,
With hoſtile blood ſhall glut the God of War.
He ſpoke, and riſing hurl'd his forceful dart,
Which driv'n by *Pallas*, pierc'd a vital part;
Full in his face it enter'd, and betwixt
The noſe and eye-ball the proud *Lycian* fixt;
Craſh'd all his jaws, and cleft the tongue within,
'Till the bright point look'd out beneath the chin.
Headlong he falls, his helmet knocks the ground;
Earth groans beneath him, and his arms reſound;
The ſtarting Courſers tremble with affright;
The ſoul indignant ſeeks the realms of night.
To guard his ſlaughter'd Friend, *Æneas* flies,
His ſpear extending where the carcaſs lies;
Watchful he wheels, protects it ev'ry way,
As the grim Lyon ſtalks around his prey.
O'er the fall'n trunk his ample ſhield diſplay'd,
He hides the Hero with his mighty ſhade.
And threats aloud: The *Greeks* with longing eyes
Behold at diſtance, but forbear the prize.
Then fierce *Tydides* ſtoops; and from the fields
Heav'd with vaſt force, a rocky fragment wields.
Not two ſtrong men th' enormous weight could raiſe,
Such men as live in theſe degen'rate days.
He ſwung it round; and gath'ring ſtrength to throw,
Diſcharg'd the pond'rous ruin at the Foe.

Where

Go, let thy own ſoft Sex employ thy care;
Go lull the coward, or delude the fair.
Taught by this ſtroke, renounce the War's alarms;
And learn to tremble at the name of Arms.
Tydides thus. The Goddeſs, ſeiz'd with dread,
Confus'd, diſtracted, from the conflict fled.
To aid her, ſwift the winged *Iris* flew,
Wrapt in a miſt above the warring crew.
The Queen of Love with faded charms ſhe found,
Pale was her cheek, and livid look'd the wound.
To *Mars*, who ſate remote, they bent their way;
Far on the left, with clouds involv'd, he lay;
Beſide him ſtood his lance, diſtain'd with gore,
And, rein'd with gold, his foaming Steeds before.
Low at his knee, ſhe begg'd, with ſtreaming eyes,
Her Brother's Car, to mount the diſtant ſkies,
And ſhew'd the wound by fierce *Tydides* giv'n,
A mortal Man, who dares encounter Heav'n.
Stern *Mars* attentive hears the Queen complain,
And to her hand commits the golden Rein:
She mounts the ſeat oppreſs'd with ſilent woe,
Driv'n by the Goddeſs of the painted Bow.
The laſh reſounds, the rapid Chariot flies,
And in a moment ſcales the lofty ſkies.
There ſtopp'd the Car, and there the Courſers ſtood,
Fed by fair *Iris* with ambroſial food.
Before her Mother Love's bright Queen appears,
O'erwhelm'd with anguiſh and diſſolv'd in tears;
She rais'd her in her arms, beheld her bleed,
And ask'd, what God had wrought this guilty deed?

Then ſhe: This inſult from no God I found,
An impious Mortal gave the daring wound!
Behold the deed of haughty *Diomed!*
'T was in the Son's defence the Mother bled.
The War with *Troy* no more the *Grecians* wage;
But with the Gods (th' immortal Gods) engage.
Dione then. Thy wrongs with patience bear,
And ſhare thoſe griefs inferior Pow'rs muſt ſhare;
Unnumber'd woes mankind from us ſuſtain,
And Men with woes afflict the Gods again.
The mighty *Mars* in mortal fetters bound,
And lodg'd in brazen dungeons under ground,
Full thirteen moons impriſon'd roar'd in vain,
Otus and *Ephialtes* held the chain:
Perhaps had periſh'd; had not *Hermes'* care
Reſtor'd the groaning God to upper air.
Great *Juno*'s ſelf has born her weight of pain,
Th' imperial partner of the heav'nly Reign;
Amphitryon's Son inſix'd the deadly dart,
And fill'd with anguiſh her immortal heart.
Ev'n Hell's grim King *Alcides'* pow'r confeſt,
The ſhaft found entrance in his iron breaſt,
To *Jove*'s high Palace for a cure he fled,
Pierc'd in his own Dominions of the Dead;
Where *Paon* ſprinkling heav'nly balm around,
Aſſwag'd the glowing pangs, and clos'd the wound.
Raſh, impious Man! to ſtain the bleſt abodes,
And drench his arrows in the blood of Gods!
But thou (tho' *Pallas* urg'd thy frantic deed)
Whoſe ſpear ill-fated makes a Goddeſs bleed,

Know

Know thou, whoe'er with heav'nly pow'r contends,
Short is his date, and ſoon his glory ends;
From fields of death when late he ſhall retire,
No Infant on his knees ſhall call him Sire.
Strong as thou art, ſome God may yet be found,
To ſtretch thee pale and gaſping on the ground.
Thy diſtant Wife, *Ægialé* the fair,
Starting from ſleep with a diſtracted air,
Shall rowze thy ſlaves, and her loſt Lord deplore,
The brave, the great, the glorious, now no more!
This ſaid, ſhe wip'd from *Venus'* wounded palm
The ſacred *ichor*, and infus'd the balm.
Juno and *Pallas* with a ſmile ſurvey'd,
And thus to *Jove* began the blue-ey'd Maid.
Permit thy Daughter, gracious *Jove*! to tell
How this miſchance the *Cyprian* Queen befell.
As late ſhe try'd with paſſion to inflame
The tender boſome of a *Grecian* Dame,
Allur'd the fair with moving thoughts of joy,
To quit her country for ſome youth of *Troy*;
The claſping Zone, with golden buckles bound,
Raz'd her ſoft hand with this lamented wound.
The Sire of Gods and Men ſuperior ſmil'd,
And, calling *Venus*, thus addreſt his Child.
Not theſe, O Daughter, are thy proper cares,
Thee milder arts befit, and ſofter Wars;
Sweet ſmiles are thine and kind endearing charms,
To *Mars* and *Pallas* leave the deeds of Arms.
Thus they in Heav'n: While on the plain below
The fierce *Tydides* charg'd his *Dardan* Foe:

Flush'd with Celestial blood pursu'd his way,
And fearless dar'd the threatning God of day;
Already in his hopes he saw him kill'd,
Tho' screen'd behind *Apollo*'s mighty shield.
Thrice rushing furious, at the Chief he strook;
His blazing buckler thrice *Apollo* shook:
He try'd the fourth: When breaking from the cloud,
A more than mortal voice was heard aloud.
O Son of *Tydeus*, cease! be wise and see
How vast the diff'rence of the Gods and thee;
Distance immense! between the Pow'rs that shine
Above, eternal, deathless, and divine,
And mortal Man! a wretch of humble birth,
A short-liv'd reptile in the dust of earth.
So spoke the God who darts celestial fires;
He dreads his fury, and some steps retires.
Then *Phœbus* bore the Chief of *Venus*' Race
To *Troy*'s high Fane, and to his holy place.
Latona there and *Phœbé* heal'd the wound,
With vigor arm'd him, and with glory crown'd.
This done, the Patron of the silver Bow
A Phantom rais'd, the same in shape and show,
With great *Æneas*; such the form he bore,
And such in fight the radiant Arms he wore.
Around the Spectre bloody Wars are wag'd,
And *Greece* and *Troy* with clashing shields engag'd.
Meantime on *Ilion*'s Tow'rs *Apollo* stood,
And calling *Mars*, thus urg'd the raging God.
Stern Pow'r of Arms! by whom the mighty fall,
Who bathe in blood, and shake th' embattel'd Wall!

Rise

Riſe in thy wrath! To Hell's abhorr'd abodes
Diſpatch yon' *Greek*, and vindicate the Gods.
Firſt roſie *Venus* felt his brutal rage;
Me next hext he charg'd, and dares all Heav'n engage:
The wretch would brave high Heav'ns immortal Sire,
His triple Thunder, and his bolts of fire.
The God of Battel iſſues on the plain,
Stirs all the ranks, and fires the *Trojan* train;
In form like *Acamas*, the *Thracian* Guide,
Enrag'd, to *Troy*'s retiring Chiefs he cry'd.
How long, ye Sons of *Priam*! will ye fly,
And unreveng'd ſee *Priam*'s people die?
Still unreſiſted ſhall the Foe deſtroy,
And ſtretch the ſlaughter to the gates of *Troy*?
Lo brave *Æneas* ſinks beneath his wound,
Not godlike *Hector* more in Arms renown'd:
Haſte all, and take the gen'rous Warrior's part.
He ſaid; new courage ſwell'd each Hero's heart.
Sarpedon firſt his ardent ſoul expreſs'd,
And, turn'd to *Hector*, theſe bold words addreſſ'd.
Say, Chief, is all thy ancient valor loſt;
Where are thy threats, & where thy glorious boaſt,
That propt alone by *Priam*'s Race ſhould ſtand
Troy's ſacred Walls, nor need a foreign hand?
Now, now thy Country calls her wanted Friends,
And the proud vaunt in juſt deriſion ends.
Remote they ſtand, while alien Troops engage,
Like trembling hounds before the lion's rage.
Far diſtant hence I held my wide command,
Where foaming *Xanthus* laves the *Lycian* land,

With ample wealth (the wiſh of Mortals) bleſt,
A beauteous Wife, and Infant at her breaſt;
With thoſe I left whatever dear could be;
Greece, if ſhe conquers, nothing wins from me.
Yet firſt in fight my *Lycian* Bands I chear,
And long to meet this mighty Man ye fear.
While *Hector* idle ſtands, nor bids the brave
Their Wives, their Infants, and their Altars ſave.
Haſte, Warrior, haſte! preſerve thy threaten'd State
Or one vaſt burſt of all-involving Fate
Full o'er your Tow'rs ſhall fall, and ſweep away
Sons, Sires, and Wives, an undiſtinguiſh'd prey.
Rowze all thy *Trojans* urge thy *Aids* to fight;
Theſe claim thy thoughts by day, thy watch by night
With force inceſſant the brave *Greeks* oppoſe;
Such cares thy Friends deſerve, and ſuch thy Foes.

Stung to the heart the gen'rous *Hector* hears,
But juſt reproof with decent ſilence bears.
From his proud Car the Prince impetuous ſprings;
On earth he leaps, his brazen Armor rings.
Two ſhining ſpears are brandiſh'd in his hands;
Thus arm'd, he animates his drooping Bands,
Revives their ardor, turns their ſteps from flight,
And wakes anew the dying flames of fight.
They turn, they ſtand: The *Greeks* their fury dare
Condenſe their pow'rs, and wait the growing War.

As when on *Ceres'* ſacred floor the Swain
Spreads the wide fan to clear the golden grain,
And the light chaff, before the breezes born,
Aſcends in clouds from off the heapy corn;

Thy grey duſt, riſing with collected winds,
Drives o'er the barn, and whitens all the Hinds.
So white with duſt the *Grecian* Hoſt appears,
From trampling Steeds, and thundring Charioteers.
The dusky Clouds from labour'd earth ariſe,
And roll in ſmoaking volumes to the skies,
Mars hovers o'er them with his ſable Shield,
And adds new horrors to the darken'd field;
Pleas'd with his charge, and ardent to fulfill
In *Troy*'s defence *Apollo*'s heav'nly will:
Soon as from fight the blue-ey'd Maid retires,
Each *Trojan* boſom with new warmth he fires.
And now the God, from forth his ſacred Fane,
Produc'd *Æneas* to the ſhouting train;
Alive, unharm'd, with all his Peers around,
Erect he ſtood; and vig'rous from his wound:
Enquiries none they made; the dreadful day
No pauſe of words admits, no dull delay;
Fierce *Diſcord* ſtorms, *Apollo* loud exclaims,
Fame calls, *Mars* thunders, and the field's in flames.
Stern *Diomed* with either *Ajax* ſtood
And great *Ulyſſes*, bath'd in hoſtile blood.
Embodied cloſe, the lab'ring *Grecian* train
The fierceſt ſhock of charging Hoſts ſuſtain;
Unmov'd and ſilent, the whole war they wait,
Serenely dreaful, and as fix'd as Fate.
So when th'embattel'd Clouds in dark array
Along the Skies their gloomy lines diſplay,
When now the *North* his boiſt'rous rage has ſpent,
And peaceful ſleeps the liquid element,

The low-hung vapors, motionleſs and ſtill,
Reſt on the ſummits of the ſhaded hill;
'Till the maſs ſcatters as the Winds ariſe,
Diſpers'd and broken thro' the ruffled Skies.
Nor was the Gen'ral wanting to his train,
From Troop to Troop he toils thro' all the plain.
Ye *Greeks* be Men! the charge of battel bear;
Your brave Aſſociates, and your ſelves revere!
Let glorious acts more glorious acts inſpire,
And catch from breaſt to breaſt the noble fire!
On Valor's ſide the odds of combat lie,
The brave live glorious, or lamented die;
The wretch who trembles in the field of Fame,
Meets Death, and worſe than Death, eternal Shame.
Theſe words he ſeconds with his flying lance,
To meet whoſe point was ſtrong *Deicoon*'s chance;
Æneas' Friend, and in his native place
Honour'd and and lov'd like *Priam*'s Royal Race:
Long had he fought the foremoſt in the field;
But now the Monarch's lance tranſpierc'd his ſhield,
His ſhield too weak the furious dart to ſtay;
Thro' his broad belt the weapon forc'd its way;
The grizly wound diſmiſs'd his ſoul to Hell,
His Arms around him rattled as he fell.
Then fierce *Æneas* brandiſhing his blade,
In duſt *Orſilochus* and *Crethon* laid,
Whoſe Sire *Diocleus*, wealthy, brave and great,
In well-built *Phera* held his lofty ſeat:
Sprung from *Alpheus*, plenteous Stream! that yields
Encreaſe of harveſts to the *Pylian* fields:

He

He got *Orſilochus*, *Diöcleus* he,
And theſe deſcended in the third degree.
Too early expert in the martial toil,
In ſable ſhips they left their native ſoil,
T' avenge *Atrides*: Now untimely ſlain,
They fell with glory on the *Phrygian* plain.
So two young mountain Lions, nurs'd with blood
In deep receſſes of the gloomy wood,
Ruſh fearleſs to the plains, and uncontroul'd
Depopulate the ſtalls and waſte the fold;
Till pierc'd at diſtance from their native den,
O'erpow'r'd they fall beneath the force of Men.
Proſtrate on earth their beauteous bodies lay,
Like mountain firs, as tall and ſtraight as they.
Great *Menelaus* views with pitying eyes,
Lifts his bright lance, and at the Victor flies;
Mars urg'd him on; yet, ruthleſs in his hate,
The God but urg'd him to provoke his fate.
He thus advancing, *Neſtor*'s valiant Son
Shakes for his danger, and neglects his own;
Struck with the thought, ſhould *Helen*'s Lord be ſlain,
And all his country's glorious labours vain.
Already met the threat'ning Heroes ſtand;
The ſpears already tremble in their hand;
In ruſh'd *Antilochus*, his aid to bring,
And fall or conquer by the *Spartan* King.
Theſe ſeen, the *Dardan* backward turn'd his courſe,
Brave as he was, and ſhunn'd unequal force.
The breathleſs bodies to the *Greeks* they drew;
Then mix in combate and their toils renew.

Firſt *Pylæmenes*, great in battel, bled,
Who, ſheath'd in braſs, the *Paphlagonians* led.
Atrides mark'd him where ſublime he ſtood;
Fix'd in his throat, the javelin drank his blood.
The faithful *Mydon* as he turn'd from fight
His flying Courſers, ſunk to endleſs night:
A broken rock by *Neſtor*'s Son was thrown,
His bended arm receiv'd the falling ſtone,
From his numb'd hand the iv'ry-ſtudded reins
Dropt in the duſt are trail'd along the plains.
Meanwhile his temples feel a deadly wound;
He groans in death, and pondrous ſinks to ground:
Deep drove his helmet in the ſands, and there
The head ſtood fix'd, the quiv'ring legs in air:
'Till trampled flat beneath the courſer's feet,
The youthful Victor mounts his empty ſeat,
And bears the prize in Triumph to the Fleet.
Great *Hector* ſaw, and raging at the view
Pours on the *Greeks*: The *Trojan* Troops purſue:
He fires his Hoſt with animating cries,
And brings along the Furies of the ſkies.
Mars, ſtern deſtroyer! and *Bellona* dread,
Flame in the front, and thunder at their head:
This ſwells the tumult and the rage of fight;
That ſhakes a ſpear that caſts a dreadful light;
Where *Hector* march'd, the God of Battels ſhin'd,
Now ſtorm'd before him, and now rag'd behind.
Tydides paus'd amidſt his full carrier;
Then firſt the Hero's manly breaſt knew fear.

As when ſome ſimple Swain his Cot forſakes,
And wide thro' fens an unknown journey takes;
If chance a ſwelling brook his paſſage ſtay,
And foam impervious croſs the wand'rer's way,
Confus'd he ſtops, a length of country paſt,
Eyes the rough waves, and tir'd returns at laſt.
Amaz'd no leſs the great *Tydides* ſtands;
He ſtay'd and turning, thus addreſs'd his Bands.
No wonder, *Greeks*! that all to *Hector* yield,
Secure of fav'ring Gods, he takes the field;
His ſtrokes they ſecond, and avert our ſpears:
Behold where *Mars* in mortal Arms appears!
Retire then Warriors. but ſedate and ſlow;
Retire, but with your faces to the Foe.
Truſt not too much your unavailing might;
'Tis not with *Troy*, but with the Gods ye fight.
Now near the *Greeks* the black Battalions drew,
And firſt two Leaders valiant *Hector* ſlew,
His Force *Anchialus* and *Mneſthes* found,
In ev'ry art of glorious war renown'd:
In the ſame Car the Chiefs to combate ride,
And fought united, and united dy'd.
Struck at the ſight, the mighty *Ajax* glows'
With thirſt of vengeance, and aſſaults the Foes.
His maſſy ſpear with matchleſs fury ſent
Thro' *Amphius*' belt and heaving belly went.
Amphius Apæſus' happy ſoil poſſeſs'd,
With herds abounding, and with treaſure bleſs'd;
But Fate reſiſtleſs from his country led
The Chief to periſh at his people's head.

Shook

Shook with his fall his brazen Armor rung,
And fierce, to ſeize it, conqu'ring *Ajax* ſprung:
Around his head an iron tempeſt rain'd;
A wood of ſpears his ample ſhield ſuſtain'd;
Beneath one foot the yet-warm corps he preſt,
And drew his javelin from the bleeding breaſt:
He could no more; The ſhow'ring darts deny'd
To ſpoil his glitt'ring Arms and plumy pride.
Now Foes on Foes came pouring on the fields,
With briſtling lances, and compacted ſhields;
Till in the ſteely circle ſtraiten'd round,
Forc'd he gives way and ſternly quits the ground.

While thus they ſtrive *Tlepolemus* the great,
Urg'd by the force of unreſiſted Fate,
Burns with deſire *Sarpedon*'s ſtrength to prove;
Alcides' Offspring meets the Son of *Jove*.
Sheath'd in bright Arms each adverſe Chief came on,
Jove's great Deſcendent, and his greater Son.
Prepar'd for combate, e're the lance he toſt,
The daring *Rhodian* vents his haughty boaſt.

What brings this *Lycian* Counſellor ſo far,
To tremble at our Arms, not mix in War;
Know thy vain ſelf, nor let their flatt'ry move
Who ſtyle thee Son of Cloud-compelling *Jove*.
How far unlike thoſe Chiefs of Race divine,
How vaſt the diff'rence of their deeds and thine?
Jove got ſuch Heroes as my Sire, whoſe ſoul
No fear could daunt, nor Earth, nor Hell controul.
Troy felt his arm, and yon proud ramparts ſtand
Rais'd on the ruins of his vengeful hand:

With

With ſix ſmall Ships, and but a ſlender Train,
He left the Town a wide, deſerted plain.
But what art thou? who deedleſs look'ſt around,
While unreveng'd thy *Lycians* bite the ground:
Small aid to *Troy* thy feeble force can be,
But wert thou greater, thou muſt yield to me.
Pierc'd by my ſpear to endleſs darkneſs go!
I make this preſent to the Shades below.
The Son of *Hercules*, the *Rhodian* Guide,
Thus haughty ſpoke. The *Lycian* King reply'd.
Thy Sire, O Prince! o'erturn'd the *Trojan* State,
Whoſe perjur'd Monarch well deſerv'd his Fate;
Thoſe heav'nly Steeds the Hero ſought ſo far,
Falſe he detain'd, the juſt reward of war:
Nor ſo content, the gen'rous Chief defy'd,
With baſe reproaches and unmanly pride.
But you, unworthy the high Race you boaſt,
Shall raiſe my glory when thy own is loſt:
Now meet thy Fate, and by *Sarpedon* ſlain
Add one more Ghoſt to *Pluto*'s gloomy Reign.
He ſaid: Both javelins at an inſtant flew:
Both ſtrook, both wounded; but *Sarpedon*'s flew:
Full in the Boaſter's neck the weapon ſtood,
Transfix'd his throat, and drank the vital blood;
The ſoul diſdainful ſeeks the caves of night;
And his ſeal'd eyes for ever loſe the light.
Yet not in vain, *Tlepolemus*, was thrown
Thy angry lance; which piercing to the bone
Sarpedon's thigh, had robb'd the Chief of breath;
But *Jove* was preſent, and forbad the death.

Borne

Born from the conflict by his *Lycian* throng,
The wounded Hero dragg'd the lance along.
(His Friends, each buſy'd in his ſev'ral part,
Thro' haſte, or danger, had not drawn the dart)
The *Greeks* with ſlain *Tlepolemus* retir'd;
Whoſe Fall *Ulyſſes* view'd, with fury fir'd;
Doubtful if *Jove*'s great Son he ſhould purſue,
Or pour his vengeance on the *Lycian* crew.
But Heav'n and Fate the firſt deſign withſtand,
Nor this great death muſt grace *Ulyſſes*' hand.
Minerva drives him on the *Lycian* train;
Alaſtor, *Chronius*, *Halius* ſtrow'd the plain,
Alcander, *Prytanis*, *Noëmon* fell,
And numbers more his ſword had ſent to Hell:
But *Hector* ſaw, and furious at the ſight,
Ruſh'd terrible amidſt the ranks of fight.
With joy *Sarpedon* view'd the wiſh'd relief,
And faint, lamenting, thus implor'd the Chief.

Oh ſuffer not the Foe to bear away
My helpleſs corps, an unaſſiſted prey.
If I, unbleſt, muſt ſee my Son no more,
My much-lov'd Conſort, and my native ſhore,
Yet let me die in *Ilion*'s ſacred wall;
Troy, in whoſe cauſe I fell, ſhall mourn my fall.

He ſaid, nor *Hector* to the Chief replies,
But ſhakes his plume, and fierce to combat flies,
Swift as a whirlwind drives the ſcatt'ring Foes,
And dyes the ground in purple as he goes.

Beneath a beech, *Jove*'s conſecrated ſhade,
His mournful friends divine *Sarpedon* laid:

Brave

Brave *Pelagon*, his fav'rite Chief, was nigh,
Who wrench'd the javelin from his ſinewy thigh.
The fainting Soul ſtood ready wing'd for flight,
And o'er his eye balls ſwum the ſhades of night.
But *Boreas* riſing freſh, with gentle breath,
Recall'd his Spirit from the gates of death.
The gen'rous *Greeks* recede with tardy pace,
Tho *Mars* and *Hector* thunder in their face;
None turn their backs to mean ignoble flight,
Slow they retreat, and ev'n retreating fight.
Who firſt, who laſt, by *Mars* and *Hector*'s hand
Stretch'd in their blood lay gaſping on the ſand?
Teuthras the great, *Oreſtes* the renown'd
For manag'd Steeds, and *Trechus* preſs'd the ground;
Next *Oenomaus*, and *Oenops*' offſpring dy'd;
Oresbius laſt fell groaning at their ſide:
Oresbius, in his painted mitre gay,
In fat *Bœotia* held his wealthy ſway,
Where lakes ſurround low *Hyle*'s watry plain;
A Prince and People ſtudious of their gain.
The Carnage *Juno* from the skies ſurvey'd,
And touch'd with grief beſpoke the blue-ey'd Maid.
Oh ſight accurſt! Shall faithleſs *Troy* prevail,
And ſhall our promiſe to our People fail?
How vain the word to *Menelaus* giv'n
By *Jove*'s great Daughter and the Queen of Heav'n,
Beneath his Arms that *Priam*'s Tow'rs ſhould fall;
If warring Gods for ever guard the wall?
Mars, red with Slaughter, aids our hated Foes:
Haſte, let us arm, and force with force oppoſe!

She

She ſpoke; *Minerva* burns to meet the War:
And now Heav'ns Empreſs calls her blazing Car.
At her command ruſh forth the Steeds divine;
Rich with immortal Gold their trappings ſhine.
Bright *Hebè* waits; by *Hebè*, ever young,
The whirling wheels are to the Chariot hung.
On the bright axle turns the bidden wheel,
Of ſounding braſs; the poliſh'd axle ſteel.
Eight brazen ſpokes in radiant order flame;
The circles gold, of uncorrupted frame,
Such as the Heav'ns produce: and round the gol
Two brazen rings of work divine were roll'd.
The boſſie naves of ſolid ſilver ſhone;
Braces of gold ſuſpend the moving Throne:
The Car behind an arching figure bore;
The bending concave form'd an arch before.
Silver the beam, th' extended yoke was gold,
And golden reins th' immortal Courſers hold.
Herſelf, impatient, to the ready Car
The Courſers joins, and breathes revenge and war
Pallas diſrobes; Her radiant veil unty'd,
With flow'rs adorn'd, with art diverſify'd,
(The labour'd veil her heav'nly fingers wove)
Flows on the pavement of the court of *Jove*.
Now Heavn's dread Arms her mighty limbs inveſt,
Jove's cuiraſs blazes on her ample breaſt;
Deck'd in ſad triumph for the mournful field,
O'er her broad ſhoulders hangs his horrid ſhield,
Dire, black, tremendous! Round the margin roll'd,
A fringe of ſerpents hiſſing guards the gold:

Here

Here all the terrors of grim War appear,
Here rages Force, here tremble Flight and Fear,
Here ſtorm'd Contention, and here Fury frown'd;
And the dire orb portentous *Gorgon* crown'd.
The maſſy golden helm ſhe next aſſumes,
That dreadful nods with four o'erſhading plumes,
So vaſt, the broad circumference contains
A hundred Armies on a hundred plains.
The Goddeſs thus th'imperial Car aſcends;
Shook by her arm the mighty javelin bends,
Pond'rous and huge that when her fury burns,
Proud Tyrants humbles,& whole Hoſts o'erturns.
Swift at the ſcourge th' Ethereal Courſers fly,
While the ſmooth Chariot cuts the liquid sky.
Heav'n gates ſpontaneous open to the Pow'rs,
Heav'ns golden gates, kept by the winged Hours;
Commiſſion'd in alternate watch to ſtand,
The Sun's bright portals and the skies command,
Involve in clouds th' eternal Gates of day,
Or the dark barrier roll with eaſe away.
The ſounding hinges ring: On either ſide
The gloomy volumes, pierc'd with light, divide.
The Chariot mounts; where deep in ambient skies,
Confus'd, *Olympus'* hundred heads ariſe;
Where far apart the Thund'rer fills his throne,
O'er all the Gods, ſuperior and alone.
There with her ſnowy hand the Queen reſtrains
The fiery Steeds, and thus to *Jove* complains.
O Sire! can no reſentment touch thy ſoul?
Can *Mars* rebel, and does no thunder roll?

What lawleſs rage on yon' forbidden plain,
What raſh deſtruction! and what Heroes ſlain?
Venus, and *Phœbus* with the dreadful Bow,
Smile on the ſlaughter, and enjoy my woe.
Mad, furious Pow'r! whoſe unrelenting mind
No God can govern, and no Juſtice bind.
Say, mighty Father! Shall we ſcourge his pride,
And drive from fight th'impetuous Homicide?
To whom aſſenting, thus the Thund'rer ſaid:
Go! and the great *Minerva* be thy Aid.
To tame the Monſter-God *Minerva* knows,
And oft' afflicts his brutal breaſt with woes.
He ſaid; *Saturnia*, ardent to obey,
Laſh'd her white Steeds along th' aerial way.
Swift down the ſteep of Heav'n the Chariot rolls,
Between th' expanded Earth and ſtarry Poles.
Far as a Shepherd, from ſome point on high,
O'er the wide main extends his boundleſs eye,
Thro' ſuch a ſpace of air, with thund'ring ſound,
At ev'ry leap th' immortal Courſers bound.
Troy now they reach'd, and touch'd thoſe banks divine
Where ſilver *Simois* and *Scamander* join.
There *Juno* ſtop'd, and (her fair Steeds unloos'd)
Of air condens'd a vapor circumfus'd:
For theſe impregnate with celeſtial dew
On *Simois*' brink ambroſial herbage grew.
Thence, to relieve the fainting *Argive* throng,
Smooth as the ſailing doves they glide along.
The beſt and braveſt of the *Grecian* band
(A warlike circle) round *Tydides* ſtand:

Such

Such was their look as Lions bath'd in blood,
Or foaming Boars, the terror of the wood.
Heav'ns Empreſs mingles with the mortal crowd,
And ſhouts, in *Stentor*'s ſounding voice, aloud:
Stentor the ſtrong, endu'd with brazen lungs,
Whoſe throat ſurpaſs'd the force of fifty tongues.
Inglorious *Argives*! to your Race a ſhame,
And only Men in figure and in name!
Once from their walls your tim'rous Foes engag'd,
While fierce in War divine *Achilles* rag'd;
Now iſſuing fearleſs they poſſeſs the plain,
Now win the ſhores, and ſcarce the ſeas remain.
Her Speech new fury to their hearts convey'd;
While near *Tydides* ſtood th' *Athenian* Maid:
The King beſide his panting Steeds ſhe found,
O'erſpent with toil, repoſing on the ground;
To cool his glowing wound he ſate apart,
(The wound inflicted by the *Lycian* dart)
Large drops of ſweat from all his limbs deſcend,
Beneath his pond'rous ſhield his ſinews bend,
Whoſe ample belt that o'er his ſhoulder lay,
He eas'd; and waſh'd the clotted gore away.
The Goddeſs leaning o'er the bending yoke,
Beſide his Courſers, thus her ſilence broke.
Degen'rate Prince! and not of *Tydeus*' kind;
Whoſe little body lodg'd a mighty mind.
Foremoſt he preſs'd in glorious toils to ſhare,
And ſcarce refrain'd when I forbad the war.
Alone, unguarded, once he dar'd to go,
And feaſt encircled by the *Theban* Foe;

There brav'd, and vanquiſh'd, many a hardy Knight;
Such nerves I gave him, and ſuch force in fight.
Thou too no leſs haſt been my conſtant care;
Thy hands I arm'd, and ſent thee forth to War:
But thee or fear deterrs, or ſloth detains;
No drop of all thy Father warms thy veins.
The Chief thus anſwer'd mild. Immortal Maid!
I own thy preſence, and confeſs thy aid.
Not fear, thou know'ſt, withholds me from the plains,
Nor ſloth hath ſeiz'd me, but thy word reſtrains:
From warring Gods thou bad'ſt me turn my ſpear,
And *Venus* only found reſiſtance here.
Hence, Goddeſs! heedful of thy high commands,
Loth I gave way, and warn'd our *Argive* bands:
For *Mars*, the Homicide, theſe eyes beheld,
With ſlaughter red, and raging round the field.
Then thus *Minerva*. Brave *Tydides* hear!
Not *Mars* himſelf, nor ought Immortal fear.
Full on the God impell thy foaming Horſe:
Pallas commands, and *Pallas* lends thee force.
Raſh, furious, blind, from theſe to thoſe he flies,
And ev'ry ſide of wav'ring combate tries;
Large promiſe makes, and breaks the promiſe made;
Now gives the *Grecians*, now the *Trojans* aid.
She ſaid; and to the Steeds approaching near,
Drew from his ſeat the martial Charioteer.
The vig'rous Pow'r the trembling Car aſcends,
Fierce for revenge; and *Diomed* attends.
The groaning axle bent beneath the load;
So great a Hero, and ſo great a God.

She ſnatch'd the reins, ſhe laſh'd with all her force,
And full on *Mars* impell'd the foaming Horſe!
But firſt, to hide her heav'nly viſage, ſpread
Black *Orcus'* helmet o'er her radiant head.
Juſt then gigantic *Periphas* lay ſlain,
The ſtrongeſt Warrior of th' *Ætolian* train;
The God who ſlew him, leaves his proſtrate prize
Stretch'd where he fell, and at *Tydides* flies.
Now ruſhing fierce, in equal Arms appear,
The daring *Greek*; the dreadful God of War!
Full at the Chief, above his Courſer's head,
Form *Mars* his arm th' enormous weapon fled:
Pallas oppos'd her hand, and caus'd to glance
Far from the Car, the ſtrong immortal lance.
Then threw the force of *Tydeus'* warlike Son;
The javelin hiſs'd, the Goddeſs urg'd it on:
Where the broad cincture girt his armor round,
It pierc'd the God: his groin receiv'd the wound.
From the rent skin the Warrior tuggs again
The ſmoaking ſteel. *Mars* bellows with the pain:
Loud, as the roar encountring Armies yield,
When ſhouting millions ſhake the thund'ring field.
Both Armys ſtart, and trembling gaze around;
And Earth and Heav'n rebellow to the ſound.
As vapors blown by *Auſter's* ſultry breath,
Pregnant with plagues, and ſhedding ſeeds of death,
Beneath the rage of burning *Sirius* riſe,
Choak the parch'd earth, and blacken all the skies;
In ſuch a cloud the God from combate driv'n,
High o'er the duſty Whirlwind ſcales the Heav'n.

Wild with his pain, he ſought the bright abodes,
There ſullen ſate beneath the Sire of Gods,
Show'd the Celeſtial blood, and with a groan
Thus pour'd his plaints before th' immortal Throne.
Can *Jove*, ſupine, flagitious facts ſurvey,
And brook the furies of this daring day?
For mortal Men Celeſtial Pow'rs engage,
And Gods on Gods exert eternal rage.
From thee, O Father! all theſe ills we bear,
And thy fell Daughter with the ſhield and ſpear:
Thou gav'ſt that fury to the realms of light,
Pernicious, wild, regardleſs of the right.
All Heav'n beſide revere thy ſov'reign Sway,
Thy voice we hear, and thy beheſts obey:
'Tis hers t'offend; and ev'n offending ſhare
Thy breaſt, thy counſels, thy diſtinguiſh'd care:
So boundleſs ſhe, and thou ſo partial grown,
Well may we deem the wond'rous birth thy own.
Now frantic *Diomed*, at her command,
Againſt th' Immortals lifts his raging hand:
The heav'nly *Venus* firſt his fury found,
Me next encount'ring, me he dar'd to wound;
Vanquiſh'd I fled: Ev'n I, the God of fight,
From mortal madneſs ſcarce was ſav'd by flight.
Elſe had'ſt thou ſeen me ſink on yonder plain,
Heap'd round, and heaving under loads of ſlain;
Or pierc'd with *Grecian* darts, for ages lie,
Condemn'd to pain, tho' fated not to die.
Him thus upbraiding, with a wrathful look
The Lord of Thunders view'd, and ſtern beſpoke.

To

To me, perfidious! this lamenting ſtrain?
Of lawleſs force ſhall lawleſs *Mars* complain?
Of all the Gods who tread the ſpangled skies,
Thou moſt unjuſt, moſt odious in our eyes!
Inhuman diſcord is thy dire delight,
The waſte of ſlaughter, and the rage of fight.
No bound, no law thy fiery temper quells,
And all thy Mother in thy ſoul rebells.
In vain our threats, in vain our pow'r we uſe,
She gives th' example, and her Son purſues.
Yet long th' inflicted pangs thou ſhalt not mourn,
Sprung ſince thou art from *Jove*, and heav'nly born.
Elſe, ſing'd with light'ning, had'ſt thou hence been thrown,
Where chain'd on burning rocks the *Titans* groan.
Thus he who ſhakes *Olympus* with his Nod;
Then gave to *Pæon*'s care the bleeding God.
With gentle hand the balm he pour'd around,
And heal'd th' immortal fleſh, and clos'd the wound:
As when the fig's preſt juice, infus'd in cream,
To curds coagulates the liquid ſtream,
Sudden the fluids fix, the parts combin'd;
Such, and ſo ſoon, th' ætherial texture join'd.
Cleans'd from the duſt and gore, fair *Hebè* dreſt
His mighty limbs in an immortal veſt.
Glorious he ſate, in Majeſty reſtor'd,
Faſt by the Throne of Heav'ns ſuperior Lord.
Juno and *Pallas* mount the bleſt abodes,
Their task perform'd, and mix among the Gods.

THE SIXTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

The Episodes of *Glaucus* and *Diomed*, and of *Hector* and *Andromache*.

THE *Gods having left the field*, *the* Grecians *prevail.* Helenus, *the chief Augur of* Troy, *commands* Hector *to return to the City in order to appoint a solemn Procession of the Queen and the* Trojan *Matrons to the Temple of* Minerva, *to entreat her to remove* Diomed *from the Fight. The Battel relaxing*

relaxing during the abſence of Hector, Glaucus *and* Diomed *have an interview between the two Armies; where coming to the knowledge of the friendſhip and hoſpitality paſt between their Anceſtors, they make exchange of their Arms.* Hector *having performed the orders of* Helenus, *prevail'd upon* Paris *to return to the Battel, and having taken a tender leave of his Wife* Andromache, *haſtens again to the Field.*

The Scene *is firſt in the field of Battel, between the Rivers* Simois *and* Scamander, *and then changes to* Troy.

NOW Heav'n forſakes the Fight: Th'Immortals [yield
To human force and human skill, the Field:
Dark ſhow'rs of javelins fly from Foes to Foes;
Now here, now there, the tyde of combate flows;
While *Troy*'s fam'd ſtreams that bound the deathful Scamander
On either ſide run purple to the main. [plain & Simois.
Great *Ajax* firſt to conqueſt led the way,
Broke the thick ranks, & turn'd the doubtful day.
The *Thracian Acamas* his faulchion found,
That hew'd th' enormous Giant to the ground;
His thundring arm a deadly ſtroke impreſt
Where the black horſe-hair nodded o'er his creſt:
Fix'd in his front the brazen weapon lies,
And ſeals in endleſs ſhades his ſwimming eyes.
Next *Teuthras'* Son diſtain'd the ſands with blood,
Axylus, hoſpitable, rich and good:
In fair *Arisba*'s walls (his native place)
He held his ſeat; a friend to Human race.

Faſt by the road, his ever-open door
Oblig'd the wealthy, and reliev'd the poor.
To ſtern *Tydides* now he falls a prey,
No Friend to guard him in the dreadful day!
Breathleſs the good Man fell, and by his ſide
His faithful Servant, old *Caleſius* dy'd.
By great *Euryalus* was *Dreſus* ſlain,
And next he lay'd *Opheltius* on the plain.
Two Twins were near, bold beautiful & young,
From a fair *Naiad* and *Bucolion* ſprung:
(*Laomedon*'s white flocks *Bucolion* fed,
That Monarch's firſt-born by a foreign bed;
In ſecret woods he won the *Naiad*'s grace,
And two fair Infants crown'd his ſtrong embrace.)
Here dead they lay in all their youthful charms;
The ruthleſs Victor ſtripp'd their ſhining Arms.
Aſtyalus by *Polypætes* fell;
Ulyſſes' ſpear *Pidytes* ſent to Hell;
By *Teucer*'s ſhaft brave *Aretäon* bled,
And *Neſtor*'s ſon laid ſtern *Ablerus* dead.
Great *Agamemnon*, Leader of the brave,
The mortal wound of rich *Elatus* gave;
Who held in *Pedaſus* his proud abode,
And till'd the banks where ſilver *Satnio* flow'd.
Melanthius by *Eurypylus* was ſlain;
And *Phylacus* from *Leitus* flies in vain.
Unbleſt *Adraſtus* next at mercy lies
Beneath the *Spartan* ſpear, a living prize.
Scar'd with the din and tumult of the fight,
His headlong Steeds, precipitate in flight,

Ruſh'd

Ruſh'd on a *Tamariſk*'s ſtrong trunk, & broke
The ſhatter'd Chariot from the crooked yoke:
Wide o'er the field, reſiſtleſs as the wind,
For *Troy* they fly, and leave their Lord behind.
Prone on his face he ſinks beſide the wheel;
Atrides o'er him ſhakes his vengeful ſteel:
The fallen Chief in ſuppliant poſture preſs'd
The Victor's knees, and thus his pray'r addreſs'd.
Oh ſpare my youth, and for the life I owe
Large gifts of price my Father ſhall beſtow;
When Fame ſhall tell, that not in battel ſlain
Thy hollow ſhips his captive Son detain,
Rich heaps of braſs ſhall in thy tent be told,
And ſteel well temper'd, and perſuaſive Gold.
He ſaid: compaſſion touch'd the Hero's heart,
He ſtood ſuſpended with the lifted dart.
As pity pleaded for his vanquiſh'd prize,
Stern *Agamemnon* ſwift to vengeance flies,
And furious, thus. Oh impotent of mind!
Shall theſe, ſhall theſe *Atrides*' mercy find!
Well haſt thou known proud *Troy*'s perfidious land,
And well her Natives merit at thy hand!
Not one of all the race, not ſex, nor age,
Shall ſave a *Trojan* from our boundleſs rage:
Ilion ſhall periſh whole, and bury all;
Her babes, her infants at the breaſt, ſhall fall.
A dreadful leſſon of exampled Fate,
To warn the Nations and to curb the great!
The Monarch ſpoke: the words with warmth adreſt
To rigid juſtice ſteel'd his Brother's breaſt.

Fierce

Fierce from his knees the hapleſs Chief he thruſt;
The Monarch's javelin ſtretch'd him in the duſt.
Then preſſing with his foot his panting heart,
Forth from the ſlain he tugg'd the reeking dart.
Old *Neſtor* ſaw, and rowz'd the Warrior's rage;
Thus, Heroes! thus the vig'rous combate wage!
No Son of *Mars* deſcend, for ſervile gains,
To touch the booty, while a Foe remains.
Behold yon' glitt'ring Hoſt, your future ſpoil!
Firſt gain the conqueſt, then reward the toil.
And now had *Greece* eternal Fame acquir'd.
And frighted *Troy* within her Walls retir'd;
Had not ſage *Helenus* her ſtate redreſt,
Taught by the Gods that mov'd his ſacred breaſt.
Where *Hector* ſtood, with great *Æneas* join'd,
The Seer reveal'd the counſels of his mind.

Ye gen'rous Chiefs! on whom th' Immortals lay
The cares and glories of this doubtful day,
On whom your Aid's, your country's hopes depend,
Wiſe to conſult, and active to defend!
Here, at our gates, your brave efforts unite,
Turn back the routed, and forbid the flight:
E're yet their Wives ſoft arms the Cowards gain,
The ſport and inſult of the hoſtile Train.
When your commands have hearten'd ev'ry Band,
Our ſelves, here fix'd, will make the dang'rous ſtand:
Preſs'd as we are, and ſore of former fight,
Theſe ſtraits demand our laſt remains of might.
Meanwhile, thou *Hector* to the Town retire,
And teach our Mother what the Gods require:

Direct

Direct the Queen to lead th' aſſembled train
Of *Troy*'s chief Matrons to *Minerva*'s Fane;
Unbar the ſacred gates; and ſeek the Pow'r
With offer'd Vows, in *Ilion*'s topmoſt tow'r.
The largeſt mantle her rich wardrobes hold,
Moſt priz'd for art, and labour'd o'er with Gold,
Before the Goddeſs' honour'd knees be ſpread;
And twelve young heifers to her Altars led.
If ſo the Pow'r, atton'd by fervent pray'r,
Our Wives, our Infants, and our City ſpare,
And far avert *Tydides*' waſtful ire,
That mows whole Troops, & makes all *Troy* retire.
Not thus *Achilles* taught our Hoſts to dread,
Sprung tho' he was from more than mortal bed;
Not thus reſiſtleſs rul'd the ſtream of fight,
In rage unbounded, and unmatch'd in might.
Hector obedient heard; and with a bound
Leap'd from his trembling Chariot to the ground;
Thro' all his Hoſt, inſpiring force, he flies,
And bids the thunder of the Battel riſe.
With rage recruited the bold *Trojans* glow,
And turn the tyde of conflict on the Foe:
Fierce in the front he ſhakes two dazling ſpears;
All *Greece* recedes, and midſt her Triumph fears.
Some God, they thought, who rul'd the fate of Wars,
Shot down avenging from the vault of ſtars.
Then thus, aloud. Ye dauntleſs *Dardans* hear!
And you whom diſtant Nations ſend to War!
Be mindful of the ſtrength your Fathers bore;
Be ſtill your ſelves, and *Hector* asks no more.

One

One hour demands me in the *Trojan* Wall,
To bid our Altars flame, and victims fall:
Nor ſhall, I truſt, the Matron's holy Train
And rev'rend Elders, ſeek the Gods in vain.
This ſaid, with ample ſtrides the Hero paſt;
The ſhield's large orb behind his ſhoulder caſt,
His neck o'erſhading, to his ancle hung;
And as he march'd the brazen buckler rung.
Now paus'd the Battel (Godlike *Hector* gone)
When daring *Glaucus* and great *Tydeus'* Son
Between both Armies met: The Chiefs from far
Obſerv'd each other, and had mark'd for War.
Near as they drew, *Tydides* thus began.
What art thou, boldeſt of the Race of Man?
Our eyes, till now, that aſpect ne'er beheld,
Where Fame is reap'd amid th' embattel'd field;
Yet far before the Troops thou dar'ſt appear,
And meet a lance the fierceſt Heroes fear.
Unhappy they, and born of luckleſs Sires,
Who tempt our fury when *Minerva* fires.
But if from Heav'n, celeſtial thou deſcend;
Know, with Immortals we no more contend.
Not long *Lycurgus* view'd the golden light,
That daring Man who mix'd with Gods in fight;
Bacchus, and *Bacchus'* Votaries he drove
With brandiſh'd ſteel from *Nyſſa's* ſacred grove,
Their conſecrated ſpears lay ſcatter'd round,
With curling vines and twiſted ivy bound;
While *Bacchus* headlong ſought the briny flood
And *Thetis'* arms receiv'd the trembling God.

Nor

Nor fail'd the crime th' Immortals wrath to move,
(Th' Immortals bleſt with endleſs eaſe above)
Depriv'd of ſight by their avenging Doom,
Chearleſs he breath'd, & wander'd in the gloom,
Then ſunk unpity'd to the dire abodes,
A wretch accurſt, and hated by the Gods!
I brave not Heav'n: But if the fruits of Earth
Suſtain thy life, and human be thy birth;
Bold as thou art, too prodigal of breath,
Approach, and enter the dark gates of Death.
What, or from whence I am, or who my Sire,
(Reply'd the Chief) can *Tydeus'* Son enquire?
Like leaves on trees the race of Man is found,
Now green in youth, now with'ring on the ground;
Another Race the following ſpring ſupplies,
They fall ſucceſſive, and ſucceſſive riſe;
So Generations in their courſe decay,
So flouriſh theſe, when thoſe are paſt away.
But if thou ſtill perſiſt to ſearch my birth,
Then hear a Tale that fills the ſpacious Earth.
A City ſtands on *Argos'* utmoſt bound,
(*Argos* the fair for warlike Steeds renown'd)
Æolian Syſiphus, with wiſdom bleſt,
In ancient time the happy walls poſſeſt,
Then call'd *Ephyre*: *Glaucus* was his Son;
Great *Glaucus* Father of *Bellerophon*,
Who o'er the Sons of Men in beauty ſhin'd,
Lov'd for that valour which preſerves mankind.
Then mighty *Prætus Argos'* Sceptres ſway'd,
Whoſe hard commands *Bellerophon* obey'd.

With

With direful jealouſy the Monarch rag'd,
And the brave Prince in num'rous toils engag'd,
For him, *Antæa* burn'd with lawleſs flame,
And ſtrove to tempt him from the paths of Fame:
In vain ſhe tempted the relentleſs youth,
Endu'd with wiſdom, ſacred fear, and truth.
Fir'd at his ſcorn the Queen to *Prætus* fled,
And beg'd revenge for her inſulted bed:
Incens'd he heard, reſolving on his Fate;
But hoſpitable laws reſtrain'd his hate.
To *Lycia* the devoted youth he ſent,
With Tablets ſeal'd, that told his dire intent.
Now bleſt by ev'ry Pow'r who guards the good,
The Chief arriv'd at *Xanthus'* ſilver flood:
There *Lycia*'s Monarch paid him honours due;
Nine days he feaſted, and nine bulls he ſlew.
But when the tenth bright morning orient glow'd,
The faithful Youth his Monarch's mandate ſhow'd:
The fatal Tablets, till that inſtant ſeal'd,
The deathful ſecret to the King reveal'd.
Firſt, dire *Chymæra*'s conqueſt was enjoin'd;
A mingled Monſter, of no mortal kind;
Behind, a Dragon's fiery tail was ſpread;
A Goat's rough body bore a Lion's head;
Her pitchy noſtrils flaky flames expire;
Her gaping throat emits infernal fire.
This peſt he ſlaughter'd (for he read the ſkies,
And truſted Heav'ns informing prodigies)
Then met in Arms the *Solymæan* crew,
(Fierceſt of Men) and thoſe the Warrior ſlew.

Next

Next the bold *Amazon*'s whole force defy'd;
And conquer'd ſtill, for Heav'n was on his ſide.
Nor ended here his toils: His *Lycian* Foes
At his return, a treach'rous ambuſh, roſe,
With levell'd ſpears along the winding ſhore;
There fell they breathleſs, and return'd no more.
At length the Monarch with repentant grief
Confeſs'd the Gods, and God-deſcended Chief;
His Daughter gave, the Stranger to detain,
With half the honours of his ample Reign.
The *Lycians* grant a choſen ſpace of ground,
With woods, with vineyards, & with harveſt crown'd.
There long the Chief his happy lot poſſeſs'd,
With two brave Sons and one fair Daughter bleſs'd;
(Fair ev'n in heav'nly eyes; her fruitful love
Crown'd with *Sarpedon*'s birth th' embrace of *Jove*)
But when at laſt, diſtracted in his mind,
Forſook by Heav'n, forſaking human-kind,
Wide o'er th' *Aleian* field he choſe to ſtray,
A long, forlorn, uncomfortable way!
Woes heap'd on woes oppreſs'd his waſted heart;
His beauteous Daughters fell by *Phœbe*'s dart;
His Eldeſt-born by raging *Mars* was ſlain,
In combate on the *Solymæan* plain.
Hippolochus ſurviv'd; from him I came,
The honour'd Author of my birth and name.
By his decree I ſought the *Trojan* Town,
By his inſtructions learn to win Renown,
To ſtand the firſt in worth as in command,
To add new honours to my native land,

Before my eyes my mighty Sires to place,
And emulate the glories of our Race.
He ſpoke, and tranſport fill'd *Tydides'* heart;
In earth the gen'rous Warrior fix'd his dart:
Then friendly, thus, the *Lycian* Prince addreſt.
Welcome, my brave hereditary Gueſt!
Thus ever let us meet, with kind embrace,
Nor ſtain the ſacred Friendſhip of our Race.
Know, Chief, our Grandſires have been Gueſts of old;
Oeneus the ſtrong, *Bellerophon* the bold:
Our ancient ſeat his honour'd preſence grac'd,
Where twenty days in genial rites he paſs'd.
The parting Heroes mutual preſents left;
A golden Goblet was thy Grandſire's gift;
Oeneus a Belt of matchleſs work beſtow'd,
That rich with *Tyrian* dye refulgent glow'd.
(This from his pledge I learn'd; which ſafely ſtor'd
Among my Treaſures, ſtill adorns my board:
For *Tydeus* left me young, when *Thebè's* Wall
Beheld the Sons of *Greece* untimely fall.)
Mindful of this, in friendſhip let us join;
If Heav'n our ſteps to foreign lands incline,
My Gueſt in *Argos* thou, and I in *Lycia* thine.
Enough of *Trojans* to this lance ſhall yield,
In the full Harveſt of yon' ample field;
Enough of *Greeks* ſhall dye thy ſpear with gore;
But thou and *Diomed* be Foes no more.
Now change we Arms, and prove to either Hoſt
We guard the friendſhip of the line we boaſt.

Thus

Thus having ſaid, the gallant Chiefs alight,
Their hands they joſn, their mutual faith they plight.
Brave *Glaucus* then each narrow thought reſign'd,
(*Jove* warm'd his boſom and enlarg'd his mind)
For *Diomed*'s braſs Arms, of mean device,
For which nine Oxen paid (a vulgar price)
He gave his own, of Gold divinely wrought,
A hundred Beeves the ſhining purchaſe bought.

Meantime the Guardian of the *Trojan* State,
Great *Hector* enter'd at the *Scean* gate.
Beneath the beech-tree's conſecrated ſhades,
The *Trojan* Matrons and the *Trojan* Maids
Around him flock'd, all preſs'd with pious care
For Husbands, Brothers, Sons, engag'd in War.
He bids the Train in long proceſſion go,
And ſeek the Gods, t' avert th'impending woe.
And now to *Priam*'s ſtately Courts he came,
Rais'd on arch'd columns of ſtupendous frame;
O'er theſe a range of marble ſtructure runs,
The rich pavillions of his fifty Sons,
In fifty chambers lodg'd; and rooms of ſtate
Oppos'd to thoſe, where *Priam*'s Daughters ſate:
Twelve domes for them & their lov'd Spouſes ſhone,
Of equal beauty, and of poliſh'd ſtone.
Hither great *Hector* paſs'd, nor paſs'd unſeen
Of Royal *Hecuba*, his Mother Queen.
(With her *Laodice*, whoſe beauteous face
Surpaſs'd the Numphs of *Troy*'s illuſtrious race)
Long in a ſtrict embrace ſhe held her Son,
And preſs'd his hand, and tender thus begun.

O *Hector*! ſay, what great occaſion calls
My Son from fight, when *Greece* ſurrounds our Walls?
Com'ſt thou to ſupplicate th' Almighty Pow'r,
With lifted hands from *Ilion*'s lofty Tow'r?
Stay till I bring the cup with *Bacchus* crown'd,
In *Jove*'s high name to ſprinkle on the ground,
And pay due Vows to all the Gods around.
Then with a plenteous draught refreſh thy ſoul,
And draw new ſpirits from the gen'rous bowl;
Spent as thou art with long laborious fight,
The brave defender of thy Country's right.
Far hence be *Bacchus*' gifts (the Chief rejoin'd)
Inflaming wine, pernicious to Mankind,
Unnerves the limbs, and dulls the noble mind.
Let Chiefs abſtain, and ſpare the ſacred juice
To ſprinkle to the Gods, its better uſe.
By me that holy Office were profan'd;
Ill fits it me, with human gore diſtain'd,
To the pure skies theſe horrid hands to raiſe,
Or offer Heav'n's great Sire polluted praiſe.
You, with your Matrons, go! a ſpotleſs train,
And burn rich odors in *Minerva*'s Fane.
The largeſt mantle your full Wardrobes hold,
Moſt priz'd for art, & labour'd o'er with gold,
Before the Goddeſs honour'd knees be ſpread,
And twe've young heifers to her Altar led.
So may the Pow'r, atton'd by fervent pray'r,
Our Wives, our Infants, and our City ſpare,
And far avert *Tydides*' waſtful ire,
Who mows whole Troops & makes all *Troy* retire.

Be

Be this O Mother, your religious care;
I go to rowze ſoft *Paris* to the War;
If yet not loſt to all the ſenſe of ſhame,
The recreant Warrior hear the voice of Fame.
Oh would kind Earth the hateful wretch embrace,
That Peſt of *Troy*, that ruin of our Race!
Deep to the dark abyſs might he deſcend,
Troy yet ſhould flouriſh, and my ſorrows end.
This heard, ſhe gave command; & ſummon'd came
Each noble Matron, and illuſtrious Dame.
The *Phrygian* Queen to her rich wardrobe went,
Where treaſur'd odors breath'd a coſtly ſcent.
There lay the veſtures, of no vulgar art,
Sidonian Maids embroider'd ev'ry part,
Whom from ſoft *Sidon* youthful *Paris* bore,
With *Helen* touching on the *Tyrian* ſhore.
Here as the Queen revolv'd with careful eyes
The various textures and the various dies,
She choſe a veil that ſhone ſuperior far,
And glow'd refulgent as the morning Star.
Herſelf with this the long Proceſſion leads;
The train majeſtically ſlow proceeds.
Soon as to *Ilion*'s topmoſt Tow'r they come,
And awful reach the high *Palladian* Dome,
Antenor's Conſort, fair *Theano*, waits
As *Pallas*' Prieſteſs, and unbars the gates.
With hands uplifted and imploring eyes,
They fill the Dome with ſupplicating cries.
The Prieſteſs then the ſhining veil diſplays,
Plac'd on *Minerva*'s knees, and thus ſhe prays.

Oh awful Goddeſs! ever-dreadful Maid,
Troy's ſtrong defence, unconquer'd *Pallas*, aid!
Break thou *Tydides*' ſpear, and let him fall
Prone on the duſt before the *Trojan* wall.
So twelve young heifers, guiltleſs of the yoke,
Shall fill thy Temple with a grateful ſmoke.
But thou, atton'd by penitence and pray'r,
Our ſelves, our Infants, and our City ſpare!
So pray'd the Prieſteſs in her holy Fane;
So vow'd the Matrons, but they vow'd in vain.
While theſe appear before the Pow'r with pray'rs,
Hector to *Paris*' lofty Dome repairs.
Himſelf the Manſion rais'd, from ev'ry part
Aſſembling Architects of matchleſs art.
Near *Priam*'s Court and *Hector*'s Palace ſtands
The pompous Structure, & the Town commands.
A ſpear the Hero bore of wondrous ſtrength,
Of full ten cubits was the lance's length;
The ſteely point with golden ringlets join'd,
Before him brandiſh'd, at each motion ſhin'd.
Thus entring in the glitt'ring rooms, he found
His Brother-Chief, whoſe uſeleſs Arms lay round,
His eyes delighting with their ſplendid ſhow
Bright'ning the ſhield, and poliſhing the bow.
Beſide him *Helen* with her Virgins ſtands,
Guides their rich labours, and inſtructs their hands.
Him thus unactive, with an ardent look
The Prince beheld, and high-reſenting ſpoke.
Thy hate to *Troy*, is this the time to ſhow?
(Oh Wretch ill-fated, and thy Country's Foe!)

Paris

Paris and *Greece* againſt us both conſpire;
Thy cloſe reſentment, and their vengeful ire.
For thee great *Ilion*'s guardian Heroes fall,
Till heaps of dead alone defend her Wall;
For thee the Soldier bleeds, the Matron mourns,
And waſtful War in all its fury burns.
Ungrateful Man! deſerves not this thy care,
Our Troops to hearten, and our toils to ſhare?
Riſe, or behold the conqu'ring flames aſcend,
And all the *Phrygian* glories at an end.
Brother, 'tis juſt (reply'd the beauteous Youth)
Thy free remonſtrance proves thy worth and truth:
Yet charge my abſence leſs, oh gen'rous Chief!
On hate to *Troy*, than conſcious ſhame and grief:
Here, hid from human eyes, thy Brother ſate,
And mourn'd in ſecret, his, and *Ilion*'s Fate.
Tis now enough: now Glory ſpreads her charms,
And beauteous *Helen* calls her Chief to Arms.
Conqueſt to-day my happier ſword may bleſs,
'Tis Man's to fight, but Heav'n's to give ſucceſs.
But while I arm, contain thy ardent mind;
Or go, and *Paris* ſhall not lag behind.
He ſaid, nor anſwer'd *Priam*'s warlike Son;
When *Helen* thus with lowly grace begun.
Oh gen'rous Brother! if the guilty Dame
That caus'd theſe woes, deſerve a Siſter's name!
Would Heav'n, e're all theſe dreadful deeds were done
The day, that ſhow'd me to the golden Sun,
Had ſeen my death! Why did not whirlwinds bear
The fatal infant to the fowls of air!

Why ſunk I not beneath the whelming tyde,
And 'midſt the roarings of the waters dy'd?
Heav'n fill'd up all my ills, and I accurſt
Bore all; and *Paris* of thoſe ills the worſt.
Helen at leaſt a braver Spouſe might claim,
Warm'd with ſome virtue, ſome regard of fame.
Now tir'd with toils, thy fainting limbs recline,
With toils, ſuſtain'd for *Paris*' ſake and mine:
The Gods have link'd our miſerable doom,
Our preſent woe, and infamy to come:
Wide ſhall it ſpread, and laſt thro' ages long,
Example ſad! and theme of future ſong.
The Chief reply'd: This time forbids to reſt:
The *Trojan* bands by hoſtile fury preſt,
Demand their *Hector*, and his arm require;
The combate urges, and my ſoul's on fire.
Urge thou thy Knight to march where glory calls,
And timely join me, e're I leave the Walls.
E're yet I mingle in the direful fray,
My Wife, my Infant, claim a moment's ſtay;
This day (perhaps the laſt that ſees me here)
Demands a parting word, a tender tear:
This day, ſome God who hates our *Trojan* land
May vanquiſh *Hector* by a *Grecian* hand.
He ſaid, and paſt with ſad preſaging heart
To ſeek his Spouſe, his ſoul's far dearer part.
At home he ſought her, but he ſought in vain;
She, with one maid of all her menial train,
Had thence retir'd; and with her ſecond joy,
The young *Aſtyanax*, the hope of *Troy*.

Penſive

Penſive ſhe ſtood on *Ilion*'s tow'ry height,
Beheld the war, and ſicken'd at the ſight.
There her ſad eyes in vain her Lord explore,
Or weep the wounds her bleeding country bore.
But he who found not whom his ſoul deſir'd,
Whoſe virtue charm'd him as her beauty fir'd,
Stood in the gates, and ask'd what way ſhe bent
Her parting ſtep? If to the Fane ſhe went,
Where late the mourning Matrons made reſort?
Or ſought her Siſters in the *Trojan* Court?
Not to the Court (reply'd th' attendant train)
Nor mix'd with Matrons to *Minerva*'s Fane:
To *Ilion*'s ſteepy Tow'r ſhe bent her way,
To mark the fortunes of the doubtful day.
Troy fled, ſhe heard, before the *Grecian* ſword;
She heard, and trembled for her abſent Lord:
Diſtracted with ſurprize, ſhe ſeem'd to fly,
Fear on her cheek, and ſorrow in her eye.
The Nurſe attended with her infant Boy,
The young *Aſtyanax*, the hope of *Troy*.
Hector, this heard, return'd without delay;
Swift thro' the Town he trod his former way,
Thro' ſtreets of Palaces and walks of ſtate;
And met the Mourner at the *Scæan* gate.
With haſte to meet him ſprung the joyful fair,
His blameleſs Wife, *Aëtion*'s wealthy Heir:
(*Cilician Thebè* great *Aëtion* ſway'd,
And *Hippoplacus*' wide extended Shade)
The Nurſe ſtood near, in whoſe embraces preſt
His only hope hung ſmiling at her breaſt,

Whom each ſoft charm and early grace adorn,
Fair as the new-born Star that gilds the morn.
To this lov'd Infant *Hector* gave the name
Scamandrius, from *Scamander*'s honour'd ſtream;
Aſtyanax the *Trojans* call'd the Boy,
From his great Father, the defence of *Troy*.
Silent the Warrior ſmil'd, and pleas'd reſign'd
To tender paſſions all his mighty mind:
His beauteous Princeſs caſt a mournful look,
Hung on his hand, and then dejected ſpoke;
Her boſom labour'd with a boding ſigh,
And the big tear ſtood trembling in her eye.

Too daring Prince! ah whither doſt thou run?
Ah too forgetful of thy Wife and Son!
And think'ſt thou not how wretched we ſhall be,
A Widow I, an helpleſs Orphan he!
For ſure ſuch courage length of life denies,
And thou muſt fall, thy virtue's ſacrifice.
Greece in her ſingle Heroes ſtrove in vain;
Now Hoſts oppoſe thee, and thou muſt be ſlain!
Oh grant me Gods! e're *Hector* meet his doom,
All I can ask of Heav'n, an early tomb!
So ſhall my days in one ſad tenor run,
And end with ſorrows as they firſt begun.
No Parent now remains, my griefs to ſhare,
No Father's aid, no Mother's tender care.
The fierce *Achilles* wrapt our Walls in fire,
Laid *Thebè* waſte and ſlew my warlike Sire!
His Fate compaſſion in the Victor bred;
Stern as he was, he yet rever'd the dead;

His

His radiant Arms preſerv'd from hoſtile ſpoil,
And lay'd him decent on the ſun'ral pyle,
Then rais'd a mountain where his bones were burn'd,
The mountain Nymphs the rural tomb aborn'd,
Jove's ſylvan Daughters bade their elms beſtow
A barren ſhade, and in his honour grow.
By the ſame arm my ſev'n brave Brothers fell,
In one ſad day beheld the gates of Hell.
While the fat herds and ſnowie flocks they fed,
Amid their fields the hapleſs Heroes bled!
My Mother liv'd to bear the Victor's bands,
The Queen of *Hippoplacia*'s ſylvan lands:
Redeem'd too late, ſhe ſcarce beheld again
Her pleaſing Empire and her native plain;
When ah! oppreſt by life-conſuming woe,
She fell a victim to *Diana*'s bow.
Yet while my *Hector* ſtill ſurvives, I ſee
My Father, Mother, Brethren, all, in thee.
Alas! my Parents, Brothers, Kindred, all,
Once more will periſh if my *Hector* fall.
Thy Wife, thy Infant, in thy danger ſhare:
Oh prove a Husband's and a Father's care!
That quarter moſt the skillful *Greeks* annoy,
Where yon'wild fig-trees join the Wall of *Troy*:
Thou, from this Tow'r defend th' important poſt;
There *Agamemnon* points his dreadful Hoſt,
That paſs *Tydides*, *Ajax* ſtrive to gain,
And there the vengeful *Spartan* fires his train.
Thrice our bold Foes the fierce Attack have giv'n,
Or led by hopes, or dictated from Heav'n.

Let

Let others in the field their Arms employ,
But ſtay my *Hector* here, and guard his *Troy*.
The Chief reply'd: That poſt ſhall be my care,
Nor that alone, but all the works of war.
How would the Sons of *Troy*, in arms renown'd,
And *Troy*'s proud Dames whoſe garments ſweep the ground,
Attaint the luſtre of my former name,
Should *Hector* baſely quit the field of Fame?
My early youth was bred to martial pains,
My ſoul impells me to th' embattel'd plains;
Let me be foremoſt to defend the Throne,
And guard my Father's glories, and my own.
Yet come it will, the day decreed by Fates;
(How my heart trembles while my tongue relates!)
The day when thou, Imperial *Troy*! muſt bend,
And ſee thy Warriors fall, thy glories end.
And yet no dire preſage ſo wounds my mind;
My Mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
Not *Priam*'s hoary hairs defil'd with gore,
Not all my Brothers gaſping on the ſhore;
As thine, *Andromache*! thy griefs I dread;
I ſee thee trembling, weeping, captive led!
In *Argive* looms our Battels to deſign,
And woes, of which ſo large a part was thine!
To bear the Victor's hard commands, or bring
The weight of waters from *Hyperia*'s ſpring.
There, while you groan beneath the load of life,
They cry, Behold the mighty *Hector*'s Wife!
Some haughty *Greek* who lives thy tears to ſee,
Embitters all thy woes, by naming me.

The

The thoughts of glory paſt, and preſent ſhame,
A thouſand griefs ſhall waken at the name!
May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
Preſs'd with a load of monumental clay!
Thy *Hector* wrapt in everlaſting ſleep,
Shall neither hear thee ſigh, nor ſee thee weep.
Thus having ſpoke, th' illuſtrious Chief of *Troy*
Stretch'd his fond arms to claſp the lovely Boy.
The Babe clung crying to his Nurſe's breaſt,
Scar'd at the dazling helm, and nodding creſt.
With ſecret pleaſure each fond Parent ſmil'd,
And *Hector* haſted to relieve his child,
The glitt'ring terrors from his brows unbound,
And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground;
Then kiſt the child, and lifting high in air,
Thus to the Gods prefer'd a Father's pray'r.
O thou! whoſe Glory fills th' Ætherial Throne,
And all ye deathleſs Pow'rs! protect my Son!
Grant him, like me, to purchaſe juſt renown,
To guard the *Trojans*, to defend the Crown,
Againſt his Country's Foes the War to wage,
And riſe the *Hector* of the future age!
So when triumphant from ſucceſsful toils,
Of Heroes ſlain he bears the reeking ſpoils,
Whole Hoſts may hail him with deſerv'd acclaim,
And ſay, This Chief tranſcends his Father's fame:
While pleas'd amidſt the gen'ral ſhouts of *Troy*,
His Mother's conſcious heart o'erflows with joy.
He ſpoke, and fondly gazing on her charms
Reſtor'd the pleaſing burden to her arms;

Soft

Soft on her fragrant breaſt the Babe ſhe laid,
Huſh'd to repoſe, and with a ſmile ſurvey'd.
The troubled pleaſure ſoon chaſtis'd by fear,
She mingled with the ſmile a tender tear.
The ſoften'd Chief with kind compaſſion view'd,
And dry'd the falling drops, and thus purſu'd.
Andromache! my ſoul's far better part,
Why with untimely ſorrows heaves thy heart!
No hoſtile hand can antedate my doom,
Till Fate condemns me to the ſilent tomb.
Fix'd is the term to all the race of earth;
And ſuch the hard condition of our birth.
No force can then reſiſt, no flight can ſave,
All ſink alike, the fearful and the brave.
No more---but haſten to thy tasks at home,
There guide the ſpindle, and direct the loom:
Me glory ſummons to the martial ſcene,
The field of Combate is the ſphere for Men.
Where Heroes war, the foremoſt place I claim,
The firſt in danger as the firſt in fame.
Thus having ſaid, the glorious Chief reſumes
His tow'ry helmet, black with ſhading plumes.
His Princeſs parts with a prophetick ſigh,
Unwilling parts, and oft' reverts her eye
That ſtream'd at ev'ry look: then, moving ſlow,
Sought her own Palace, and indulg'd her woe.
There, while her tears deplor'd the godlike Man,
Thro' all her train the ſoft infection ran;
The pious Maids their mingled ſorrows ſhed,
And mourn the living *Hector*, as the dead.

But

But now, no longer deaf to Honour's call,
Forth iſſues *Paris* from the Palace wall.
In brazen Arms that caſt a gleamy ray,
Swift thro' the Town the Warrior bends his way.
The wanton Courſer thus, with reins unbound,
Breaks from his ſtall, and beats the trembling ground;
Pamper'd and proud, he ſeeks the wonted tides,
And laves, in height of blood, his ſhining ſides;
His head now freed, he toſſes to the skies;
His mane diſhevel'd o'er his ſhoulders flies;
He ſnuffs the females in the diſtant plain,
And ſprings, exulting, to his fields again.
With equal triumph, ſprightly, bold and gay,
In Arms refulgent as the God of day,
The Son of *Priam*, glorying in his might,
Ruſh'd forth with *Hector* to the fields of fight.
And now the Warriors paſſing on the way,
The graceful *Paris* firſt excus'd his ſtay.
To whom the noble *Hector* thus reply'd:
O Chief! in blood, and now in arms, ally'd!
Thy pow'r in war with juſtice none conteſt;
Known is thy courage, and thy ſtrength confeſt.
What pity, Sloath ſhould ſeize a ſoul ſo brave,
Or Godlike *Paris* live a Woman's Slave!
My heart weeps blood at what the *Trojans* ſay,
And hopes, thy deeds ſhall wipe the ſtain away.
Haſte then, in all their glorious labours ſhare;
For much they ſuffer, for thy ſake, in War.
Theſe ills ſhall ceaſe, whene'er by *Jove*'s decree
We crown the bowl to *Heav'n* and *Liberty*:

While

While the proud Foe his fruſtrate Triumphs mourns,
And *Greece* indignant thro' her ſeas returns. 671

THE

THE SEVENTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

The ſingle Combate of *Hector* and *Ajax*.

THE *Battel renewing with double ardour upon the return of* Hector, Minerva *is under apprehenſions for the* Greeks. Apollo *ſeeing her deſcend from* Olympus, *joins her near the* Scæan *gate. They agree to put off the general Engagement for that day, and incite* Hector *to challenge the* Greeks *to a ſingle Combate. Nine of the Princes accepting the Challenge, the lot is caſt, and falls upon* Ajax. *Theſe Heroes, after ſeveral attacks, are parted by the night. The* Trojans *calling a Council,* Antenor *propoſes the delivery of* Helen *to the* Greeks, *to which* Paris *will*

not conſent, but offers to reſtore them her riches. Priam *ſends a Herald to make this offer, and to demand a Truce for burning the Dead; the laſt of which only is agreed to by* Agamemnon. *When the Funerals are performed, the* Greeks *purſuant to the advice of* Neſtor, *erect a Fortification to protect their Fleet and Camp, flank'd with Towers, and defended by a Ditch and Paliſades.* Neptune *teſtifies his Jealouſy at this work, but is pacified by a promiſe from* Jupiter. *Both Armies paſs the night in Feaſting, but* Jupiter *diſheartens the* Trojans *with Thunder and other ſigns of his wrath.*

The three and twentieth day ends with the Duel of Hector *and* Ajax: *The next day the Truce is agreed: Another is taken up in the funeral Rites of the ſlain; and one more in building the Fortification before the Ships: So that ſomewhat above three days is employed in this Book. The* Scene *lies wholly in the field.*

SO ſpoke the Guardian of the *Trojan* State,
Then ruſh'd impetuous thro' the *Scæan* gate.
Him *Paris* follow'd to the dire alarms;
Both breathing ſlaughter, both reſolv'd in arms.
As when to Sailors lab'ring thro' the main,
That long had heav'd the weary oar in vain,
Jove bids at length th' expected gales ariſe;
The gales blow grateful, and the veſſel flies:
So welcome theſe to *Troy*'s deſiring train;
The Bands are chear'd, the War awakes again.
Bold *Paris* firſt the work of death begun,
On great *Meneſthius*, *Areïthous*' Son;

Sprung

Sprung from the fair *Philomeda*'s embrace,
The pleaſing *Arnè* was his native place.
Then ſunk *Eioneus* to the Shades below,
Beneath his ſteely caſque he felt the blow
Full on his neck, from *Hector*'s weighty hand;
And roll'd, with limbs relax'd, along the land.
By *Glaucus*' ſpear the bold *Iphinous* bleeds,
Fix'd in the ſhoulder as he mounts his Steeds;
Headlong he tumbles; His ſlack nerves unbound
Drop the cold uſeleſs members on the ground.
When now *Minerva* ſaw her *Argives* ſlain,
From vaſt *Olympus* to the gleaming plain
Fierce ſhe deſcends: *Apollo* mark'd her flight,
Nor ſhot leſs ſwift from *Ilion*'s tow'ry height:
Radiant they met, beneath the beechen ſhade;
When thus *Apollo* to the blue ey'd Maid,
What cauſe, O Daughter of Almighty *Jove!*
Thus wings thy progreſs from the Realms above?
Once more impetuous doſt thou bend thy way,
To give to *Greece* the long-divided day?
Too much has *Troy* already felt thy hate,
Now breath thy rage, and huſh the ſtern debate:
This day, the buſineſs of the field ſuſpend.
War ſoon ſhall kindle, and great *Ilion* bend;
Since vengeful Goddeſſes confed'rate join
To raze her Walls, tho built by hands divine.
To whom the Progeny of *Jove* replies:
I left, for this, the Council of the Skies.
But who ſhall bid conflicting Hoſts forbear?
What art ſhall calm the furious Sons of war?

To her the God: Great *Hector*'s Soul incite
To dare the boldeſt *Greek* to ſingle fight,
Till *Greece*, provok'd, from all her numbers ſhow
A Warrior worthy to be *Hector*'s Foe.
At this agreed, the heav'nly Pow'rs withdrew;
Sage *Helenus* their ſecret counſels knew:
Hector inſpir'd he ſought: To him addreſt,
Thus told the dictates of his ſacred breaſt.
O Son of *Priam*! let thy faithful ear
Receive my words; thy Friend and Brother hear!
Go forth perſuaſive, and a while engage
The warring Nations to ſuſpend their rage;
Then dare the boldeſt of the hoſtile train
To mortal Combate on the liſted plain.
For not this day ſhall end thy glorious date;
The Gods have ſpoke it, and their voice is Fate.
He ſaid: The Warrior heard the word with joy.
Then with his ſpear reſtraind the Youth of *Troy*,
Held by the midſt athwart. On either hand
The Squadrons part; th' expecting *Trojans* ſtand.
Great *Agamemnon* bids the *Greeks* forbear;
They breathe, and huſh the tumult of the War.
Th' *Athenian* Maid, and glorious God of day,
With ſilent joy the ſettling Hoſts ſurvey:
In form like Vulturs, on the beeche's height
They ſit conceal'd, and wait the future Fight.
The thronging Troops obſcure the dusky fields,
Horrid with briſtling ſpears, and gleaming ſhields.
As when a gen'ral darkneſs veils the main,
(Soft *Zephyr* curling the wide wat'ry plain)

The

The waves ſcarce heave, the face of Ocean ſleeps
And a ſtill horror ſaddens all the deeps:
Thus in thick orders ſettling wide around,
At length compos'd they ſit, and ſhade the ground.
Great *Hector* firſt amidſt both Armies broke
The ſolemn ſilence, and their pow'rs beſpoke.
Hear all ye *Trojan*, all ye *Grecian* Bands,
What my Soul prompts, & what ſome God commands
Great *Jove* averſe our warfare to compoſe,
O'erwhelms the Nations with new toils and woes;
War with a fiercer tide once more returns,
Till *Ilion* falls, or till yon' Navy burns.
You then, O Princes of the *Greeks*! appear,
'Tis *Hector* ſpeaks, and calls the Gods to hear:
From all your Troops ſelect the boldeſt Knight,
And him, the boldeſt, *Hector* dares to fight.
Here if I fall, by chance of battel ſlain,
Be his my ſpoil, and his theſe Arms remain;
But let my body, to my friends return'd,
By *Trojan* hands and *Trojan* flames be burn'd.
And if *Apollo*, in whoſe aid I truſt,
Shall ſtretch your daring Champion in the duſt;
If mine the glory to deſpoil the Foe;
On *Phœbus'* Temple I'll his Arms beſtow:
The breathleſs carcaſe to your Navy ſent,
Greece on the ſhore ſhall raiſe a Monument;
Which when ſome future Mariner ſurveys,
Waſh'd by broad *Helleſpont*'s reſounding ſeas,
Thus ſhall he ſay: „ A valiant *Greek* lies there,
„ By *Hector* ſlain, the mighty Man of War.

The ſtone ſhall tell your vanquiſh'd Hero's name,
And diſtant ages learn the Victor's fame.
This fierce defiance *Greece* aſtoniſh'd heard,
Bluſh'd to refuſe, and to accept it fear'd.
Stern *Menelaus* firſt the ſilence broke,
And inly groaning, thus opprobrious ſpoke.
Women of *Greece*! Oh ſcandal of your race,
Whoſe coward ſouls your manly form diſgrace.
How great the ſhame, when ev'ry age ſhall know
That not a *Grecian* met this noble Foe!
Go then! reſolve to earth from whence ye grew,
A heartleſs, ſpiritleſs, inglorious crew:
Be what ye ſeem unanimated clay!
My ſelf will dare the danger of the day.
'Tis man's bold task the gen'rous ſtrife to try;
But in the hands of God is Victory.
Theſe words ſcarce ſpoke with gen'rous ardour preſt,
His manly limbs in azure Arms he dreſt:
That day, *Atrides*! a ſuperior hand
Had ſtretch'd thee breatheleſs on the hoſtile ſtrand;
But all at once, thy fury to compoſe,
The Kings of *Greece* an awful band, aroſe:
Ev'n he their Chief, great *Agamemnon* preſs'd
Thy daring hand, and this advice addreſs'd.
Whither, O *Menelaus*! would'ſt thou run,
And tempt a Fate which prudence bids thee ſhun:
Griev'd tho' thou art, forbear the raſh deſign;
Great *Hector*'s arm is mightier far than thine.
Ev'n fierce *Achilles* learn'd its force to fear,
And trembling met this dreadful Son of War.

Sit

Sit thou ſecure admidſt thy ſocial Band;
Greece in our cauſe ſhall arm ſome pow'rful hand.
The mightieſt Warrior of th'*Achaian* name,
Tho' bold, and burning with deſire of Fame,
Content, the doubtful honour might foregoe.
So great the danger, and ſo brave the Foe.
He ſaid, and turn'd his Brother's vengeful mind,
He ſtoop'd to Reaſon, and his rage reſign'd.
No longer bent to ruſh on certain harms,
His joyful Friends unbrace his azure Arms.
He, from whoſe lips divine perſuaſion flows,
Grave *Neſtor*, then, in graceful act aroſe.
Thus to the Kings he ſpoke. What grief, what ſhame
Attend on *Greece*, and all the *Grecian* name?
How ſhall, alas! her hoary Heroes mourn,
Their Sons degen'rate, and their Race a ſcorn!
What tears ſhall down thy ſilver beard be roll'd,
Oh *Peleus*, old in arms, in wiſdom old!
Once with what joy the gen'rous Prince would hear
Of ev'ry Chief who fought this glorious War;
Participate their fame, and pleas'd enquire
Each name, each action, and each Hero's Sire!
Gods! ſhould he ſee our Warriors trembling ſtand,
And trembling all before one hoſtile hand;
How would he lift his aged arms on high,
Lament inglorious *Greece*, and beg to die!
Oh would to all th' immortal Pow'rs above,
Minerva, *Phœbus*, and Almighty *Jove*!
Years might again roll back, my Youth renew,
And give this arm the ſpring which once it knew:

When fierce in war, where *Jardan*'s waters fall,
I led my Troops to *Phea*'s trembling wall,
And with th' *Arcadian* ſpears my proweſs try'd,
Where *Celadon* rolls down his rapid tide.
There *Ereuthalion* brav'd us in the field,
Proud, *Areïthous*' dreadful Arms to wield;
Great *Areïthous*, known from ſhore to ſhore
By the huge knotted iron-mace he bore;
No lance he ſhook, nor bent the twanging bow,
But broke, with this, the battel of the Foe.
Him not by manly force *Lycurgus* ſlew,
Whoſe guileful javelin from the thicket flew,
Deep in a winding way his breaſt aſſail'd,
Nor ought the Warrior's thund'ring mace avail'd.
Supine he fell: Thoſe Arms which *Mars* before
Had giv'n the Vanquiſh'd, now the Victor bore.
But when old age had dim'd *Lycurgus*' eyes;
To *Ereuthalion* he conſign'd the prize
Furious with this he cruſh'd our levell'd bands,
And dar'd the trial of the ſtrongeſt hands;
Nor cou'd the ſtrongeſt hands his fury ſtay;
All ſaw, and fear'd, his huge tempeſtuous ſway.
Till I, the youngeſt of the Hoſt, appear'd,
And youngeſt, met whom all our Army fear'd.
I fought the Chief: my Arms *Minerva* crown'd:
Prone fell the Giant o'er a length of ground.
What then I was, oh were your *Neſtor* now!
Not *Hector*'s ſelf ſhould want an equal Foe.
But Warriors, you that youthful vigour boaſt,
The flow'r of *Greece*, th' examples of our Hoſt,

Sprung

Sprung from ſuch Fathers, who ſuch numbers ſway;
Can you ſtand trembling, and deſert the day?
His warm reproofs the liſt'ning Kings inflame,
And nine, the nobleſt of the *Grecian* name,
Up-ſtarted fierce: But far before the reſt
The King of Men advanc'd his dauntleſs breaſt.
Then bold *Tydides*, great in Arms, appear'd;
And next his bulk gigantic *Ajax* rear'd:
Oïleus follow'd, *Idomen* was there,
And *Merion*, dreadful as the God of War:
With theſe *Eurypylus* and *Thoas* ſtand,
And wiſe *Ulyſſes* clos'd the daring Band.
All theſe, alike inſpir'd with noble rage,
Demand the fight. To whom the *Pylian* Sage:
Leſt thirſt of glory your brave ſouls divide;
What Chief ſhall combate, let the lots decide.
Whom Heav'n ſhall chuſe, be his the chance to raiſe
His country's fame, his own immortal praiſe.
The Lots produc'd, each Hero ſigns his own,
Then in the Gen'rals helm the Fates are thrown.
The People pray with lifted eyes and hands,
And vows like theſe aſcend from all the Bands.
Grant thou Almighty! in whoſe hand is Fate,
A worthy Champion for the *Grecian* State.
This task let *Ajax* or *Tydides* prove,
Or he, the King of Kings, belov'd by *Jove*.
Old *Neſtor* ſhook the caſque. By Heav'n inſpir'd,
Leap'd forth the Lot of ev'ry *Greek* deſir'd.
This from the right to left the Herald bears,
Held out in order to the *Grecian* Peers.

Each to his Rival yields the mark unknown;
Till Godlike *Ajax* finds the Lot his own;
Surveys th'inſcription with rejoicing eyes,
Then caſts before him, and with tranſport cries:
Warriors! I claim the Lot, and arm with joy;
Be mine the conqueſt of this Chief of *Troy*.
Now, while my brighteſt arms my limbs inveſt;
To *Saturn*'s Son be all your vows addreſt:
But pray in ſecret, leſt the Foes ſhould hear,
And deem your pray'rs the mean effect of fear.
Said I in ſecret? No, your vows declare,
In ſuch a voice as fills the Earth and Air.
Lives there a Chief whom *Ajax* ought to dread,
Ajax, in all the toils of battel bred?
From warlike *Salamis* I drew my birth,
And born to Combates, fear no force on Earth.
He ſaid. The Troops with elevated eyes,
Implore the God whoſe Thunder rends the skies.
O Father of Mankind, Superior Lord!
On lofty *Ida*'s holy hill ador'd;
Who in the higheſt Heav'n haſt fix'd thy Throne,
Supreme of Gods! unbounded, and alone:
Grant thou, that *Telamon* may bear away
The praiſe and conqueſt of this doubtful day.
Or if illuſtrious *Hector* be thy care
That both may claim'em, and that both may ſhare.
Now *Ajax* brac'd his dazling armour on;
Sheath'd in bright ſteel the Giant-Warrior ſhone:
He moves to combate with majeſtic pace;
So ſtalks in arms the grizly God of *Thrace*,

When

When *Jove* to puniſh faithleſs Men prepares,
And gives whole nations to the waſte of Wars.
Thus march'd the Chief, tremendous as a God;
Grimly he ſmil'd; Earth trembled as he ſtrode:
His maſſy javelin quiv'ring in his hand,
He ſtood, the bulwark of the *Grecian* Band.
Thro' ev'ry *Argive* heart new tranſport ran,
All *Troy* ſtood trembling at the mighty Man:
Ev'n *Hector* paus'd, and with new doubt oppreſt
Felt his great heart ſuſpended in his breaſt.
'T was vain to ſeek retreat, and vain to fear;
Himſelf had calleng'd, and the Foe drew near.
Stern *Telamon* behind his ample ſhield
As from a brazen Tow'r, o'erlook'd the field
Huge was its orb, with ſev'n thick folds o'ercaſt,
Of tough bull-hides; of ſolid braſs the laſt.
(The work of *Tychius*, who in *Hylè* dwell'd,
And all in arts of armoury excell'd)
This *Ajax* bore before his manly breaſt,
And threat'ning, thus his adverſe Chief addreſt.
Hector! approach my arm, and ſingly know,
What ſtrength thou haſt, and what the *Grecian* Foe.
Achilles ſhuns the fight; yet ſome there are
Not void of ſoul, and not unſkill'd in war:
Let him, unactive on the ſea-beat ſhore,
Indulge his wrath, and aid our Arms no more;
Whole Troops of Heroes, *Greece* has yet to boaſt,
And ſends thee one, a ſample of her Hoſt.
Such as I am, I come to prove thy might;
No more --- be ſullen, and begin the fight.

O Son of *Telamon*, thy Country's pride!
(To *Ajax* thus the *Trojan* Prince reply'd)
Me, as a boy or woman would'ſt thou fright,
New to the field, and trembling at the fight?
Thou meet'ſt a Chief deſerving of thy Arms,
To combate born, and bred amidſt alarms:
I know to ſhift my ground; remount the car,
Turn, charge, and anſwer ev'ry call of War,
To right, to left, the dext'rous lance I wield,
And bear thick battel on my ſounding ſhield.
But open be our fight, and bold each blow;
I ſteal no conqueſt from a noble Foe.

He ſaid, and riſing, high above the field
Whirl'd the long lance againſt the ſev'nfold ſhield.
Full on the braſs deſcending from above
Thro' ſix bull-hides the furious weapon drove,
Till in the ſev'nth it fix'd. Then *Ajax* threw;
Thro' *Hector*'s ſhield the forceful javelin flew,
His corſlet enters, and his garment rends,
And glancing downwards near his flank deſcends.
The wary *Trojan* ſhrinks, and bending low
Beneath his buckler, diſappoints the blow.
From their bor'd ſhields the Chiefs the javelins drew,
Then cloſe impetuous, and the charge renew:
Fierce as the mountain-Lions bath'd in blood,
Or foaming boars, the terror of the wood.
At *Ajax Hector* his long lance extends;
The blunted point againſt the buckler bends.
But *Ajax* watchful as his Foe drew near,
Drove thro' the *Trojan* targe the knotty ſpear;

It reach'd his neck, with matchleſs ſtrength impell'd;
Spouts the black gore, and dimms his ſhining ſhield.
Yet ceas'd not *Hector* thus; but ſtooping down,
In his ſtrong hand up-heav'd a flinty ſtone,
Black, craggy, vaſt: To this his force he bends;
Full on the Brazen boſs the ſtone deſcends;
The hollow braſs reſounded with the ſhock.
Then *Ajax* ſeiz'd the fragment of a rock,
Apply'd each nerve, and ſwinging round on high,
With force tempeſtuous let the ruin fly:
The huge ſtone thund'ring thro' his buckler broke;
His ſlacken'd knees receiv'd the numbing ſtroke;
Great *Hector* falls extended on the field,
His bulk ſupporting on the ſhatter'd ſhield.
Nor wanted heav'nly aid: *Apollo*'s might
Confirm'd his ſinews, and reſtor'd to fight:
And now both Heroes their broad faulchions drew,
In flaming circles round their heads they flew;
But then by Heralds voice the word was giv'n,
The ſacred Miniſters of Earth and Heav'n:
Divine *Talthibius* whom the *Greeks* employ,
And ſage *Idæus* on the part of *Troy*,
Between the ſwords their peaceful ſcepters rear'd;
When thus *Idæus*' awful voice was heard.

Forbear, my Sons! your farther force to prove
Both dear to Men, and both belov'd of *Jove*.
To either Hoſt your matchleſs worth is known,
Each ſounds your praiſe, and War is all your own:
But now the Night extends her awful ſhade;
The Goddeſs parts you: Be the Night obey'd.

To

To whom great *Ajax* his high ſoul expreſs'd.
O Sage! to *Hector* be theſe words addreſs'd.
Let him, who firſt provok'd our Chiefs to fight,
Let him demand the ſanction of the Night:
If firſt he ask it, I content obey,
And ceaſe the ſtrife when *Hector* ſhows the way.
Oh firſt of *Greeks*! (his noble Foe rejoin'd)
Whom Heav'n adorns, ſuperior to thy kind,
With ſtrength of body, and with worth of mind!
Now martial law commands us to forbear,
Hereafter we ſhall meet in glorious war,
Some future day ſhall lengthen out the ſtrife,
And let the Gods decide of death or life!
Since then the Night extends her gloomy ſhade,
And Heav'n enjoins it, be the Night obey'd.
Return, brave *Ajax*, to thy *Grecian* Friends,
And joy the Nations whom thy arm defends;
As I ſhall glad each Chief, and *Trojan* wife,
Who wearies Heav'n with vows for *Hector*'s life.
But let us, on this memorable day,
Exchange ſome gift; that *Greece* and *Troy* may ſay,
„ Not Hate, but Glory, made theſe Chiefs contend;
„ And each brave Foe was in his ſoul a Friend.
With that, a Sword with ſtars of ſilver grac'd,
The baldric ſtudded, and the ſheath enchas'd,
He gave the *Greek*. The gen'rous *Greek* beſtow'd
A radiant belt that rich with purple glow'd.
Then with majeſtic grace they quit the plain;
This ſeeks the *Grecian*, that the *Phrygian* train.

The

The *Trojan* bands returning *Hector* wait,
And hail with joy the Champion of their State:
Eſcap'd great *Ajax*, they ſurvey'd him round,
Alive, unharm'd, and vig'rous from his wound.
To *Troy*'s high gates the God-like Chief they bear,
Their preſent triumph, as their late deſpair.
But *Ajax*, glorying in his hardy deed,
The well-arm'd *Greeks* to *Agamemnon* lead.
A Steer for ſacrifice the King deſign'd,
Of full five years, and of the nobler kind.
The victim falls, they ſtrip the ſmoaking hide,
The beaſt they quarter, and the joints divide,
Then ſpread the tables, the repaſt prepare,
Each takes his ſeat, and each receives his ſhare.
The King himſelf (an honorary ſign)
Before great *Ajax* plac'd the mighty chine.
When now the rage of hunger was remov'd;
Neſtor, in each perſuaſive art approv'd,
The Sage whoſe counſels long had ſway'd the reſt,
In words like theſe his prudent thought expreſt.
How dear, O Kings! this fatal day has coſt,
What *Greeks* are periſh'd! what a people loſt!
What tides of blood have drench'd *Scamander*'s ſhore?
What crowds of Heroes ſunk to riſe no more?
Then hear me, Chief! nor let the morrow's light
Awake thy Squadrons to new toils of fight.
Some ſpace at leaſt permit the War to breathe,
While we to flames our ſlaughter'd Friends bequeathe,
From the red field their ſcatter'd bodies bear,
And nigh the fleet a Fun'ral ſtructure rear:

So

So decent Urns their ſnowy bones may keep,
And pious Children o'er their aſhes weep.
Here, where on one promiſcuous pile they blaz'd,
High o'er them all a gen'ral Tomb be rais'd.
Next, to ſecure our Camp, and Naval pow'rs,
Raiſe an embattel'd Wall, with lofty Tow'rs;
From ſpace to ſpace be ample gates around,
For paſſing Chariots, and a Trench profound.
So *Greece* to combate ſhall in ſafety go,
Nor fear the fierce incurſions of the Foe.
'T was thus the Sage his wholſome counſel mov'd
The ſceptred Kings of *Greece* his words approv'd.
Meanwhile, conven'd at *Priam*'s Palace gate,
The *Trojan* Peers in nightly Council ſate:
A Senate void of union as of choice,
Their hearts were fearful, and confus'd their voice.
Antenor riſing, thus demands their ear:
Ye *Trojans*, *Dardans*, and Auxiliars hear!
'Tis Heav'n the counſel of my breaſt inſpires,
And I but move what ev'ry God requires,
Let *Sparta*'s Treaſures be this hour reſtor'd,
And *Argive Helen* own her ancient Lord.
The ties of faith, the ſworn alliance broke,
Our impious battels the juſt Gods provoke.
As this advice ye practiſe, or reject,
So hope ſucceſs, or dread the dire effect.
The Senior ſpoke, and ſate. To whom reply'd
The graceful Husband of the *Spartan* Bride.
Cold counſels, *Trojan*, may become thy years,
But ſound ungrateful in a Warrior's ears:

Old

Old Man, if void of fallacy or art
Thy words expreſs the purpoſe of thy heart,
Thou, in thy time, more ſound advice haſt giv'n;
But wiſdom has its date, aſſign'd by Heav'n.
Then hear me, Princes of the *Trojan* name!
Their Treaſure I'll reſtore, but not the Dame.
My Treaſure too, for peace, I will reſign;
But be this bright poſſeſſion ever mine.

'Twas then, the growing diſcord to compoſe,
Slow from his ſeat the rev'rend *Priam* roſe.
His god-like aſpect deep attention drew:
He paus'd; and theſe pacific words enſue.
Ye *Trojans*, *Dardans*, and Auxiliar bands!
Now take refreſhment as the hour demands:
Guard well the walls, relieve the watch of night,
Till the new Sun reſtores the chearful light:
Then ſhall our Herald to th'*Atrides* ſent,
Before their Ships, proclaim my Son's intent:
Next let a Truce be ask'd, that *Troy* may burn
Her ſlaughter'd Heroes, and their bones in-urn.
That done, once more the fate of war be try'd,
And whoſe the conqueſt, mighty *Jove* decide!
The Monarch ſpoke: the Warriors ſnatch'd with haſte
(Each at his poſt in arms) a ſhort repaſte,
Soon as the roſy morn had wak'd the day,
To the black Ships *Idæus* bent his way:
There, to the Sons of *Mars*, in Council found,
He rais'd his voice: The Hoſts ſtood liſt'ning round.
Ye Sons of *Atreus*, and ye *Greeks*, give ear!
The words of *Troy*, and *Troy*'s great Monarch hear.

Pleas'd may ye hear (ſo Heav'n ſucceed my pray'r)
What *Paris*, Author of the War, declares.
The ſpoils and treaſures he to *Ilion* bore,
(Oh had he periſh'd e'er they touch'd our ſhore)
He proffers injur'd *Greece*; with large encreaſe
Of added *Trojan* wealth to buy the peace.
But to reſtore the beauteous Bride again,
This *Greece* demands, and *Troy* requeſts in vain.
Next, O ye Chiefs! we ask a Truce, to burn
Our ſlaughter'd Heroes, and their bones in urn.
That done, once more the fate of war be try'd,
And whoſe the conqueſt, mighty *Jove* decide!
The *Greeks* gave ear, but none the ſilence broke;
At length *Tydides* roſe, and riſing ſpoke.
Oh take not, Friends! defrauded of your fame,
Their proffer'd wealth, nor ev'n the *Spartan* Dame.
Let conqueſt make them ours: Fate ſhakes their wall,
And *Troy* already totters to her fall.
Th'admiring Chiefs, and all the *Grecian* name,
With gen'ral ſhouts return'd him loud acclaim.
Then thus the King of Kings rejects the Peace:
Herald in him thou hear'ſt the voice of *Greece*.
For what remains; let fun'ral flames be fed
With Heroes corps: I war not with the dead.
Go ſearch your ſlaughter'd Chiefs on yonder plain,
And gratify the *Manes* of the ſlain.
Be witneſs, *Jove*! whoſe Thunder rolls on high.
He ſaid, and rear'd his Sceptre to the ſky.
To ſacred *Troy*, where all her Princes lay
To wait th'event, the Herald bent his way.

He

He came, and ſtanding in the midſt, explain'd
The Peace rejected, but the Truce obtain'd.
Straight to their ſev'ral cares the *Trojans* move,
Some ſearch the plain, ſome fell the ſounding grove.
Nor leſs the *Greeks*, deſcending on the ſhore,
Hew'd the green foreſts, and the bodies bore.
And now from forth the chambers of the main,
To ſhed his ſacred light on Earth again,
Aroſe the golden Chariot of the Day,
And tipt the mountains with a purple ray.
In mingled throngs, the *Greek* and *Trojan* train
Thro' heaps of carnage ſearch'd the mournful plain.
Scarce could the Friend his ſlaughter'd Friend explore,
With duſt diſhonour'd, and deform'd with gore.
The wounds they waſh'd, their pious tears they ſhed,
And, lay'd along their cars, deplor'd the dead.
Sage *Priam* check'd their grief: With ſilent haſte
The bodies decent on the Piles were plac'd.
With melting hearts the cold remains they burn'd;
And ſadly ſlow, to ſacred *Troy* return'd.
Nor leſs the *Greeks* their pious ſorrows ſhed,
And decent on the Pile diſpoſe the dead;
The cold remains conſume with equal care;
And ſlowly, ſadly, to their Fleet repair.
Now, e're the Morn had ſtreak'd with red'ning light
The doubtful confines of the day and night;
About the dying flames the *Greeks* appear'd,
And round the Pile a gen'ral Tomb they rear'd.
Then, to ſecure the Camp and Naval pow'rs
They rais'd embattel'd Walls with lofty Tow'rs:

From ſpace to ſpace were ample gates around,
For paſſing chariots; and a Trench profound,
Of large extent, and deep in earth below
Strong piles infix'd ſtood adverſe to the Foe.
So toil'd the *Greeks*: Meanwhile the Gods above
In ſhining circle round their Father *Jove*,
Amaz'd beheld the wondrous works of Man:
Then * he, whoſe Trident ſhakes the Earth, began.
What Mortals henceforth ſhall our pow'r adore,
Our Fanes frequent, our Oracles implore,
If the proud *Grecians* thus ſucceſsful boaſt
Their riſing bulwarks on the ſea-beat coaſt?
See the long Walls extending to the Main,
No God conſulted, and no victim ſlain!
Their Fame ſhall fill the World's remoteſt ends,
Wide, as the morn her golden beam extends.
While old *Laömedon*'s divine abodes,
Thoſe radiant ſtructures rais'd by lab'ring Gods,
Shall, raz'd and loſt, in long oblivion ſleep.
Thus ſpoke the hoary Monarch of the deep.
Th' Almighty Thund'rer with a frown replies,
That clouds the world, and blackens half the skies.
Strong God of Ocean! Thou, whoſe rage can make
The ſolid Earth's eternal baſis ſhake!
What cauſe of fear from mortal works, cou'd move
The meaneſt Subject of our Realms above?
Where-e'er the Sun's refulgent rays are caſt,
Thy pow'r is honour'd, and thy fame ſhall laſt.
But yon' proud work no future age ſhall view,
No trace remain where once the glory grew.

* *Neptune.*

The

The ſapp'd foundations by thy force ſhall fall,
And whelm'd beneath thy waves, drop the huge wall:
Vaſt drifts of ſand ſhall change the former ſhore;
The ruin vaniſh'd, and the name no more.
Thus they in Heav'n: while, o'er the *Grecian* train,
The rolling Sun deſcending to the main
Beheld the finiſh'd work. Their bulls they ſlew;
Black from the Tents the ſav'ry vapors flew.
And now the Fleet, arriv'd from *Lemnos*'ſtrands,
With *Bacchus*'bleſſings chear'd the gen'rous bands.
Of fragrant Wines the rich *Eunæus* ſent
A thouſand meaſures to the Royal Tent.
(*Eunæus*, whom *Hypſipyle* of yore
To *Jaſon*, Shepherd of his People, bore)
The reſt they purchas'd at their proper coſt,
And well the plenteous freight ſupply'd the Hoſt.
Each, in exchange, proportion'd treaſures gave;
Some braſs or iron, ſome an oxe, or ſlave.
All night they feaſt; the *Greek* and *Trojan* Pow'rs;
Thoſe on the fields, and theſe within their tow'rs.
But *Jove* averſe the ſigns of wrath diſplay'd,
And ſhot red light'nings thro'the gloomy ſhade:
Humbled they ſtood; pale horror ſeiz'd on all,
While the deep Thunder ſhook th'aerial hall.
Each pour'd to *Jove* before the bowl was crown'd
And large Libations drench'd the thirſty ground;
Then late refreſh'd with ſleep from toils of fight,
Enjoy'd the balmy bleſſings of the night.

THE EIGHT BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT

The ſecond Battel, and the Diſtreſs of the *Greeks*.

JUPITER *aſſembles a Council of the Deities; and threatens them with the pains of* Tartarus *if they aſſiſt either ſide:* Minerva *only obtains of him that ſhe may direct the* Greeks *by her counſels. The Armies join battel;* Jupiter *on mount* Ida *weighs in his Balances the Fate of both, and affrights the* Greeks *with his Thunders and Lightnings.* Neſtor *alone continues in the field in great danger;* Diomed *relieves him; whoſe Exploits, and thoſe of* Hector, *are excellently deſcribed.* Juno *endeavours to animate*

nate Neptune *to the aſſiſtance of the* Greeks, *but in ain. The acts of* Teucer, *who is at length woun-ed by* Hector *and carry'd off.* Juno *and* Minerva *repare to aid the* Grecians, *but are reſtrained by* ris, *ſent from* Jupiter. *The Night puts an end to he Battel.* Hector *keeps the field (the* Greeks *being driven to their Fortification before the Ships) and gives orders to keep the Watch all night in the Camp, to prevent the Enemy from reimbarking and eſcaping by flight. They kindle fires through all the field, and paſs the night under arms.*

The time *of ſeven and twenty days is employed from the opening of the Poem to the end of this Book. The* Scene *here (except of the Celeſtial Machines) lies in the Field toward the Sea ſhore.*

AURORA now, fair daughter of the dawn,
Sprinkled with roſy light the dewy lawn.
When *Jove* conven'd the Senate of the Skies:
Where high *Olympus'* cloudy tops ariſe.
The Sire of Gods his awful ſilence broke;
The Heav'ns attentive trembled as he ſpoke.

Celeſtial States, Immortal Gods! give ear,
Hear our decree, and rev'rence what ye hear;
The fix'd decree which not all Heav'n can move;
Thou Fate! fulfill it; and ye Pow'rs! approve.
What God but enters yon' forbidden field;
Who yleids aſſiſtance, or but wills to yield;
Back to the skies with ſhame he ſhall he driv'n,
Gaſh'd with diſhoneſt wounds, the ſcorn of Heav'n:
Or far, oh far from ſteep *Olympus* thrown,
Low in the dark *Tartarean* gulf ſhall groan,

With burning chains fix'd to the brazen floors,
And lock'd by Hell's inexorable doors;
As deep beneath th' infernal centre hurl'd,
As from that centre to th'Æthereal World.
Let him who tempts me, dread thoſe dire abodes;
And know, th' Almighty is the God of Gods.
League all your Forces then, ye Pow'rs above,
Join all, and try th' Omnipotence of *Jove*:
Let down our golden everlaſting chain,
Whoſe ſtrong embrace holds Heav'n, & Earth & Main
Strive all, of mortal and immortal birth,
To drag, by this, the Thund'rer down to Earth:
Ye ſtrive in vain! If I but ſtretch this hand,
I heave the Gods, the Ocean, and the Land.
I fix the Chain to great *Olympus'* height,
And the vaſt World hangs trembling in my ſight!
For ſuch I reign, unbounded and above;
And ſuch are Men, and Gods, compar'd to *Jove*,
Th' Almighty ſpoke, nor durſt the Pow'rs reply,
A rev'rend horror ſilenc'd all the ſky;
Trembling they ſtood before their Sov'reign's look;
At length his beſt-belov'd, the Pow'r of *Wiſdom* ſpoke
Oh firſt and greateſt! God by Gods ador'd!
We own thy might, our Father and our Lord.
But ah! permit to pity human ſtate;
If not to help, at leaſt lament their fate.
From fields forbidden we ſubmiſs refrain,
With Arms unaiding mourn our *Argives* ſlain.
Yet grant my counſels ſtill their breaſts may move,
Or all muſt periſh in the wrath of *Jove*.

The

The Cloud-compelling God her ſuit approv'd;
And ſmil'd ſuperior on his beſt-belov'd.
Then call'd his Courſers, and his Chariot took;
The ſtedfaſt firmament beneath them ſhook:
Rapt by th' Æthereal Steeds the Chariot roll'd;
Braſs were their hoofs, their curling manes of Gold.
Of Heav'ns undroſſy Gold the God's array
Refulgent, flaſh'd intolerable day.
High on the Throne he ſhines: His Courſers fly,
Between th' extended earth and ſtarry sky.
But when to *Ida*'s topmoſt height he came,
(Fair nurſe of Fountains, and of ſavage Game)
Where o'er her pointed ſummits proudly rais'd,
His Fane breath'd odours, and his Altar blaz'd:
There, from his radiant Car, the ſacred Sire
Of Gods and Men releas'd the Steeds of fire.
Blue ambient miſts th' immortal Steeds embrac'd;
High on the cloudy point his ſeat he plac'd.
Thence his broad eye the ſubject world ſurveys,
The Town, the Tents, and navigable Seas.
Now had the *Grecians* ſnatch'd a ſhort repaſte,
And buckled on their ſhining Arms with haſte.
Troy rowz'd as ſoon; for on this dreadful day
The Fate of Fathers, Wives, and Infants lay.
The Gates unfolding pour forth all their Train;
Squadrons on Squadrons cloud the duſky plain:
Men, Steeds, and Chariots ſhake the trembling ground,
The tumult thickens, and the ſkies reſound.
And now with ſhouts the ſhocking Armies clos'd,
To lances, lances, ſhields to ſhields oppos'd,

Hoſt againſt Hoſt with ſhadowy legions drew,
The ſounding darts in iron tempeſts flew;
Victors and Vanquiſh'd join promiſcuous cries,
Triumphant ſhouts and dying groans ariſe;
With ſtreaming blood the ſlipp'ry fields are dy'd,
And ſlaughter'd Heroes ſwell the dreadful tide.
Long as the morning beams encreaſing bright,
O'er Heav'ns clear azure ſpread the ſacred light;
Commutual death the fate of War confounds,
Each adverſe Battel goar'd with equal wounds.
But when the Sun, the height of heav'n aſcends;
The Sire of Gods his golden Scales ſuſpends,
With equal hand: In theſe explor'd the Fate
Of *Greece* and *Troy*, and pois'd the mighty weight.
Preſs'd with its load the *Grecian* Balance lies
Low ſunk on Earth, the *Trojan* ſtrikes the Skies.
Then *Jove* from *Ida*'s top his horrors ſpreads;
The clouds burſt dreadful o'er the *Grecian* heads;
Thick Light'nings flaſh; the mutt'ring Thunder rolls;
Their ſtrength he withers, and unmans their ſouls.
Before his wrath the trembling Hoſt retire;
The God in terrors, and the skies on fire.
Nor great *Idomeneus* that ſight could bear,
Nor each ſtern *Ajax*, Thunderbolts of War:
Nor he, the King of Men, th'alarm ſuſtain'd;
Neſtor alone amidſt the ſtorm remain'd.
Unwilling he remain'd, for *Paris*' dart
Had pierc'd his Courſer in a mortal part;
Fix'd in the forehead where the ſpringing mane
Curl'd o'er the brow, it ſtung him to the brain;

Mad

Mad with his anguiſh, he begins to rear,
Paw with his hoofs aloft, and laſh the air.
Scarce had his falchion cut the reins, and freed
Th'incumber'd Chariot from the dying Steed,
When dreadful *Hector*, thund'ring thro' the War,
Pour'd to the tumult on his whirling Car.
That day had ſtretch'd beneath his matchleſs hand
The hoary Monarch of the *Pylian* Band,
But *Diomed* beheld; from forth the crowd
He ruſh'd, and on *Ulyſſes* call'd aloud.
Whither, oh whither does *Ulyſſes* run?
Oh flight unworthy great *Laertes* Son!
Mix'd with the vulgar ſhall thy fate be found,
Pierc'd in the back, a vile, diſhoneſt wound?
Oh turn and ſave from *Hector*'s direful rage
The glory of the *Greeks*, the *Pylian* Sage.
His fruitleſs words are loſt unheard in air;
Ulyſſes ſeeks the Ships, and ſhelters there.
But bold *Tydides* to the reſcue goes,
A ſingle Warrior'midſt a hoſt of Foes;
Before the Courſers with a ſudden ſpring
He leap'd, and anxious thus beſpoke the King.
Great perils, Father! wait th' unequal fight;
Theſe younger Champions will oppreſs thy might.
Thy veins no more with ancient vigour glow,
Weak is thy Servant, and thy Courſers ſlow.
Then haſte, aſcend my ſeat, and from the Car
Obſerve the Steeds of *Tros*, renown'd in War,
Practis'd alike to turn, to ſtop, to chace,
To dare the fight, or urge the rapid race;

Theſe late obey'd *Æneas'* guiding rein;
Leave thou thy Chariot to our faithful train:
With theſe againſt yon' *Trojans* will we go,
Nor ſhall great *Hector* want an equal Foe;
Fierce as he is, ev'n he may learn to fear
The thirſty fury of my flying ſpear.
Thus ſaid the Chief; and *Neſtor*, skill'd in war,
Approves his counſel, and aſcends the Car:
The Steeds he left, their truſty ſervants hold;
Eurymedon and *Sthenelus* the bold.
The rev'rend Charioteer directs the courſe,
And ſtrains his aged arm to laſh the Horſe.
Hector they face; unknowing how to fear,
Fierce he drove on; *Tydides* whirl'd his ſpear.
The ſpear with erring haſt miſtook its way,
But plung'd in *Eniopeus'* boſom lay.
His opening hand in death forſakes the rein;
The Steeds fly back: He falls, and ſpurns the plain.
Great *Hector* ſorrows for his ſervant kill'd,
Yet unreveng'd permits to preſs the field;
Till to ſupply his place and rule the Car,
Roſe *Archeptolemus*, the fierce in war.
And now had Death and Horror cover'd all;
Like tim'rous flocks the *Trojans* in their Wall
Inclos'd had bled: but *Jove* with awful ſound
Roll'd the big Thunder o'er the vaſt profound:
Full in *Tydides'* face the Light'ning flew;
The ground before him flam'd with ſulphur blew;
The quiv'ring Steeds fell proſtrate at the ſight;
And *Neſtor's* trembling hand confeſs'd his fright.

He drop'd the reins; and ſhook with ſacred dread,
Thus, turning, warn'd th'intrepid *Diomed*.
O Chief! too daring in thy Friend's defence,
Retire adviſ'd, and urge the Chariot hence.
This day, averſe, the Sov'reign of the ſkies
Aſſiſts great *Hector*, and our palm denies.
Some other Sun may ſee the happier hour,
When *Greece* ſhall conquer by his heav'nly pow'r.
'Tis not in Man his fix'd decree to move:
The great will glory to ſubmit to *Jove*.
O rev'rend Prince! (*Tydides* thus replies)
Thy years are awful, and thy words are wiſe.
But ah! what grief? ſhould haughty *Hector* boaſt,
I fled inglorious to the guarded coaſt.
Before that dire diſgrace ſhall blaſt my fame,
O'erwhelm me Earth! and hide a Warrior's ſhame.
To whom *Gerenian Neſtor* thus reply'd
Gods! can thy courage fear the *Phrygian*'s pride;
Hector may vaunt, but who ſhall heed the boaſt?
Not thoſe who felt thy arm, the *Dardan* Hoſt,
Nor *Troy*, yet bleeding in her Heroes loſt;
Not ev'n a *Phrygian* Dame, who dreads the ſword
That lay'd in duſt her lov'd, lamented Lord.
He ſaid; and haſty, o'er the gaſping throng
Drives the ſwift Steeds; the Chariot ſmoaks along.
The ſhouts of *Trojans* thicken in the wind;
The ſtorm of hiſſing javelins pours behind.
Then with a voice that ſhakes the ſolid ſkies,
Pleas'd *Hector* braves the Warrior as he flies.

Go,

Go, mighty Hero! grac'd above the reſt
In ſeats of Council and the ſumptuous Feaſt:
Now hope no more thoſe honours from thy Train;
Go, leſs than Woman in the form of Man!
To ſcale our Walls, to wrap our Tow'rs in flames
To lead in exile the fair *Phrygian* Dames,
Thy once proud hopes, preſumptuous Prince! are fled;
This Arm ſhall reach thy heart, and ſtretch thee dead.
Now fears diſſuade him, and now hopes invite,
To ſtop his Courſers, and to ſtand the fight;
Thrice turn'd the Chief, and thrice imperial *Jove*
On *Ida*'s ſummits thunder'd from above.
Great *Hector* heard; he ſaw the flaſhing light;
(The ſign of conqueſt) and thus urg'd the fight.
Hear ev'ry *Trojan*, *Lycian*, *Dardan* band,
All fam'd in War, and dreadful hand to hand.
Be mindful of the wreaths your arms have won,
Your great Forefathers glories, and your own.
Heard ye the voice of *Jove*? Succeſs and Fame
Await on *Troy*, on *Greece* eternal ſhame.
In vain they skulk behind their boaſted wall,
Weak bulwarks! deſtin'd by this arm to fall.
High o'er their ſlighted trench our Steeds ſhall bound,
And paſs victorious o'er the levell'd Mound.
Soon as before yon' hollow Ships we ſtand,
Fight each with flames, and toſs the blazing brand;
Till their proud Navy wrapt in ſmoak and fires,
All *Greece*, encompaſs'd, in one blaze expires.
Furious he ſaid; then bending o'er the yoke,
Encourag'd his proud Steeds, while thus he ſpoke.

Now

Now *Xanthus*, *Æthon*, *Lampus!* urge the chace,
And thou, *Podargus!* prove thy gen'rous Race;
Be fleet, be fearleſs, this important day,
And all your Maſters well-ſpent care repay.
For this, high fed in plenteous ſtalls ye ſtand,
Serv'd with pure wheat, and by a Princeſs'hand;
For this my Spouſe of great *Aetion*'s Line
So oft'has ſteep'd the ſtrength'ning grain in wine.
Now ſwift purſue, now thunder uncontroll'd;
Give me to ſeize rich *Neſtor*'s ſhield of Gold;
From *Tydeus*' ſhoulders ſtrip the coſtly load,
Vulcanian Arms, the labour of a God:
Theſe if we gain, then Victory, ye Pow'rs!
This night, this glorious night, the Fleet is ours.
That heard, deep anguiſh ſtung *Saturnia*'s ſoul:
She ſhook her Throne that ſhook the ſtarry Pole:
And thus to *Neptune*: Thou! whoſe force can make
The ſtedfaſt Earth from her foundations ſhake,
See'ſt thou the *Greeks* by Fates unjuſt oppreſt,
Nor ſwells thy heart in that immortal breaſt?
Yet *Ægæ*, *Helicè*, thy pow'r obey,
And gifts unceaſing on thine Altars lay.
Would all the Deities of *Greece* combine,
In vain the gloomy Thund'rer might repine:
Sole ſhould he ſit, with ſcarce a God to Friend,
And ſee his *Trojans* to the ſhades deſcend.
Such be the ſcene from his *Idæan* Bow'r;
Ungrateful proſpect to the ſullen Pow'r!
Neptune with wrath rejects the raſh deſign:
What rage, what madneſs, furious Queen! is thine?

I war

I war not with the Higheſt. All above
Submit and tremble at the hand of *Jove*.
Now Godlike *Hector*, to whoſe matchleſs might
Jove gave the glory of the deſtin'd fight,
Squadrons on Squadrons drives, and fills the fields
With cloſe-rang'd Chariots and with thicken'd ſhields.
Where the deep Trench in length extended lay,
Compacted Troops ſtand wedg'd in firm array,
A dreadful front! they ſhake the bands, and threat
With long-deſtroying flames, the hoſtile Fleet.
The King of Men, by *Juno*'s ſelf inſpir'd,
Toil'd thro'the Tents and all his Army fir'd,
Swift as he mov'd he lifted in his hand
His purple Robe, bright enſign of command.
High on the midmoſt Bark the King appear'd;
There, from *Ulyſſes*'deck, his voice was heard.
To *Ajax* and *Achilles* reach'd the ſound,
Whoſe diſtant Ships the guarded Navy bound.
Oh *Argives*! Shame of human Race; he cry'd,
(The hollow veſſels to his voice reply'd)
Where now are all our glorious boaſts of yore,
Our haſty triumphs on the *Lemnian* ſhore?
Each fearleſs Hero dares an hundred Foes,
While the feaſt laſts, and while the goblet flows;
But who to meet one martial Man is found,
When the fight rages, and the flames ſurround?
Oh mighty *Jove!* oh Sire of the diſtreſs'd!
Was ever King like me, like me oppreſs'd?
With pow'r immenſe, with juſtice arm'd in vain;
My glory raviſh'd, and my people ſlain!

To

To thee my vows were breath'd from ev'ry ſhore;
What Altar ſmoak'd not with our Victimes gore?
With fat of Bulls I fed the conſtant flame,
And ask'd deſtruction to the *Trojan* name.
Now, gracious God! far humbler our demand;
Give theſe at leaſt to 'ſcape from *Hector*'s hand,
And ſave the reliques of the *Grecian* land!
Thus pray'd the King, & Heav'ns great Father heard
His vows, in bitterneſs of ſoul preferr'd;
The wrath appeas'd, by happy ſigns declares,
And gives the People to their Monarch's pray'rs.
His Eagle, ſacred bird of Heav'n! he ſent,
A Fawn his talons truſs'd (divine portent!)
High o'er the wond'ring Hoſts he ſoar'd above,
Who paid their vows to *Panomphaan Jove*;
Then let the prey before his Altar fall;
The *Greeks* beheld, and tranſport ſeiz'd on all:
Encourag'd by the ſign, the Troops revive,
And fierce on *Troy* with doubled fury drive.
Tydides firſt, of all the *Grecian* force,
O'er the broad ditch impell'd his foaming Horſe;
Pierc'd the deep ranks, their ſtrongeſt battel tore,
And dy'd his javelin red with *Trojan* gore.
Young *Agelaus* (*Phradmon* was his Sire)
With flying courſers ſhun'd his dreadful ire:
Strook thro' the back the *Phrygian* fell oppreſt;
The dart drove on, and iſſu'd at his breaſt:
Headlong he quits the car, his arms reſound,
His pond'rous buckler thunders on the ground.

Forth ruſh a tide of *Greeks*, the paſſage freed:
Th'*Atrida* firſt, th'*Ajaces* next ſucceed:
Meriones, like *Mars* in Arms renown'd,
And godlike *Idomen*, now paſs the mound;
Euæmon's Son next iſſues to the Foe,
And laſt young *Teucer* with his bended bow.
Secure behind the *Telamonian* ſhield
The skilful Archer wide ſurvey'd the field;
With ev'ry ſhaft ſome hoſtile victim flew,
Then cloſe beneath the ſev'nfold orb withdrew.
The conſcious infant ſo, when fear alarms,
Retires for ſafety to the Mother's arms.
Thus *Ajax* guards his Brother in the field,
Moves as he moves, and turns the ſhining ſhield.
Who firſt by *Teucer*'s mortal arrows bled?
Orſilochus; then fell *Ormenus* dead:
The godlike *Lycophon* next preſs'd the plain,
With *Chromius*, *Dætor*, *Opheleſtes* ſlain:
Bold *Hæmopäon* breathleſs ſunk to ground;
The bloody pile great *Melanippus* crown'd.
Heaps fell on heaps, ſad Trophies of his art,
A *Trojan* Ghoſt attending ev'ry dart.
Great *Agamemnon* views with joyful eye
The Ranks grow thinner as his arrows fly,
Oh Youth for ever dear! (the Monarch cry'd)
Thus, always thus, thy early worth be try'd.
Thy brave example ſhall retrieve our Hoſt,
Thy Country's Saviour, and thy Father's boaſt!
Sprung from an Alien's bed thy Sire to grace,
The vig'rous Offspring of a ſtol'n embrace,

Proud

Proud of his Boy, he own'd the gen'rous flame,
And the brave Son repays his cares with fame.
Now hear a Monarchs vow: If Heav'ns high Pow'rs
Give me raze *Troy*'s long-defended Tow'rs
Whatever treaſures *Greece* for me me deſign,
The next rich honorary gift be thine:
Some golden Tripod, or diſtinguiſh'd Car,
With Courſers dreadful in the ranks of War;
Or ſome fair Captive whom thy eyes approve
Shall recompence the Warrior's toils with love.
To this the Chief: With praiſe the reſt inſpire,
Nor urge a ſoul already fill'd with fire.
What ſtrength I have, be now in battel try'd;
Till ev'ry ſhaft in *Phrygian* blood be dy'd.
Since rallying from our Wall we forc'd the Foe,
Still aim'd at *Hector* have I bent my bow;
Eight forky arrows from this hand have fled,
And eight bold Heroes by their points lie dead:
But ſure ſome God denies me to deſtroy
This fury of the field, this dog of *Troy*.
He ſaid, and twang'd the ſtring. The weapon flies
At *Hector*'s breaſt, and ſings along the skies:
He miſs'd the mark; but pierc'd *Gorgythio*'s heart,
And drench'd in Royal blood the thirſty dart.
(Fair *Caſtianira*, Nymph of form divine,
This offspring added to King *Priam*'s line)
As full blown poppies overcharg'd with rain
Decline the head, and drooping kiſs the plain;
So ſinks the Youth: his beauteous head, depreſs'd
Beneath his helmet, drops upon his breaſt.

Another ſhaft the raging Archer drew;
That other ſhaft with erring fury flew,
(From *Hector Phœbus* turn'd the flying wound)
Yet fell not dry, or guiltleſs to the ground:
Thy breaſt, brave *Archeptolemus*! it tore,
And dipp'd its feathers in no vulgar gore.
Headlong he falls; his ſudden fall alarms
The Steeds that ſtartle at his ſounding Arms.
Hector with grief his Charioteer beheld,
And ey'd him breathleſs on the ſanguin field.
Then bids *Cebriones* direct the rein,
Quits his bright Car, and iſſues on the plain.
Dreadful he ſhouts: from earth a ſtone he took,
And ruſh'd on *Teucer* with the lifted rock.
The Youth already ſtrain'd the forceful Yew;
The ſhaft already to his ſhoulder drew;
The feather in his hand, juſt wing'd for flight,
Touch'd where the neck and hollow cheſt unite:
There, where the juncture knits the channel bone,
The furious Chief diſcharg'd the craggy ſtone.
The tendon burſt beneath the pondrous blow,
And his numb'd hand diſmiſs'd his uſeleſs bow.
He fell: But *Ajax* his broad ſhield diſplay'd,
And ſcreen'd his Brother with the mighty ſhade;
Till great *Alaſtor*, and *Meciſtheus*, bore
The batter'd Archer groaning to the ſhore.

Troy yet found grace before th'*Olympian* Sire,
He arm'd their hands, & fill'd their breaſts with fire.
The *Greeks*, repuls'd, retreat behind their Wall,
Or in the Trench on heaps confus'dly fall.

First of the Foe great *Hector* march'd along,
With terror cloath'd, and more than mortal ſtrong.
As the bold Hound that gives the Lion chace,
With beating boſom, and with eager pace,
Hangs on his hanuch, or faſtens on his heels,
Guards as he turns, and circles as he wheels:
Thus oft' the *Grecians* turn'd, but ſtill they flew;
Thus following *Hector* ſtill the hindmoſt ſlew.
When flying they had paſs'd the Trench profound,
And many a Chief lay gaſping on the ground;
Before the Ships a deſp'rate ſtand they made,
And fir'd the Troops, and call'd the Gods to aid.
Fierce on his ratt'ling Chariot *Hector* came;
His eyes like *Gorgon* ſhot a ſanguin flame
That wither'd all their Hoſt: Like *Mars* he ſtood,
Dire as the Monſter, dreadful as the God!
Their ſtrong diſtreſs the Wife of *Jove* ſurvey'd;
Then penſive thus, to War's triumphant Maid.
Oh Daughter of that God, whoſe arm can wield
Th'avenging bolt, and ſhake the ſable ſhield!
Now, in this moment of her laſt deſpair,
Shall wretched *Greece* no more confeſs our care?
Condemn'd to ſuffer the full force of Fate,
And drain the dregs of Heav'ns relentleſs hate?
Gods! ſhall one raging hand thus level all?
What numbers fell! what numbers yet ſhall fall!
What Pow'r divine ſhall *Hector*'s wrath aſſwage?
Still ſwells the ſlaughter, and ſtill grows the rage!
So ſpoke th' imperial Regent of the Skies;
To whom the Goddeſs with the azure eyes.

Long ſince had *Hector* ſtain'd theſe fields with gore,
Stretch'd by ſome *Argive* on his native ſhore,
But he above, the Sire of Heav'n withſtands,
Mocks our attempts, and ſlights our juſt demands.
The ſtubborn God, inflexible and hard,
Forgets my ſervice and deſerv'd reward.
Sav'd I, for this, his fav'rite * Son diſtreſs'd,
By ſtern *Euryſtheus* with long labours preſs'd?
He begg'd, with tears he begg'd, in deep diſmay;
I ſhot from Heav'n, and gave his arm the day.
Oh had my wiſdom known this dire event,
When to grim *Pluto*'s gloomy gates he went;
The triple Dog had never felt his chain,
Nor *Styx* been croſs'd, nor Hell explor'd in vain.
Averſe to me of all his Heav'n of Gods;
At *Thetis*' ſuit the partial Thund'rer nods.
To grace her gloomy, fierce, reſenting Son,
My hopes are fruſtrate, and my *Greeks* undone.
Some future day, perhaps he may be mov'd
To call his blue-ey'd Maid his beſt-belov'd.
Haſt, launch thy Chariot, thro' yon' ranks to ride;
My ſelf will arm, and thunder at thy ſide.
Then Goddeſs! ſay, ſhall *Hector* glory then,
(That terror of the *Greeks*, that Man of Men)
When *Juno*'s ſelf, and *Pallas* ſhall appear,
All dreadful in the crimſon walks of War?
What mighty *Trojan* then, on yonder ſhore,
Expiring, pale, and terrible no more,
Shall feaſt the Fowls, and glut the Dogs with gore?

* *Herculet.*

She

She ceas'd, and *Juno* rein'd her Steeds with care;
Heav'ns awful Empreſs, *Saturn*'s other Heir)
Pallas, meanwhile, her various veil unbound,
With flow'rs adorn'd, with art immortal crown'd;
The radiant robe her ſacred fingers wove,
Floats in rich waves, and ſpreads the court of *Jove*.
Her Father's Arms her mighty limbs inveſt,
His cuiraſs blazes on her ample breaſt.
The vig'rous Pow'r the trembling Car aſcends;
Shook by her arm, the maſſy javelin bends;
Huge, pond'rous, ſtrong! that when her fury burns,
Proud Tyrants humbles, and whole Hoſts o'erturns.
Saturnia lends the laſh; the Courſers fly;
Smooth glides the Chariot thro' the liquid sky.
Heav'n Gates ſpontaneous open to the Pow'rs,
Heav'ns golden Gates, kept by the winged *Hours*,
Commiſſion'd in alternate watch to ſtand,
The Sun's bright portals and the skies command;
Cloſe, or unfold, th' eternal Gates of day;
Bar Heav'n with clouds, or roll thoſe clouds away.
The ſounding hinges ring, the clouds divide; [guide.
Prone down the ſteep of Heav'n their courſe they
But *Jove* incens'd from *Ida*'s top ſurvey'd,
And thus enjoin'd the many-colour'd maid.
Thaumantia! mount the winds, and ſtop their Car;
Againſt the Higheſt who ſhall wage the War?
If furious yet they dare the vain debate,
Thus have I ſpoke, and what I ſpake is Fate.
Their Courſers cruſh'd beneath the wheels ſhall lie,
Their Car in fragments ſcatter'd o'er the sky;

My Light'ning theſe Rebellious ſhall confound,
And hurl them flaming, headlong to the ground,
Condemn'd for ten revolving Years to weep
The wounds impreſs'd by burning Thunder deep.
So ſhall *Minerva* learn to fear our ire,
Nor dare to combate her's and Natures Sire.
For *Juno*, headſtrong and imperious ſtill,
She claims ſome title to tranſgreſs our Will.

Swift as the wind, the various-colour'd Maid
From *Ida*'s top her golden wings diſplay'd;
To great *Olympus*' ſhining gates ſhe flies.
There meets the Chariot ruſhing down the skies,
Reſtrains their progreſs from the bright abodes,
And ſpeaks the mandate of the Sire of Gods.

What frenzy, Goddeſſes! what rage can move
Celeſtial minds to tempt the wrath of *Jove*?
Deſiſt, obedient to his high command;
This is his word, and know his word ſhall ſtand.
His Light'ning your Rebellion ſhall confound,
And hurl ye headlong, flaming to the ground:
Your Horſes cruſh'd beneath the wheels ſhall lie
Your Car in fragments ſcatter'd o'er the sky;
Your ſelves condemn'd ten rolling years to weep
The wounds impreſs'd by burning Thunder deep.
So ſhall *Minerva* learn to fear his ire,
Nor dare to combate her's and Nature's Sire.
For *Juno*, headſtrong and imperious ſtill,
She claims ſome title to tranſgreſs his Will:
But thee what deſp'rate inſolence has driv'n,
To lift thy lance againſt the Sire of Heav'n?

Then

Then mounting on the pinions of the wind,
She flew; and *Juno* thus her rage reſign'd.
O Daughter of that God, whoſe arm can wield
Th' avenging Bolt, and ſhake the dreadful ſhield:
No more let Beings of ſuperior birth
Contend with *Jove* for this low Race of Earth:
Triumphant now, now miſerably ſlain,
They breathe or periſh, as the Fates ordain.
But *Jove*'s high counſels full effect ſhall find,
And ever conſtant, ever rule Mankind.
She ſpoke, and backward turn'd her Steeds of light,
Adorn'd with manes of gold, and heav'nly bright.
The *Hours* unloos'd them, panting as they ſtood,
And heap'd their mangers with Ambroſial food.
There ty'd, they reſt in high Celeſtial ſtalls;
The Chariot propt againſt the Cryſtal walls.
The penſive Goddeſſes, abaſh'd, controul'd,
Mix with the Gods, and fill their ſeats of Gold.
And now the Thund'rer meditates his flight
From *Ida*'s ſummits to th' *Olympian* height.
Swifter than thought the wheels inſtinctive fly,
Flame thro' the vaſt of air, and reach the Sky.
'Twas *Neptune*'s charge his Courſers to unbrace,
And fix the Car on its immortal baſe:
There ſtood the Chariot beaming forth its rays,
Till with a ſnowy veil he ſcreen'd the blaze.
He, whoſe all-conſcious eyes the World behold,
Th' Eternal Thunderer, ſate thron'd in gold.
High Heav'n the footſtool of his feet he makes,
And wide beneath him, all *Olympus* ſhakes.

Trembling afar th' offending Pow'rs appear'd,
Confus'd and ſilent, for his frown they fear'd.
He ſaw their ſoul, and thus his word imparts.
Pallas and *Juno*! ſay, why heave your hearts?
Soon was your battel o'er: Proud *Troy* retir'd
Before your face, and in your wrath expir'd.
But know, whoe'er Almighty Pow'r withſtand!
Unmatch'd our force, unconquer'd is our hand:
Who ſhall the Sov'reign of the Skies controul?
Not all the Gods that crown the ſtarry Pole.
Your hearts ſhall tremble, if our Arms we take,
And each immortal nerve with horror ſhake.
For thus I ſpeak, and what I ſpeak ſhall ſtand;
What Pow'r ſoe'er provokes our lifted hand,
On this our Hill no more ſhall hold his place,
Cut off, and exil'd from th' Æthereal Race.
Juno and *Pallas* grieving hear the doom,
But feaſt their ſouls on *Ilion*'s woes to come.
Tho' ſecret anger ſwell'd *Minerva*'s breaſt,
The prudent Goddeſs yet her wrath repreſt:
But *Juno*, impotent of rage, replies;
What haſt thou ſaid, Oh Tyrant of the ſkies!
Strength and Omnipotence inveſt thy throne;
'Tis thine to puniſh, ours to grieve alone.
For *Greece* we grieve, abandon'd by her Fate
To drink the dregs of thy unmeaſur'd hate:
From fields forbidden we ſubmiſs refrain,
With Arms unaiding ſee our *Argives* ſlain;
Yet grant our counſels ſtill their breaſts may move,
Leſt all ſhould periſh in the rage of *Jove*.

The

The Goddeſs thus: and thus the God replies,
Who ſwells the clouds, and blackens all the ſkies.
The morning Sun, awak'd by loud alarms,
Shall ſee th' Almighty Thunderer in Arms.
What heaps of *Argives* then ſhall load the plain.
Theſe radiant eyes ſhall view, and view in vain.
Nor ſhall great *Hector* ceaſe the rage of fight,
The Navy flaming, and thy *Greeks* in flight,
Ev'n till the day, when certain Fates ordain
That ſtern *Achilles* (his *Patroclus* ſlain)
Shall riſe in vengeance, and lay waſte the plain.
For ſuch is Fate, nor can'ſt thou turn its courſe
With all thy rage, with all thy rebel force.
Fly, if thou wilt, to Earth's remoteſt bound,
Where on her utmoſt verge the ſeas reſound;
Where curs'd *Japetus* and *Saturn* dwell,
Faſt by the brink, within the ſteam of Hell;
No Sun e'er gilds the gloomy horrors there,
No chearful gales refreſh the lazy air:
There arm once more the bold *Titanian* band;
And arm in vain; for what I will ſhall ſtand.
Now deep in Ocean ſunk the lamp of light,
And drew behind the cloudy veil of night:
The conqu'ring *Trojans* mourn his beams decay'd;
The *Greeks* rejoicing bleſs the friendly ſhade.
The Victors keep the field; and *Hector* calls
A martial Council near the Navy Walls:
Theſe to *Scamander*'s bank apart he led,
Where thinly ſcatter'd lay the heaps of dead.

Th' aſ-

Th' aſſembled Chiefs, deſcending on the ground,
Attend his order, and their Prince ſurround.
A maſſy ſpear he bore of mighty ſtrength,
Of full-ten cubits was the lance's length;
The point was ſteel, refulgent to behold,
Fix'd to the wood with circling rings of Gold:
The noble *Hector* on this lance reclin'd,
And bending forward, thus reveal'd his mind.

Ye valiant *Trojans*, with attention hear!
Ye *Dardan* Bands and gen'rous *Aids* give ear!
This day, we hop'd, would wrap in conq'ring flame
Greece with her Ships, and crown our toils with Fame:
But darkneſs now, to ſave the cowards, falls,
And guards them trembling in their wooden Walls.
Obey the Night, and uſe her peaceful hours
Our Steeds to forage, and refreſh our pow'rs.
Strait from the Town be ſheep and oxen ſought,
And ſtrength'ning bread, & gen'rous wine be brought.
Wide o'er the field, high-blazing to the ſky,
Let num'rous fires the abſent Sun ſupply;
The flaming piles with plenteous fuel raiſe,
Till the bright Morn her purple beam diſplays;
Leſt in the ſilence and the ſhades of Night,
Greece on her ſable Ships attempt her flight.
Not unmoleſted let the Wretches gain
Their lofty decks, and ſafely cleave the Main;
Some hoſtile wound let ev'ry dart beſtow,
Some laſting token of the *Phrygian* Foe;
Wounds, that long hence may ask their Spouſes care,
And warn their Children from a *Trojan* War.

Now

Now thro' the circuit of our *Ilian* Wall,
Let ſacred Heralds ſound the ſolemn call;
To bid the Sires with hoary honours crown'd,
And beardleſs Youths, the battlements ſurround.
Firm be the Guard, while diſtant lie our pow'rs,
And let the Matrons hang with lights the Tow'rs:
Leſt under covert of the midnight ſhade,
Th'inſidious Foe the naked Town invade.
Suffice, to night theſe orders to obey;
A nobler Charge ſhall rowze the dawning day.
The Gods, I truſt, ſhall give to *Hector*'s hand,
From theſe deteſted Foes to free the land,
Who plow'd, with Fates averſe, the wat'ry way;
For *Trojan* Vulturs a predeſtin'd prey.
Our common ſafety muſt be now the care;
But ſoon as morning paints the fields of air,
Sheath'd in bright Arms let ev'ry Troop engage,
And the fir'd Fleet behold the battel rage.
Then, then ſhall *Hector* and *Tydides* prove,
Whoſe Fates are heavieſt in the Scale of *Jove*.
To morrow's light (oh haſte the glorious morn!)
Shall ſee his bloody ſpoils in Triumph born,
With this keen javelin ſhall his breaſt be gor'd,
And proſtrate Heroes bleed around their Lord.
Certain as this, oh might my days endure,
From age inglorious and black death ſecure;
So might my life and glory know no bound,
Like *Pallas* worſhip'd, like the Sun renown'd;
As the next dawn, the laſt they ſhall enjoy,
Shall cruſh the *Greeks*, and end the woes of *Troy*.

The

The Leader ſpoke. From all his Hoſts around
Shouts of applauſe along the ſhores reſound.
Each from the yoke the ſmoaking Steeds unty'd,
And fix'd their headſtalls to his Chariot-ſide.
Fat ſheep and oxen from the Town are led,
With gen'rous wine, and all-ſuſtaining bread.
Full Hecatombs lay burning on the ſhore;
The winds to Heav'n the curling vapours bore.
Ungrateful Off'ring to th'immortal Pow'rs,
Whoſe wrath hung heavy o'er the *Trojan* Tow'rs;
Nor *Priam*, nor his Sons obtain'd their grace;
Proud *Troy* they hated, and her guilty race.
The Troops exulting ſate in order round,
And beaming fires illumin'd all the ground.
As when the Moon, refulgent lamp of night!
O'er Heav'ns clear azure ſheds her ſacred light,
When not a breath diſturbs the deep ſerene,
And not a cloud o'ercaſts the ſolemn ſcene;
Around her Throne the vivid Planets roll,
And Stars unnumber'd gild the glowing Pole,
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure ſhed,
And tip with ſilver ev'ry mountains head;
Then ſhine the vales, the rocks in proſpect riſe,
A flood of glory burſts from all the skies:
The conſcious Swains, rejoicing in the ſight,
Eye the blue vault, and bleſs the uſeful light.
So many flames before proud *Ilion* blaze,
And lighten glimm'ring *Xanthus* with their rays.
The long reflexions of the diſtant fires
Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the ſpires.

thouſand piles the duſky horrors gild,
nd ſhoot a ſhady luſtre o'er the field.
ull fifty guards each flaming pile attend,
Whoſe umber'd Arms, by fits, thick flaſhes ſend.
oud neigh the Courſers o'er their heaps of corn,
And ardent Warriors wait the riſing morn.

AN ESSAY ON HOMER's Battels.

PERHAPS it may be neceſſary in this place at the opening of *Homer*'s Battels, to premiſe ſome obſervations upon them in general. I ſhall firſt endeavour to ſhew the *conduct* of the Poet herein, and next collect ſome *Antiquities*, that tend to a more diſtinct underſtanding of thoſe Deſcriptions which make ſo large a part of the Poem.

One may very well apply to *Homer* himſelf what he ſays of his Heroes at the end of the fourth Book; that whoſoever ſhould be guided thro' their battels by *Minerva*, and pointed to every ſcene of them, would ſee nothing through the whole but ſubjects of ſurprize and applauſe. When the Reader reflects that no leſs than the compaſs of twelve Books is taken up in theſe, he will have

reaſon to wonder by what methods our Author could prevent deſcriptions of ſuch a length from being tedious. It is not enough to ſay, that tho' the ſubject itſelf be the ſame, the actions are always different; that we have now diſtinct Combates, now promiſcuous Fights, now ſingle Duels, now general Engagements: Or that the ſcenes are perpetually vary'd; we are now in the fields, now at the Fortification of the *Greeks*, now at the Ships, now at the Gates of *Troy*, now at the River *Scamander*: But we muſt look farther into the Art of the Poet to find the reaſons of this aſtoniſhing variety.

We may firſt obſerve that *diverſity* in the *deaths* of his *Warriors*, which he has ſupply'd by the vaſteſt fertility of Invention that ever was. Theſe he diſtinguiſhes ſeveral ways: ſometimes by the *characters* of the Men, their *age*, *office*, *profeſſion*, *nation*, *family*, &c. One is a blooming *Youth*, whoſe Father diſſuaded him from the War, one is a *Prieſt* whoſe piety could not ſave him; one is a *Sportſman* whom *Diana* taught in vain; one is the *native* of a far diſtant *country* who is never to return; one is deſcended from a noble *Line* which ends in his death; one is made remarkable by his *boaſting*; another by his *beſeeching*; and another who is diſtinguiſh'd no way elſe is mark'd by his *habit* and the ſingularity of his armor

Sometimes he varies theſe deaths by the ſeveral *poſtures* in which his Heroes are repreſented either fighting or falling. Some of theſe are ſo exceedingly *exact*, that one may gueſs from the very poſition of the Combatant, whereabouts the wound will light: Others ſo very *peculiar* and *uncommon*, that they could only be the effect of an imagination which had ſearch'd thro' all the ideas of Nature. Such is that picture of *Mydon* in the fifth Book; whoſe

Thoſe arm being numb'd by a blow on the elbow, drops the reins that trail on the ground, and then being ſuddenly ſtruck on the temples, falls headlong from the Chariot in a ſoft and deep place; where he ſinks up to the ſhoulders in the ſands, and continues a while fix'd by the weight of his Armor, with his legs quivering in the air, 'till he is trampled down by his Horſes.

Another cauſe of this variety is the difference of the *wounds* that are given in the Iliad: They are by no means like the wounds deſcribed by moſt other Poets, which are commonly made in the ſelf-ſame obvious places: The heart and head ſerve for all thoſe in general who underſtand no Anatomy, and ſometimes for variety they kill Men by wounds that are no where mortal but in their Poems. As the whole human body is the ſubject of theſe, ſo nothing is more neceſſary to him who would deſcribe them well, than a thorough knowledge of its ſtructure; even tho' the Poet is not profeſſedly to write of them as an Anatomiſt; in the ſame manner as an exact skill in Anatomy is neceſſary to thoſe Painters that would excel in drawing the naked, tho' they are not to make every muſcle as viſible as in a book of Chirurgery. It appears from ſo many paſſages in *Homer* that he was perfectly maſter of this ſcience, that it would be needleſs to cite any in particular. One may only obſerve, that if we thoroughly examine all the wounds he has deſcribed, tho' ſo infinite in number, and ſo many ways diverſify'd, we ſhall hardly find one which will contradict this obſervation.

I muſt juſt add a remark, that the various periphraſes and circumlocutions by which *Homer* expreſſes the ſingle act of *dying*, have ſupply'd *Virgil* and the ſucceeding Poets with all their manners of phraſing it. Indeed he repeats the ſame

verse on that occasion more often than they.... τὸν δὲ σκότος ὄσσε ἐκάλυψε·· Ἀράβησε δὲ τεύχε' ἐπ' αὐτῷ &c. But tho' it must be owned he had more frequent occasions for a line of this kind than any Poet, as no other has describ'd half so many deaths, yet one cannot ascribe this to any sterility of expression, but to the genius of his times, that delighted in those reiterated verses. We find repetitions of the same sort affected by the sacred Writers, such as *He was gathered to his People; He slept with his Fathers*, and the like. And upon the whole they have a certain antiquated harmony not unlike the burthen of a song, which the ear is willing to suffer, and as it were rests upon.

As the perpetual horror of Combates, and a succession of images of death, could not but keep the imagination very much on the stretch; *Homer* has been careful to contrive such reliefs and pauses as might divert the mind to some other scene, without losing sight of his principal object. His *Comparisons* are the more frequent on this account; for a *Comparison* serves this end the most effectually of any thing, as it is at once correspondent to, and differing from the subject. Those Criticks who fancy that the use of Comparisons distracts the attention, and draws it from the first image which should most employ it (as that we lose the idea of the Battel itself, while we are led by a Simile to that of a Deluge or a Storm:) those, I say, may as well imagine we lose the thoughts of the Sun, when we see his reflection in the water; where he appears more distinctly, and is contemplated more at ease than if we gaz'd directly at his beams. For 'tis with the eye of the Imagination as with our corporeal eye, it must sometimes be taken

off

of from the object in order to ſee it the better. The ſame Criticks that are diſpleaſed to have their fancy diſtracted (as they call it) are yet ſo inconſiſtent with themſelves as to object to *Homer* that his Similes are too much alike, and are too often derived from the ſame animal. But is it not more reaſonable (according to their own notion) to compare the ſame Man always to the ſame animal, than to ſee him ſometimes a Sun, ſometimes a tree, and ſometimes a river? Tho' *Homer* ſpeaks of the ſame creature, he ſo diverſifies the circumſtances and accidents of the Compariſons, that they always appear quite different. And to ſay truth, it is not ſo much the animal or the thing, as the action or poſture of them, that employs our imagination: Two different animals in the ſame action are more like to each other, than one and the ſame animal is to himſelf, in two different actions. And thoſe who in reading *Homer* are ſhock'd that 'tis always a *Lion*, may as well be angry that 'tis always a *Man*.

What may ſeem more exceptionable is his inſerting the ſame Compariſons in the ſame words at length upon different occaſions, by which management he makes one ſingle image afford many ornaments to ſeveral parts of the Poem. But may not one ſay *Homer* is in this like a skilful improver, who places a beautiful Statue in a well-diſpoſed garden ſo as to anſwer ſeveral viſtas, and by that artifice one ſingle figure ſeems multiply'd into as many objects as there are openings from whence it may be viewed!

What farther relieves and ſoftens theſe deſcriptions of Battels, is the Poet's wonderful art of introducing many pathetick circumſtances about the deaths of the Heroes, which raiſe a different movement in the mind from what thoſe images naturally inſpire, I mean compaſſion and pity; when

he cauſes us to look back upon the loſt riches, poſſeſſions, and hopes of thoſe who die: When he tranſports us to their native Countries and paternal ſeats, to ſee the griefs of their aged Fathers, the deſpair and tears of their Widows, or the abandon'd condition of their Orphans. Thus when *Proteſilaus* falls, we are made to reflect on the lofty Palaces he left half finiſh'd; when the Sons of *Phenops* are killed, we behold the mortifying diſtreſs of their wealthy Father, who ſaw his eſtate divided before his eyes, and taken in truſt for ſtrangers. When *Axylus* dies, we are taught to compaſſionate the hard fate of that generous and hoſpitable Man, whoſe houſe was the houſe of all Men, and who deſerv'd that glorious Elogy of *The Friend of Human kind.*

It is worth taking notice too, what uſe *Homer* every where makes of each little accident or circumſtance that can naturally happen in a Battel; thereby to caſt a variety over his Action; as well as of every turn of mind or emotion a Hero can poſſibly feel, ſuch as reſentment, revenge, concern, confuſion, *&c.* The former of theſe makes his work reſemble a large Hiſtory-piece, where even the leſs important Figures end Actions have yet ſome convenient place or corner to be ſhewn in; and the latter gives it all the advantages of Tragedy in thoſe various turns of paſſion that animate the Speeches of his Heroes, and render his whole Poem the moſt *Dramatick* of any Epick whatſoever.

It muſt alſo be obſerv'd that the conſtant *Machines* of the *Gods* conduce very greatly to vary theſe long Battels, by a continual change of the Scene from Earth to Heaven. *Homer* perceiv'd them too neceſſary for this purpoſe to abſtain from the uſe of them, even after *Jupiter* had enjoin'd the Deities not to act on either ſide. It is remarkable how many methods he has found to draw them into every book; where if they dare not aſſiſt the Warriors, at leaſt

leaſt they are very helpful to the Poet.

But there is nothing that more contributes to the variety, ſurprize, and *eclat* of *Homer*'s Battels, or is more perfectly admirable in itſelf, than that artful manner of taking meaſure, or (as one may ſay) *gaging* his Heroes by each other, and thereby elevating the Character of one perſon by the oppoſition of it to that of ſome other whom he is made to excell. So that he many times deſcribes one only to image another, and raiſes one only to raiſe another. I cannot better exemplify this Remark, than by giving an inſtance in the Character of *Diomed* that lies before me. Let us obſerve by what a ſcale of oppoſitions he elevates this Hero, in the fifth Book, firſt to excell all human valour, and after to rival the Gods themſelves. He diſtinguiſhes him firſt from the *Grecian* Captains in general, each of whom he repreſents conquering a ſingle *Trojan*, while *Diomed* conſtantly encounters two at once; and while they are engag'd each in his diſtinct poſt, he only is drawn fighting in every quarter, and ſlaughtering on every ſide. Next he oppoſes him to *Pandarus*, next to *Æneas*, and then to *Hector*. So of the Gods he ſhews him firſt againſt *Venus*, then *Apollo*, then *Mars*, and laſtly in the eighth Book againſt *Jupiter* himſelf in the midſt of his Thunders. The ſame conduct is obſervable more or leſs in regard to every perſonage of his work.

This ſubordination of the Heroes is one of the cauſes that make each of his Battels riſe above the other in greatneſs, terror, and importance, to the end of the Poem. If *Diomed* has perform'd all theſe wonders in the firſt combates, it is but to raiſe *Hector*, at whoſe appearance he begins to fear. If in the next Battels *Hector* triumphs not only over *Diomed*, but over *Ajax* and *Patroclus*, ſets fire to the Fleet, wins the Armor of *Achilles*,

and ſingly eclipſes all the Heroes; in the midſt of all this glory, *Achilles* appears, *Hector* flies, and is ſlain.

The manner in which his Gods are made to act, no leſs advances the gradation we are ſpeaking of. In the firſt Battels they are ſeen only in ſhort and ſeparate Excurſions: *Venus* aſſiſts *Paris*, *Minerva Diomed*, or *Mars Hector*. In the next a clear Stage is left for *Jupiter*, to diſplay his Omnipotence and turn the Fate of Armies alone. In the laſt, all the Powers of Heaven are let down and banded into regular parties, Gods encountring Gods, *Jove* encouraging them with his Thunders, *Neptune* raiſing his Tempeſts, Heaven flaming, Earth trembling, and *Pluto* himſelf ſtarting from the Throne of Hell.

I AM now to take notice of ſome cuſtoms of Antiquity, relating to the Arms & Art Military of thoſe times, which are proper to be known in order to form a right notion of our Author's deſcriptions of War.

That *Homer* copied the manners and cuſtoms of the age he writ of, rather than of that he lived in, has been obſerved in ſome inſtances. As that he no where repreſents *Cavalry* or *Trumpets* to have been uſed in the *Trojan* Wars, tho' they apparently were in his own time. It is not therefore impoſſible but there may be found in his Works ſome deficiencies in the art of war, which are not to be imputed to his ignorance, but to his judgment.

Horſes had been brought into *Greece* not long before the Siege of *Troy*. They were originally eaſtern animals, and if we find at that very period ſo great a number of them reckon'd up in the Wars of the *Iſraelites*, it is the leſs a wonder conſidering they came from *Aſia*. The practice of riding them was ſo little known in *Greece* a few years before, that they look'd upon the *Centaurs* who firſt uſed

it,

, as Monſters compounded of Men and Horſes. *Neſtor* in the firſt *Iliad* ſays he had ſeen theſe *Centaurs* in his youth, and *Polypætes* in the ſecond is ſaid to have been born on the day that his Father expelled them from *Pelion* to the deſarts of *Æthica*. They had no other uſe of Horſes than to draw their Chariots in Battel, ſo that whenever *Homer* ſpeaks of *fighting from an Horſe*, *taming an Horſe*, or the like, it is conſtantly to be underſtood of fighting from a Chariot, or taming Horſes to that ſervice. This (as we have ſaid) was a piece of decorum in the Poet; for in his own time they were arrived to ſuch a perfection in Horſemanſhip, that in the fifteenth *Iliad* ℣. 680. we have a *Simile* taken from an extraordinary feat of activity, where one Man manages four Horſes at once, and leaps from the back of one to another at full ſpeed.

If we conſider in what high eſteem among Warriors theſe noble Animals muſt have been at their firſt coming into *Greece*, we ſhall the leſs wonder at the frequent occaſions *Homer* has taken to deſcribe & celebrate them. It is not ſo ſtrange to find them ſet almoſt upon a level with Men, at the time when a *Horſe* in the Prizes was of equal value with a *Captive*.

The *Chariots* were in all probability very low: For we frequently find in the *Iliad*, that a perſon who ſtands erect on a Chariot is killed (and ſometimes by a ſtroke on the head) by a Foot Soldier with a ſword. This may farther appear from the eaſe and readineſs with which they alight or mount on every occaſion, to facilitate which, the Chariots were made open behind. That the wheels were but ſmall, may be gueſs'd from a cuſtom they had of taking them of and ſetting them on, as they were laid by, or made uſe of. *Hebe* in the fifth Book puts on the Wheels of *Juno*'s Chariot when ſhe calls for it in haſte. And it ſeems to be with alluſion to

the ſame practice that it is ſaid in *Exodus* Ch. 14. *The Lord took of their Chariot wheels, ſo that they drove them heavily.* The ſides were alſo low; for whoever is killed in his Chariot throughout the Poem, conſtantly falls to the ground as having nothing to ſupport him. That the whole machine was very ſmall and light, is evident from a paſſage in the tenth *Iliad*, where *Diomed* having taken a Chariot, deliberates whether he ſhall draw it out of the way, or carry it on his ſhoulders to a place of ſafety. All theſe particulars agree with the repreſentations of the Chariots on the moſt ancient *Greek* Coins; where the tops of them reach not ſo high as the backs of the Horſes, the wheels are yet lower, and the Heroes who ſtand in them are ſeen from the knee upwards. * This may ſerve to ſhew thoſe Criticks are under a miſtake, who blame *Homer* for making his Warriors ſometimes retire behind their Chariots, as if it were a piece of cowardice: which was as little diſgraceful then, as it is now to alight from one's Horſe in a battel on any neceſſary emergency.

There were generally two perſons in each Chariot, one of whom was wholly employ'd in guiding the Horſes. They uſed indifferently two, three, or four Horſes: From hence it happens, that ſometimes when a Horſe is killed, the Hero continues the Fight with the two or more that remain; at other times a Warrior retreats upon the loſs of one; not that he has leſs courage than an other, but that he has fewer Horſes.

Their *Swords* were all broad cutting Swords, for we find they never ſtab but with their Spears. The *Spears* were uſed two ways, either to puſh with, or to caſt from them, like the miſſive Javelins. It ſeems ſurprizing that a man ſhould throw a Dart or Spear with ſuch force as to pierce thro' both ſides of the Armor and the Body (as is often deſcribed in

* *See the Collection of* Goltzius, &c.

Homer.) For if the ſtrength of the Men was gi-antick, the Armor muſt have been ſtrong in pro-portion. Some ſolution might be given for this, if we imagin'd the Armor was generally braſs, and the weapons pointed with iron; and if we could fancy that *Homer* call'd the Spears and Swords *Bra-zen* in the ſame manner that he calls the reins of a bridle *Ivory*, only from the ornaments about them. But there are paſſages where the point of the Spear is expreſſly ſaid to be of braſs, as in the deſcription of that of *Hector* in *Iliad* 6 ℣. 320. *Pauſanias* in *Laconicis* takes it for granted, that the Arms, as well offenſive as defenſive were braſs. He ſays the Spear of *Achilles* was kept in his time in the Tem-ple of *Minerva*, the top and point of which were of braſs; and the Sword of *Meriones*, in that of *Æſculapius* among the *Nicomedians*, was entirely of the ſame metal. But be it as it will, there are ex-amples even at this day of ſuch a prodigious force in caſting Darts, as almoſt exceeds credibility. The *Turks* and *Arabs* will pierce thro' thick planks with darts of harden'd wood; which can only be attri-buted to their being bred (as the Ancients were) to that exerciſe, and to the ſtrength and agility ac-quir'd by a conſtant practice of it.

We may aſcribe to the ſame cauſe their power of caſting *Stones* of a vaſt weight, which appears a common practice in theſe Battels. Thoſe are in a great error, who imagine this to be only a fictitious embelliſhment of the Poet, which was one of the exerciſes of War among the ancient *Greeks* and *O-rientals*. * St. *Jerome* tells us, it was an old cuſ-tom

* Mos eſt in Urbibus Paleſtinæ, & uſque hodie per om-nem Judæam vetus conſuetudo ſervatur, ut in viculis, op-pidis, & caſtellis rotundi ponantur lapides graviſſimi pon-deris, ad quos juvenes exercere ſe ſolent, & eos pro varie-tate virium ſublevare, alii ad umbilicum, alii ad humeros, ad caput, non nulli ſuper verticem, rectis junctiſque mani-bus, magnitudinem virium demonſtrantes, pondus attollunt.

tom in *Paleſtine*, and in uſe in his own time, t
have round ſtones of a great weight kept in the C
tles and Villages for the Youth to try their ſtreng
with. And the cuſtom is yet extant in ſome Pa
of *Scotland*, where ſtones for the ſame purpoſe a
laid at the Gates of great Houſes, which they c
Putting-Stones.

Another conſideration which will account for ma
ny things that may ſeem uncouth in *Homer*, is th
reflection that before the uſe of *Fire-Arms* there
was infinitely more ſcope for perſonal valor than i
the modern Battels. Now whenſoever the perſo
nal ſtrength of the Combatants happen'd to be u
equal, the declining a ſingle Combate could not b
ſo dishonourable as it is in this age, when the Arms
we make uſe of put all men on a level. For a Sol
dier of far inferior ſtrength may manage a rapier or
fire Arms ſo expertly as to be an overmatch to his
adverſary. This may appear a ſufficient excuſe for
what in the modern conſtruction might ſeem cow
ardice in *Homer*'s Heroes, when they avoid enga
ging with others whoſe bodily ſtrength exceeds their
own. The Maxims of valor in all times were foun
ded upon reaſon, and the cowardice ought rather
in this caſe to be imputed to him who braves his in
ferior, There was alſo more *leiſure* in their Battels
before the knowledge of Fire Arms; and this in a
good degree accounts for thoſe Harangues his He
roes make to each other in the time of com
bate.

There was another practice frequently uſed by
theſe ancient Warriors, which was to ſpoil an Ene
my of his Arms after they had ſlain him; and this
cuſtom we ſee them frequently purſuing with ſuch
eagerneſs as if they look'd on their Victory not com
plete 'till this point was gain'd. Some modern
Criticks have accuſed them of avarice on account of
this practice, which might probably ariſe from the
great

reat value and ſcarceneſs of Armor in that early age and infancy of War. It afterwards became a point of Honour like gaining a Standard from the enemy. *Moſes* and *David* ſpeak of the pleaſure of obtaining many ſpoils. They preſerv'd them as monuments of Victory, and even Religion at laſt became intereſted herein, when thoſe ſpoils were conſecrated in the Temples of the Tutelar Deities of the Conqueror.

The Reader may eaſily ſee I ſet down theſe heads juſt as they occur to my Memory, and only as hints to farther obſervations; which any one who is converſant in *Homer* can not fail to make, if he will but think a little in the ſame track.

It is no part of my deſign to enquire what progreſs had been made in the Art of War as this early period: The bare peruſal of the Iliad will beſt inform us of it. But what I think tends more immediately to the better comprehenſion of theſe deſcriptions, is to give a ſhort View of the Scene of War, the Situation of *Troy*, and thoſe places which *Homer* mentions, with the proper Field of each Battel: putting together for this purpoſe thoſe Paſſages in my Author that give any light to this Matter.

The ancient City of *Troy* ſtood at a greater diſtance from the Sea than thoſe ruins which have ſince been ſhewn for it. This may be gather'd from Iliad 5. ℣. (of the Original) 791. where it is ſaid that the *Trojans* never durſt ſally out of the *Walls* of their Town 'till the Retirement of *Achilles*, but afterwards combated the *Grecians* at their very Ships, *far from the City*. For had *Troy* ſtood (as *Strabo* obſerves) ſo nigh the *Sea ſhore*, it had been madneſs in the *Greeks* not to have built any Fortification before their Fleet till the tenth year of the Siege, when the Enemy was ſo near them: And on the other hand, it had been cowardice in the *Trojans* not to have attempted any thing all that time,

againſt

againſt an Army that lay unfortify'd and unintrench'd. Beſides the intermediate ſpace had been too ſmall to afford a field for ſo many various adventures and Actions of War. The places about *Troy* particularly mentioned by *Homer* lie in this order. *

1. The *Scæan Gate:* This open'd to the Field of Battel, and was that thro' which the *Trojans* made their Excurſions. Cloſe to this ſtood the *Beech-Tree* ſacred to *Jupiter*, which *Homer* generally mentions with it.

2. The *Hill* of *wild Fig-trees.* It join'd to the Walls of *Troy* on one ſide, and extended to the high-way on the other. The firſt appears from what *Andromache* ſays in Iliad 6. ℣. 432. that *the Walls were in danger of being ſcaled from this Hill*; and the laſt from Il. 22. ℣. 145. *&c.*

3. The *two ſprings* of *Scamander.* Theſe were a little higher on the ſame high-way. (*Ibid.*)

4. *Callicolone*, the name of a pleaſant Hill, that lay near the River *Simois*, on the other ſide of the Town. *Il.* 20. ℣. 53.

5. *Bateia*, or the Sepulchre of *Myrinne*, ſtood a little before the City in the Plain. *Il.* 2. ℣. 318. *of the Catal.*

6. The *Monument* of *Ilus:* near the middle of the plain. *Il.* 11. ℣. 166

7. The Tomb of *Æſyetes*, commanded the proſpect of the Fleet, and that part of the Sea-coaſt, *Il.* 2 ℣. 301. *of the Catalogue.*

It ſeems, by the 465*th* Verſe of the ſecond Iliad, that the *Grecian* Army was drawn up under the ſeveral Leaders by the banks of *Scamander* on that ſide toward the Ships: In the mean time that of *Troy* and the Auxiliaiaries was rang'd in order at *Myrinne*'s Sepulchre. *Ibid.* ℣. 320 *of the Catal.* The place of the *Firſt Battel* where *Diomed* performs his exploits, was near the joining of *Simois* and *Scaman-*

* See the Map at the beginning of this volume.

nander; for *Juno* and *Pallas* coming to him, a-ght at the confluence of thoſe Rivers. *Il.* 5. ẏ. 76. and that the *Greeks* had not yet paſt the Stream, but fought on that ſide next the Fleet, appears from ẏ. 791 of the ſame Book, where *Juno* ſays *the Trojans now brave them at their very Ships.* But n the beginning of the ſixth Book, the place of battel is ſpecify'd to be between the Rivers of *Simois* and *Scamander*; ſo that the *Greeks* (tho' *Homer* does not particularize when, or in what manner) had then croſs'd the Stream toward *Troy*.

The Engagement in the eighth Book is evidently cloſe to the *Grecian* Fortification on the ſhore. That night *Hector* lay at *Ilus*'s Tomb in the Field, as *Dolon* tells us *Lib.* 10 ẏ. 415. And in the eleventh Book the Battel is chiefly about *Ilus*'s Tomb.

In the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth, about the Fortification of the *Greeks*; and in the fifteenth at the *Ships*.

In the ſixteenth, the *Trojans* being repulſed by *Patroclus*, they engage between the Fleet, the River, & the *Grecian* Wall: See ẏ. 396. *Patroclus* ſtill advancing they fight at the Gates of *Troy* ẏ. 700. In the ſeventeenth the Fight about the body of *Patroclus* is under the *Trojan* Wall ẏ. 403. His body being carried off, *Hector* and *Æneas* purſue the *Greeks* to the Fortification ẏ 760. And in the eighteenth, upon *Achilles*'s appearing, they retire and encamp without the Fortification.

In the twentieth, the Fight is ſtill on that ſide next the Sea; for the *Trojans* being purſued by *Achilles*, paſs over the *Scamander* as they run toward *Troy*: See the beginning of Book 21. The following Battels are either in the River itſelf, or between that and the City, under whoſe Walls *Hector* is kill'd in the twenty ſecond Book, which puts an end to the Battels of the *Iliad*.

OF

OBSERVATIONS ON THE FIFTH BOOK.

I.

VERSE 1. BUT Pallas *now*, &c.] As in every juſt Hiſtory picture there is one principal figure, to which all the reſt refer and are ſubſervient; ſo in each Battel of the Iliad there is one principal perſon, that may properly be call'd the Hero of that day or action. This conduct preſerves the unity of the piece, and keeps the imagination from being diſtracted and confuſed with a wild number of independent figures, which have no ſubordination to each other. To make this probable, *Homer* ſuppoſes theſe extraordinary meaſures of courage to be the immediate gift of the Gods; who beſtow them ſometimes upon one, and ſometimes upon another; as they think fit to make them the inſtruments of their deſigns: an opinion conformable to true Theology. Whoever reflects upon this, will not blame our Author for repreſenting the ſame Heroes brave at one time, and diſpi-

ſpirited at another: juſt as the Gods aſſiſt, or aban-on them on different occaſions.

I 1.

VERSE 1. Tydides.] That we may enter into he ſpirit and beauty of this book, it will be roper to ſettle the true character of *Diomed* who the Hero of it. *Achilles* is no ſooner retired, ut *Homer* raiſes his other *Greeks* to ſupply his bſence; like Stars that ſhine each in his due re-olution, 'till the principal Hero riſes again, and clipſes all others. As *Diomed* is the firſt in this ffice, he ſeems to have more of the character of *chilles* than any beſides. He has naturally an xceſs of boldneſs and too much fury in his tem-er, forward and intrepid like the other, and unning after Gods or Men promiſcuouſly as they ffer themſelves. But what differences his cha-acter is, that he is ſoon reclaim'd by advice, ears thoſe that are more experienced, and in a ord, obeys *Minerva* in all things. He is aſſiſted y the Patroneſs of wiſdom and arms, as he is minent both for prudence and valor. That which haracterizes his prudence is a quick ſagacity and reſence of mind in all emergencies, and an un-iſturb'd readineſs in the very article of danger. nd what is particular in his valor is agreeable to heſe qualities; his actions being always performed with remarkable dexterity, activity, and diſpatch. As the gentle and manageable turn of his mind ſeems drawn with an oppoſition to the boiſterous temper of *Achilles*, ſo his bodily excellencies ſeem deſign'd as in contraſte to thoſe of *Ajax*, who appears with great ſtrength, but heavy and un-wieldy. As he is forward to act in the field, ſo is he ready to ſpeak in the Council: But 'tis ob-ſervable that his counſels ſtill incline to war, and are byaſs'd rather on the ſide of bravery than caution. Thus he adviſes to reject the propoſals

of the *Trojans* in the ſeventh book, and not accept of *Helen* her ſelf; tho' *Paris* ſhould of her. In the ninth, he oppoſes *Agamemn* propoſition to return to *Greece*, in ſo ſtrong manner, as to declare he will ſtay and conti the Siege himſelf, if the General ſhould depa And thus he hears without concern *Achilles's* r fuſal of a reconciliation, and doubts not to b able to carry on the war without him. As t his private character, he appears a gallant lov of hoſpitality in his behaviour to *Glaucus* in t ſixth book; a lover of wiſdom in his aſſiſtance *Neſtor* in the eighth, and his choice of *Ulyſſes* accompany him in the tenth; upon the whole an open ſincere friend, and a generous Enemy.

The wonderful actions he performs in this Batt ſeem to be the effect of a noble reſentment at th reproach he had receiv'd from *Agamemnon* in th foregoing book, to which theſe deeds are th anſwer. He becomes immediately the ſecon Hero of *Greece*, and dreaded equally with *Achill* by the *Trojans*. At the firſt ſight of him hi enemies make a queſtion, whether he is a Man o a God? *Æneas* and *Pandarus* go againſt him whoſe approach terrifies *Sthenelus*, and the ap prehenſion of ſo great a Warrior marvellouſly exalts the Intrepidity of *Diomed*. *Æneas* him ſelf is not ſav'd but by the interpoſing of a Deity He purſues and wounds that Deity, and *Æneas* again eſcapes only by the help of a ſtronger Power, *Apollo*. He attempts *Apollo* too, retreats not till the God threatens him in his own voice, and even then retreats but a few ſteps. When he ſees *Hector* and *Mars* himſelf in open arms againſt him, he had not retir'd tho' he was wounded, but in obedience to *Minerva*, and then retires with his face toward them. But as ſoon as ſhe permits him to engage with that God, he conquers, and ſends him

im groaning to Heaven, What invention and hat conduct appears in this whole Epiſode! What oldneſs in raiſing a character to ſuch a pitch, nd what judgment in raiſing it by ſuch degrees? hile the moſt daring flights of Poetry are em-oy'd to move our admiration, and at the ſame me the juſteſt and cloſeſt allegory, to reconcile oſe flights to moral truth and probability. It ay be farther remark'd, that the high degree to hich *Homer* elevates this character, enters into e principal deſign of his whole Poem; which is ſhew, that the greateſt perſonal qualities and rces are of no effect when union is wanting ong the chief Rulers, and that nothing can ail till they are reconciled ſo as to act in con-rt.

III.

VERSE 7. *High on his helm Celeſtial light'nings play.*] This beautiful paſſage gave occaſion to *Zoilus* for an inſipid piece of raillery, who ask'd ow it happen'd that the Hero eſcap'd burning by heſe fires that continually broke from his armor? *Euſtathius* anſwers, that there are ſeveral examples hiſtory, of fires being ſeen to break forth from uman bodies as preſages of greatneſs and glory. mong the reſt, *Plutarch* in the life of *Alexander* eſcribes his helmet much in this manner. This enough to warrant the fiction, and were there o ſuch example, the ſame Author ſays very well hat the imagination of a Poet is not to be confi-ned to ſtrict phyſical truths. But all objections may eaſily be removed, if we conſider it as done by *Minerva*, who had determined this day to raiſe *Diomed* above all the Heroes, and cauſed this apparition to render him formidable. The power of a God makes it not only allowable but highly noble, and greatly imagined by *Homer*; as well as correſpondent to a miracle in holy Scripture, where

Moſes is deſcribed with a glory ſhining on his face at his deſcent from mount *Sinai*; a parallel which *Spondanus* has taken notice of.

Virgil was too ſenſible of the beauty of this paſſage not to imitate it, and it muſt be owned he has ſurpaſſed his Original.

Ardet apex capiti, criſtiſque ac vertice flamma
Funditur, & vaſtos umbo vomit aureus ignes.
Non ſecus ac liquida ſi quando nocte Cometæ
Sanguinei lugubre rubent: aut Sirius ardor,
Ille ſitim morboſque ferens mortalibus ægris,
Naſcitur, & lævo contriſtat lumine cœlum.

In *Homer*'s compariſon there is no other circumſtance alluded to but that of a remarkable brightneſs; whereas *Virgil*'s compariſon, beſide this, ſeems to foretel the immenſe ſlaughter his Hero was to make, by comparing him firſt to a Comet, which is vulgarly imagin'd a prognoſtick, if not the real cauſe of much miſery to mankind; and again to the Dog-ſtar, which appearing with the greateſt brightneſs in the latter end of Summer, is ſuppoſ'd the occaſion of all the diſtempers of that ſickly ſeaſon. And methinks the objection of *Macrobius* to this place is not juſt, who thinks the ſimile unſeaſonably apply'd by *Virgil* to *Æneas*, becauſe he was yet on his ſhip, and had not begun the Battel. One may anſwer, that this miraculous appearance could never be more proper than at the firſt ſight of the Hero, to ſtrike terror into the enemy, and to prognoſticate his approaching victory.

I V.

VERSE 27. Idæus *fled*, *Leſt the rich Chariot.*] It is finely ſaid by M. *Dacier*, that *Homer* appears perhaps greater by the criticiſms that have been paſt upon him, than by the praiſes which have been given him. *Zoilus* had a cavil at this place; he thought it ridiculous in *Idæus* to deſcend from his Chariot to fly, which he might have done faſter by the help of

of his Horſes. Three things are ſaid in anſwer to this; firſt, that *Idæus* knowing the paſſion which *Diomed* had for Horſes, might hope the pleaſure of ſeizing theſe would retard him from purſuing him. Next, *Homer* might deſign to repreſent in this action of *Idæus* the common effect of fear, which diſturbs the underſtanding to ſuch a degree, as to make men abandon the ſureſt means to ſave themſelves. And then, that *Idæus* might have ſome advantage of *Diomed* in ſwiftneſs, which he had reaſon to confide in. But I fancy one may add another ſolution which will better account for this paſſage. *Homer*'s word is ἔτλη, which I believe would be better tranſlated *non perſeveravit*, than *non ſuſtinuit defendere fratrem interfectum*: and then the ſenſe will be clear, that *Idæus* made an effort to ſave his Brother's body; which proving impracticable, he was obliged to fly with the utmoſt precipitation. One may add, that his alighting from his Chariot was not that he could run faſter on foot, but that he could ſooner eſcape by mixing with the crowd of common Soldiers. There is a particular exactly of of the ſame nature in the book of *Judges*, Ch. 4. ℣. 15. where *Siſera* alights to fly in the ſame manner.

V.

VERSE 40. *Who bathe in blood.*] It may ſeem ſomething unnatural, that *Pallas*, at a time when ſhe is endeavouring to work upon *Mars* under the appearance of benevolence and kindneſs, ſhould make uſe of terms which ſeem ſo full of bitter reproaches; but theſe will appear very properly applied to this warlike Deity. For Perſons of this martial character, who ſcorning equity and reaſon, carry all things by force, are better pleas'd to be celebrated for their power than their virtue. Statues are rais'd to the Conquerors, that is, the deſtroyers of Nations, who are complemented for excelling in the

arts of ruine. *Demetrius* the Son of *Antigonus* was celebrated by his flatterers with the title of *Poliorcetes*, a term equivalent to one here made use of.

V I.

VERSE 46. *The God of Arms and martial Maid retreat.*] The Retreat of *Mars* from the *Trojans* intimates that courage forsook them: It may be said then, that *Minerva*'s absence from the *Greeks* will signify that wisdom deserted them also. It is true she does desert them, but it is at a time when there was more occasion for gallant actions than for wise counsels. *Eustathius.*

V I I.

VERSE 48. *The* Greeks *the* Trojan *race pursue,*] *Homer* always appears very zealous for the honour of *Greece*, which alone might be a proof of his being of that country, against the opinion of those who would have him of other nations.

It is observable thro' the whole Iliad, that he endeavours every where to represent the *Greeks* as superior to the *Trojans* in valor and the art of war. In the beginning of the third book he describes the *Trojans* rushing to the battel in a barbarous and confus'd manner, with loud shouts and cries, while the *Greeks* advance in the most profound silence and exact order. And in the latter part of the fourth book, where the two Armies march to the engagement, the *Greeks* are animated by *Pallas*, while *Mars* instigates the *Trojans*; the Poet attributing by this plain Allegory to the former a well-conducted valor, to the latter rash strength and brutal force: So that the abilites of each nation are distinguish'd by the characters of the Deities who assist them. But in this place, as *Eustathius* observes, the Poet being willing to shew how much the *Greeks* excell'd their enemies when they engag'd only with their proper force, and when each side was alike destitute of divine assistance, takes occasion to remove

the

e Gods out of the battel, and then each *Grecian* hief gives ſignal inſtances of valor ſuperior to the *rojans.*

A modern Critick obſerves that this conſtant ſupe-ority of the *Greeks* in the art of war, valor, and umber, is contradictory to the main deſign of the oem, which is to make the return of *Achilles* ap-ear neceſſary for the preſervation of the *Greeks*; ut this contradiction vaniſhes when we reflect that he affront given *Achilles* was the occaſion of *Jupi-er*'s interpoſing in favour of the *Trojans.* Where-ore the anger of *Achilles* was not pernicious to the *reeks*, purely becauſe it kept him inactive, but be-auſe it occaſion'd *Jupiter* to afflict them in ſuch a anner, as made it neceſſary to appeaſe *Achilles* in rder to render *Jupiter* propitious.

VIII.

VERSE 63. *Back from the Car he tumbles.*] It s in Poetry as in Painting, the poſtures & attitudes of each figure ought to be different: *Homer* takes care not to draw two perſons in the ſame poſture; one is tumbled from his chariot, another is ſlain as he aſcends it, a third as he endeavours to eſcape on foot, a conduct which is every where obſerved by the Poet. *Euſtathius.*

IX.

VERSE 75. *Next artful* Phereclus.] This cha-racter of *Phereclus* is finely imagined, and preſents a noble moral in an uncommon manner. There ran a report, that the *Trojans* had formerly receiv'd an Oracle, commanding them to follow husbandry, and not apply themſelves to Navigation. *Homer* from hence takes occaſion to feign, that the Ship-wright who preſumed to build the Fleet of *Paris* when he took his fatal voyage to *Greece*, was over-taken by the divine vengeance ſo long after as in this Battel. One may notice too in this, as in many

other places, of the remarkable diſpoſition *Homer* ſhews to *Mechanicks*; he never omits an opportunity either of deſcribing a piece of workmanſhip, or of celebrating an Artiſt.

X.

VERSE 92. Antenor's *Offſpring from a foreign bed,*
Whoſe gen'rous Spouſe Theano *heav'nly fair,*
Nurs'd the young ſtranger with a Mother's care.

Homer in this remarkable paſſage commends the fair *Theano* for breeding up a Baſtard of her Husband's with the ſame tenderneſs as her own children. This Lady was a woman of the firſt quality, and (as it appears in the ſixth Iliad) the high Prieſteſs of *Minerva*: So that one cannot imagine the education of this child was impoſed upon her by the authority or power of *Antenor*; *Homer* himſelf takes care to remove any ſuch derogatory notion, by particularizing the motive of this unuſual piece of humanity to have been to pleaſe her Husband, χαριζομένη πόσεϊ ὥ. Nor ought we to leſſen this commendation by thinking the Wives of thoſe times in general were more complaiſant than thoſe of our own. The Stories of *Phœnix*, *Clytemneſtra*, *Medea*, and many others, are plain inſtances how highly the keeping of Miſtreſſes was reſented by the married ladies. But there was indeed a difference between the *Greeks* and *Aſiaticks* as to their notions of marriage: For it is certain the latter allowed plurality of wives; *Priam* had many lawful ones, and ſome of them Princeſſes who brought great dowries. *Theano* was an *Aſiatick*; and that is the moſt we can grant; for the Son ſhe nurs'd ſo careſully was apparently not by a Wife, but by a Miſtreſs; and her paſſions were naturally the ſame with thoſe of the *Grecian* women. As to the degree of regard then ſhewn to the Baſtards, they were careſully enough educated, tho' not (like this of *Antenor*) as the lawful iſſue, nor admitted to an equal ſhare of

of inheritance. *Megapenthes* and *Nicoſtratus* were excluded from the inheritance of *Sparta*, becauſe they were born of Bond-women, as *Pauſanias* ſays. But *Neoptolemus*, a natural Son of *Achilles* by *Deidamia*, ſucceeded in his Father's Kingdom, perhaps with reſpect to his Mother's quality who was a Princeſs. Upon the whole, however that matter ſtood, *Homer* was very favourable to Baſtards, and has paid them more complements than one in his works. If I am not miſtaken *Ulyſſes* reckons himſelf one in the *Odyſſeis*. *Agamemnon* in the eighth Iliad plainly accounts it no diſgrace, when charm'd with the noble exploits of young *Teucer*, and praiſing him in the rapture of his heart, he juſt then takes occaſion to mention his illegitimacy as a kind of panegyrick upon him. The Reader may conſult the paſſage, ϒ. 284 of the original and ϒ. 332 of the tranſlation. From all this I ſhould not be averſe to believe that *Homer* himſelf was a Baſtard, as *Virgil* was, of which I think this obſervation a better proof, than what is ſaid for it in the common *Lives* of him.

XI.

VERSE 100 — Hypſenor, *gen'rous and divine,*
Sprung from the brave Dolopion's *mighty Line*;
Who near ador'd Scamander *made abode*;
Prieſt of the Stream, and honour'd as a God.

From the number of circumſtances put together here, and in many other paſſages, of the parentage, place of abode, profeſſion, and quality of the perſons our Author mentions, I think it is plain he compoſed his Poem from ſome records or traditions of the actions of the times preceding, and complied with the truth of hiſtory: Otherwiſe theſe particular deſcriptions of genealogies and other minute circumſtances would have been an affectation extremely needleſs and unreaſonable. This conſideration will account for ſeveral things that

ſeem odd or tedious, not to add that one may naturally believe he took theſe occaſions of paying a complement to many great Men and Families of his Patrons, both in *Greece* and *Aſia*.

XII.

VERSE 108. *Down ſinks the Prieſt.*] *Homer* makes him die upon the cutting off his arm, which is an inſtance of his skill; for the great flux of blood that muſt follow ſuch a wound, would be the immediate cauſe of death.

XIII.

VERSE 116. *Thus Torrents ſwift and ſtrong.*] This whole paſſage (ſays *Euſtathius*) is extremely beautiful. It deſcribes the Hero carry'd by an enthuſiaſtick valor into the midſt of his Enemies, and ſo mingled with their ranks as if himſelf were a *Trojan*. And the ſimile wonderfully illuſtrates this Fury proceeding from an uncommon infuſion of courage from Heaven, in reſembling it not to a conſtant River, but a Torrent riſing from an extraordinary burſt of rain. This ſimile is one of thoſe that draws along with it ſome foreign circumſtances: We muſt not often expect from *Homer* thoſe minute reſemblances in every branch of a compariſon, which are the pride of modern Similes. If that which one may call the main action of it, or the principal point of likeneſs, be preſerved; he affects, as to the reſt, rather to preſent the mind with a great image, than to fix it down to an exact one. He is ſure to make a fine picture in the whole, without drudging on the under parts; like thoſe free Painters who (one would think) had only made here and there a few very ſignificant ſtrokes, that give form and ſpirit to all the piece. For the preſent compariſon, *Virgil* in the ſecond *Æneid* has inſerted an imitation of it, which I cannot think equal to this, tho' *Scaliger* prefers *Virgil*'s to all our Author's ſimilitudes from rivers put together,

Now

Non ſic aggeribus ruptis cum ſpumeus amnis
Exiit, oppoſitaſque evicit gurgite moles,
Fertur in arva furens cumulo, campoſque per omnes
Cum ſtabulis armenta trahit------
Not with ſo fierce a rage, the foaming Flood
Roars, when he finds his rapid courſe withſtood;
Bears down the dams with unreſiſted ſway,
And ſweeps the Cattel and the Cotts away.
Dryden,

XIV.

VERSE 139. *The dart ſtopt ſhort of life.*] *Homer* ſays it did not kill him; and I am at a loſs why M. *Dacier* tranſlates it, *the wound was ſlight*; when juſt after the arrow is ſaid to have pierc'd *quite thro'*, and ſhe herſelf there turns it, *perçoit l'eſpaule d'outre en outre.* Had it been ſo ſlight, he would not have needed the immediate aſſiſtance of *Minerva* to reſtore his uſual vigor, and enable him to continue the fight.

XV.

VERSE 164. *From mortal miſts I purge thy eyes.*] This fiction of *Homer* (ſays M. *Dacier*) is founded upon an important truth of Religion, not unknown to the Pagans, that God only can open the eyes of men, and enable them to ſee what they cannot diſcover by their own capacity. There are frequent examples of this in the old Teſtament. God opens the eyes of *Hagar* that ſhe might ſee the fountain, in *Geneſ.* 21. ℣. 14. So *Numbers* 22. ℣. 31. *The Lord open'd the Eyes of* Balaam, *and he ſaw the Angel of the Lord ſtanding in his way, and his ſword drawn in his hand.* A paſſage much reſembling this of our Author. *Venus* in *Virgil*'s ſecond *Æneid* performs the ſame office to *Æneas*, and ſhews him the Gods who were engag'd in the deſtruction of *Troy*.

Aſpice; namque omnem quæ nunc obducta tuenti
Mortales hebetat viſus tibi, & humida circum
Caligat, nubem eripiam——

Ap-

Apparent diræ facies, inimicaque Trojæ
Numina magna Deûm.——

Milton seems likewise to have imitated this where he makes *Michael* open *Adam*'s eyes to see the future revolutions of the world, and fortunes of his posterity, Book 11.

——*He purg'd with euphrasie and rue*
The visual nerve, for he had much to see,
And from the well of life three drops distill'd.

This distinguishing sight of *Diomed* was given him only for the present occasion and service in which he was employ'd by *Pallas*: For we find in the sixth book that upon meeting *Glaucus*, he is ignorant whether that Hero be a Man or a God.

XVI.

VERSE 194. *No Mystic dream.*] This line in the original, Τοῖς ȣ̓κ ἐρχομένοις ὁ γέρων ἐκρίνατ' ὀνείρους, contains as puzzling a passage for the construction as I have met with in *Homer*. Most Interpreters join the negative particle ȣ̓κ with the verb ἐκρίνατο, which may receive three different meanings: That *Eurydamas* had not interpreted the dreams of his children when they went to the wars; or that he had foretold them by their dreams they should never return from the wars; or that he should now no more have the satisfaction to interpret their dreams at their return. After all, this construction seems forced, and no way agreeable to the general Idiom of the *Greek* language, or to *Homer*'s simple diction in particular. If we join ȣ̓κ with ἐρχομένοις, I think the most obvious sense will be this; *Diomed* attacks the two Sons of *Eurydamas* an old Interpreter of dreams; his children not returning, the Prophet sought by his dreams to know their fate; however they fall by the hands of *Diomed*. This Interpretation seems natural and poe-

poetical, and tends to move compaſſion, which is almoſt conſtantly the deſign of the Poet in his frequent ſhort digreſſions concerning the circumſtances and relations of dying perſons.

XVII.

VERSE 202. *To Strangers now deſcends his wealthy ſtore.*] This is a circumſtance than which nothing could be imagined more tragical, conſidering the character of the Father. *Homer* ſays the Truſtees of the remote collateral Relations ſeiz'd the Eſtate before his eyes (according to a cuſtom of thoſe times) which to a covetous old Man muſt be the greateſt of miſeries.

XVIII.

VERSE 212. *Divine* Æneas.] It is here *Æneas* begins to act, and if we take a view of the whole Epiſode of this Hero in *Homer*, where he makes but an under part, it will appear that *Virgil* has kept him perfectly in the ſame character in his Poem, where he ſhines as the firſt Hero. His Piety and his Valor, tho' not drawn at ſo full a length, are mark'd no leſs in the original than in the copy. It is the manner of *Homer* to expreſs very ſtrongly the character of each perſon in the firſt ſpeech he is made to utter in the Poem. In this of *Æneas*, there is a great air of piety in thoſe ſtrokes, *Is he ſome God who puniſhes* Troy *for having neglected his Sacrifices*? And then that ſentence, *The Anger of Heaven is terrible.* When he is in danger afterwards, he is ſaved by the heavenly aſſiſtance of two Deities at once, and his wounds cured in the holy Temple of *Pergamus* by *Latona* and *Diana.* As to his *Valor*, he is ſecond only to *Hector*, and in perſonal bravery as great in the *Greek* Author as in the *Roman.* He is made to exert himſelf on emergencies of the firſt importance and hazard, rather than on common occaſions; he checks *Diomed* here in the midſt

midſt of his fury; in the thirteenth book defends his Friend *Deiphobus* before it was his turn to fight, being placed in one of the hindmoſt ranks (which *Homer*, to take off all objection to his valor, tells us happen'd becauſe *Priam* had an animoſity to him, tho' he was one of the braveſt of the Army.) He is one of thoſe who reſcue *Hector* when he is overthrown by *Ajax* in the fourteenth Book. And what alone were ſufficient to eſtabliſh him a firſt-rate Hero, he is the firſt that dares reſiſt *Achilles* himſelf at his return to the Fight in all his rage for the loſs of *Patroclus*. He indeed avoids encountering two at once, in the preſent Book; and ſhews upon the whole a ſedate and deliberate courage, which if not ſo glaring as that of ſome others, is yet more juſt. It is worth conſidering how thoroughly *Virgil* penetrated into all this, and ſaw into the very Idea of *Homer*; ſo as to extend and call forth the whole figure in its full dimenſions and colours from the ſlighteſt hints and ſketches which were but caſually touch'd by *Homer*, and even in ſome points too where they were rather left to be underſtood, than expreſs'd. And this, by the way, ought to be conſider'd by thoſe Criticks who object to *Virgil*'s *Hero* the want of that ſort of courage which ſtrikes us ſo much in *Homer*'s *Achilles*. *Æneas* was not the creature of *Virgil*'s imagination, but one whom the world was already acquainted with, and expected to ſee continued in the ſame character; and one who perhaps was choſen for the Hero of the *Latin* Poem, not only as he was the Founder of the *Roman* Empire, but as this more calm and regular character better agreed with the temper and genius of the Poet himſelf.

XIX.

VERSE 242. *Skill'd in the Bow*, &c. We ſee thro' this whole diſcourſe of *Pandarus* the character of

of a vain-glorious paſſionate Prince, who being skill'd in the uſe of the bow, was highly valued by himſelf and others for this excellence; but having been ſucceſsleſs in two different trials of his skill, he is rais'd into an outragious paſſion, which vents itſelf in vain threats on his guiltleſs bow. *Euſtathius* on this paſſage relates a ſtory of a *Paphlagonian* famous like him for his Archery, who having miſs'd his aim at repeated trials, was ſo tranſported by rage; that breaking his bow and arrows, he executed a more fatal vengeance by hanging himſelf.

X X.

VERSE 244. *Ten poliſh'd Chariots.*] Among the many pictures *Homer* gives us of the ſimplicity of the Heroic ages, he mingles from time to time ſome hints of an extraordinary magnificence. We have here a Prince who has all theſe Chariots for pleaſure at one time, with their particular ſet of Horſes to each, and the moſt ſumptuous coverings in their ſtables. But we muſt remember that he ſpeaks of an *Aſiatic* Prince, thoſe *Barbarians* living in great luxury. *Dacier.*

X X I.

VERSE 252. *Yet to thrift inclin'd.*] 'Tis *Euſtathius* his remark, that *Pandarus* did this out of avarice, to ſave the expence of his horſes. I like this conjecture, becauſe nothing ſeems more judicious, than to give a man of a perfidious character a ſtrong tincture of avarice.

X X I I.

VERSE 261. *And undiſſembled Gore purſu'd the Wound.*] The *Greek* is ἀτρεκὲς αἷμα. He ſays he is ſure it was real blood that follow'd his arrow; becauſe it was anciently a cuſtom, particularly among the *Spartans*, to have ornaments and figures of a purple colour on their breaſt-plates, that

that the blood they loſt might not be ſeen by the Soldiers, and tend to their diſcouragement. *Plutarch* in his *Inſtit. Lacon.* takes notice of this point of Antiquity, and I wonder it eſcap'd Madam *Dacier* in her Tranſlation.

XXIII.

VERSE 273. *Nor* Phœbus' *honour'd gift diſgrace.*] For *Homer* tells us in the ſecond book, ℣. 334 of the Catalogue, that the bow and ſhafts of *Pandarus* were given him by *Apollo.*

XXIV.

VERSE 284. *Haſte, ſeize the whip,* &c.] *Homer* means not here, that one of the Heroes ſhould alight or deſcend from the Chariot, but only that he ſhould quit the reins to the management of the other, and ſtand on foot upon the Chariot to fight from thence. As one might uſe the expreſſion, *to deſcend from the Ship,* to ſignify to quit the helm or oar, in order to take up Arms. This is the note of *Euſtathius*, by which it appears that moſt of the Tranſlators are miſtaken in the ſenſe of this paſſage, and among the reſt Mr. *Hobbes.*

XXV.

VERSE 320. *One Chief at leaſt beneath this arm ſhall die.*] It is the manner of our Author to make his perſons have ſome intimation from within, either of proſperous or adverſe fortune, before it happens to them. In the preſent inſtance, we have ſeen *Æneas*, aſtoniſh'd at the great exploits of *Diomed*, propoſing to himſelf the means of his eſcape by the ſwiftneſs of his Horſes, before he advances to encounter him On the other hand, *Diomed* is ſo filled with aſſurance, that he gives orders here to *Sthenelus* to ſeize thoſe Horſes, before they come up to him. The oppoſition of theſe two (as Mad. *Dacier* has remark'd) is very obſervable.

XXVI.

XXVI.

VERSE 327. *The Courſers of Æthereal breed.*] We have already obſerved the great delight *Homer* takes in Horſes. He makes ſome Horſes, as well as Heroes, of celeſtial race: and if he has been thought too fond of the *Genealogies* of ſome of his Warriors, in relating them even in a battel; we find him here as willing to trace that of his Horſes in the ſame circumſtance. Theſe were of that breed which *Jupiter* beſtow'd upon *Tros*, and far ſuperior to the common ſtrain of *Trojan* Horſes. So that (according to *Euſtathius*'s opinion) the Tranſlators are miſtaken who turn Τρωΐοι ἵπποι, *the Trojan Horſes*, in ℣. 222. of the original, where *Æneas* extolls their qualities to *Pandarus*: The ſame Author takes notice, that frauds in the caſe of Horſes have been thought excuſable in all times, and commends *Anchiſes* for this piece of theft. *Virgil* was ſo well pleas'd with it as to imitate this paſſage in the ſeventh *Æneid*.

Abſenti Æneæ currum, geminoſque jugales
Semine ab æthereo, ſpirantes naribus ignem,
Illorum de gente, patri quos dædala Circe
Suppoſita de matre nothos furata creavit.

XXVII.

VERSE 353. *Full in his face it enter'd.*] It has been ask'd, how *Diomed* being on foot, could naturally be ſuppos'd to give ſuch a wound as is deſcrib'd here. Were it never ſo improbable, the expreſs mention that *Minerva* conducted the Javelin to that part, would render this paſſage unexceptionable. But without having recourſe to a miracle, ſuch a wound might be receiv'd by *Pandarus*, either if he ſtoop'd, or if his Enemy took the advantage of a riſing ground, by which means he might not impoſſibly ſtand higher, tho' the other were in a Chariot. This is the ſolution given by the ancient *Scholia*, which is confirm'd by the lown

of the Chariots, obſerved in the Eſſay on *Homer's Battels.*

XXVIII.

VERSE 361. *To guard his ſlaughter'd Friend Æneas flies.*] This protecting of the dead body was not only an office of piety agreeable to the character of *Æneas* in particular, but look'd upon as a matter of great importance in thoſe times. It was believ'd that the very ſoul of the deceas'd ſuffer'd by the body's remaining deſtitute of the Rites of Sepulture, as not being elſe admitted to paſs the waters of *Styx.*

Hæc omnis, quam cernis, inops inhumataque turba eſt;
Portitor ille, Charon; hi, quos vehit unda, ſepulti.
Nec ripas datur horrendas & rauca fluenta
Tranſportare prius, quam ſedibus oſſa quierunt.
Centum errant annos, volitantque hæc litora circum.

Virg. *Æn.* 6.

Whoever conſiders this, will not be ſurprized at thoſe long and obſtinate combates for the bodies of the Heroes, ſo frequent in the *Iliad.* *Homer* thought it of ſuch weight, that he has put this circumſtance of want of burial into the *Propoſition* at the beginning of his Poem, as one of the chief misfortunes that befel the *Greeks.*

XXIX.

VERSE 371. *Not two ſtrong Men.*] This opinion of a degeneracy of human ſize and ſtrength in the proceſs of Ages, has been very general. *Lucretius, Lib.* 2.

Jamque adeo fracta eſt ætas, effœtaque tellus
Vix animalia parva creat, quæ cuncta creavit
Sæcla, deditque ferarum ingentia corpora partu.

The active life and temperance of the firſt men, before their native powers were prejudiced by luxury, may be ſuppoſed to have given them this advantage. *Celſus* in his firſt book obſerves, that *Homer* mentions no ſort of diſeaſes in the old Heroic times but what were immediately inflicted by Heaven,

Heaven, as if their temperance and exerciſe preſerved them from all beſides. *Virgil* imitates this paſſage, with a farther allowance of the decay in proportion to the diſtance of his time from that of *Homer*. For he ſays it was an attempt that exceeded the ſtrength of *twelve* men, inſtead of *two*.

—Saxum circumſpicit ingens—
Vix illud lecti bis ſex cervice ſubirent,
Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus.

Juvenal has made an agreeable uſe of this thought in his fourteenth Satyr.

Nam genus hoc vivo jam decreſcebat Homero,
Terra malos homines nunc educat, atque puſillos.

XXX.

VERSE 391. *Hid from the Foe behind her ſhining veil.*] *Homer* ſays, ſhe ſpread her veil that it might be a defence againſt the darts. How comes it then afterwards to be pierc'd thro', when *Venus* is wounded? It is manifeſt the veil was not impenetrable, and is ſaid here to be a defence only as it render'd *Æneas* inviſible, by being interpoſed. This is the obſervation of *Euſtathius*, and was thought too material to be neglected in the Tranſlation.

XXXI.

VERSE 403. *To bold* Deipylus -- *Whom moſt he lov'd*] *Sthenelus* (ſays M. *Datier*) loved *Deipylus*, *parce qu'il avoit la meſme humeur que luy, la meſme ſageſſe.* The words in the original are ὅτι οἱ φρεσὶν ἄρτια ἤδη; *Becauſe his mind was equal and conſentaneous to his own*; which I ſhould rather tranſlate, with regard to the character of *Sthenelus*,, that he had the ſame *bravery*, than the ſame *wiſdom*. For that *Sthenelus* was not remarkable for wiſdom appears from many paſſages, and particularly from his Speech to *Agamemnon* in the fourth book: upon which ſee *Plutarch*'s remark, *Note* 28.

XXXII.

VERSE 408. *The Chief in chace of* Venus *flies.*] We have ſeen with what eaſe *Venus* takes *Paris* out of the battel in the third book, when his life was in danger from *Menelaus*; but here when ſhe has a charge of more importance and nearer concern, ſhe is not able to preſerve her ſelf or her Son from the fury of *Diomed*. The difference of ſucceſs in two attempts ſo like each other, is occaſion'd by that penetration of ſight with which *Pallas* had endu'd her Favorite. For the Gods in their intercourſe with Men are not ordinarily ſeen but when they pleaſe to render themſelves viſible; wherefore *Venus* might think her ſelf and her Son ſecure from the inſolence of this daring Mortal; but was in this deceiv'd, being ignorant of that faculty, wherewith the Hero was enabled to diſtinguiſh Gods as well as Men.

XXXIII.

VERSE 419. *Her ſnowie hand the razing ſteel profan'd.*] *Plutarch* in his Sympoſiacks *l.* 9, tells us, that *Maximus* the Rhetorician propos'd this far-fetch'd queſtion at a Banquet, *On which of her hands* Venus *was wounded*? and that *Zopyrion* anſwer'd it by asking, *On which of his legs* Philip *was lame*? But *Maximns* reply'd it was a different caſe: For *Demoſthenes* left no foundation to gueſs at the one, whereas *Homer* gives a ſolution of the other, in ſaying that *Diomed* throwing his ſpear acroſs, wounded her wriſt: ſo that it was her right hand he hurt, her left being oppoſite to his right. He adds another humorous reaſon from *Pallas*'s reproaching her afterwards, as having got this wound while ſhe was ſtroking and ſolliciting ſome *Grecian* lady, and unbuckling her zone; *An action* (ſays this Philoſopher) *in which no one would make uſe of the left hand.*

XXXIV.

XXXIV.

VERSE 422. *Such ſtream as iſſues from a wounded God.*] This is one of thoſe paſſages in *Homer* which have given occaſion to that famous cenſure of *Tully* and *Longinus*, *That he makes Gods of his Heroes, and Mortals of his Gods.* Theſe, taken in a general ſenſe, appear'd the higheſt Impiety to *Plato* and *Pythagoras*; one of whom has baniſh'd *Homer* from his Commonwealth, and the other ſaid he was tortured in Hell, for fictions of this nature. But if a due diſtinction be made of a difference among Beings ſuperior to Mankind, which both the Pagans and Chriſtians have allowed, theſe Fables may be eaſily accounted for. *Wounds inflicted on the Dragon, bruiſing of the Serpent's head*, and other ſuch metaphorical images are conſecrated in holy writ, and apply'd to angelical and incorporeal natures. But in our Author's days they had a notion of Gods that were corporeal, to whom they aſcribed bodies, tho' of more ſubtil kind than thoſe of Mortals. So in this very place he ſuppoſes them to have blood, but blood of a finer and ſuperior nature. Notwithſtanding the foregoing cenſures, *Milton* has not ſcrupled to imitate and apply this to Angels in the Chriſtian Syſtem, when *Satan* is wounded by *Michael* in his ſixth Book.

—*Then* Satan *firſt knew pain,*
And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; ſo ſore
The griding ſword with diſcontinuous Wound
Paſs'd thro' him; but th' Ætherial ſubſtance clos'd,
Not long diviſible, and from the gaſh
A ſtream of Nectarous humour iſſuing flow'd,
Sanguin, ſuch as Celeſtial Sp'rits may bleed—
Yet ſoon he heal'd, for Spirits that live throughout
Vital in ev'ry part, not as frail Man
In entrails, head or heart, liver or reins,
Cannot but by annihilating die.

Ariſtotle, *Cap.* 26. *Art. Poet* excuſes *Homer* for following fame and common opinion in his account of the Gods, tho no way agreeable to truth. The Religion of thoſe times taught no other notions of the Deity, than that the Gods were beings of human forms and paſſions; ſo that any but a real *Anthropomorphite* would probably have paſt among the ancient *Greeks* for an impious Heretick. They thought their Religion, which worſhipped the Gods in Images of human ſhape, was much more refin'd and rational than that of *Ægypt* and other Nations, who ador'd them in animal or monſtrous forms. And certainly Gods of human ſhape cannot juſtly be eſteemed or deſcribed otherwiſe, than as a celeſtial Race, ſuperior only to mortal Men by greater abilities, and a more extenſive degree of Wiſdom and Strength, ſubject however to the neceſſary inconveniencies conſequent to corporeal beings. *Cicero* in his Book *de Nat. Deor.* urges this conſequence ſtrongly againſt the *Epicureans*, who tho' they depos'd the Gods from any power in creating or governing the World, yet maintain'd their exiſtence in human forms. *Non enim ſentitis quam multa vobis ſuſcipienda ſunt ſi impetraveritis ut concedamus eandem eſſe hominum & deorum figuram; omnis cultus & curatio corporis erit eadem adhibenda Deo qua adhibetur homini, ingreſſus, curſus, accubatio, inclinatio, ſeſſio, comprehenſio, ad extremum etiam ſermo & oratio. Nam quod & mares Deos & faminas eſſe dicitis, quid ſequatur videtis.*

This particular of the wounding of *Venus* ſeems to be a fiction of *Homer*'s own brain, naturally deducible from the doctrine of corporeal Gods above-mentioned; and conſidered as Poetry, no way ſhocking. Yet our Author as if he had foreſeen ſome objection, has very artfully inſerted a juſtification of this bold ſtroke, in the Speech *Dione* ſoon after makes to *Venus*. For as it was natural

to

to comfort her Daughter, by putting her in mind that many other Deities had receiv'd as ill treatment from Mortals by the permiſſion of *Jupiter*; ſo it was of great uſe to the Poet, to enumerate thoſe ancient Fables to the ſame purpoſe, which being then generally aſſented to might obtain credit for his own. This fine Remark belongs to *Euſtathius*.

XXXV.

VERSE 424. *Unlike our groſs, diſeas'd, terreſtrial blood*, &c.] The opinion of the incorruptibility of celeſtial matter ſeems to have been receiv'd in the time of *Homer*. For he makes the Immortality of the Gods to depend upon the incorruptible nature of the nutriment by which they are ſuſtained: As the mortality of Men to proceed from the corruptible materials of which they are made, and by which they are nouriſhed. We have ſeveral inſtances in him from whence this may be inferred, as when *Diomed* queſtions *Glaucus* if he be a God or a Mortal, he adds, *One who is ſuſtained by the fruits of the Earth.* Lib. 6. ℣. 141.

XXXVI.

VERSE 449. *Low at his knee ſhe begg'd.*] All the former *Engliſh* Tranſlators make it, *ſhe fell on her knees*, an overſight occaſion'd by the want of a competent knowledge in Antiquities (without which no Man can tolerably underſtand this Author.) For the cuſtom of praying on the knees was unknown to the *Greeks*, and in uſe only among the *Hebrews*.

XXXVII.

VERSE 472. *And ſhare thoſe griefs inferior Pow'rs muſt ſhare.*] The word *inferior* is added by the Tranſlator, to open the diſtinction *Homer* makes between the Divinity itſelf which he repreſents impaſſible, and the ſubordinate celeſtial Beings or Spirits.

XXXVIII.

VERSE 475. *The mighty* Mars, &c.] *Homer* in theſe Fables, as upon many other occaſions, makes a great ſhow of his Theological Learning, which was the manner of all the *Greeks* who had travell'd into *Ægypt*. Thoſe who would ſee theſe Allegories explained at large, may conſult *Euſtathius* on this place. *Virgil* ſpeaks much in the ſame figure when he deſcribes the happy Peace with which *Auguſtus* had bleſt the World.

—*Furor impius intus*
Sæva ſedens ſuper arma, & centum vinctus æneis
Poſt tergum nodis, fremit horridus ore cruento.

XXXIX.

VERSE 479. *Perhaps had periſh'd.*] Some of *Homer*'s Cenſurers have inferr'd from this paſſage, that the Poet repreſents his Gods ſubject to death, when nothing but great miſery is here deſcribed. It is a common way of ſpeech to uſe *perdition* and deſtruction for *misfortune*. The language of Scripture calls eternal puniſhment *periſhing everlaſtingly*. There is a remarkable paſſage to this purpoſe in *Tacitus*, *An.* 6. which very lively repreſents the miſerable ſtate of a diſtracted Tyrant: Is is the beginning of a letter from *Tiberius* to the Senate, *Quid ſcribam vobis, P. C. aut quomodo ſcribam, aut quid omnino non ſcribam hoc tempore, Dii me Deæque pejus* perdant *quam* perire *quotidie ſentio, ſi ſcio.*

XL.

VERSE 498. *No Infant on his knees ſhall call him Sire.*] This is *Homer*'s manner of foretelling that he ſhall periſh unfortunately in Battel, which is infinitely a more artful way of conveying that thought than by a direct expreſſion. He does not ſimply ſay, he ſhall never return from the War, but intimates as much by deſcribing the loſs of the moſt ſenſible and affecting pleaſure that a Warrior can

an receive at his return. Of the like nature is the prophecy at the end of this Speech of the Hero's death, by repreſenting it in a dream of his Wife's. There are many fine ſtrokes of this kind in the prophetical parts of the old Teſtament. Nothing is more natural than *Dione*'s forming theſe images of revenge upon *Diomed*, the hope of which vengeance was ſo proper a topick of conſolation to *Venus*.

XLI.

VERSE 500. *To ſtretch thee pale*, &c.] *Virgil* has taken notice of this threatning denunciation of vengeance, tho' fulfill'd in a different manner, where *Diomed* in his anſwer to the Embaſſador of K. *Latinus* enumerates his misfortunes, and imputes the cauſe of them to this impious attempt upon *Venus*. *Æneid. Lib.* 11.

Invidiſſe Deos patriis ut redditus oris
Conjugium optatum & pulchram Calydona viderem?
Nunc etiam horribili viſu portenta ſequuntur:
Et ſocii amiſſi petierunt Æquora pennis:
Fluminibuſque vagantur aves (heu dira meorum
Supplicia!) & ſcopulos, lachrymoſis vocibus implent.
Hæc adeo ex illo mihi jam ſperanda fuerunt
Tempore, cum ferro cœleſtia corpora demens
Appetii, & Veneris violavi vulnere dextram.

XLII.

VERSE 501. *Thy diſtant Wife.*] The Poet ſeems here to complement the fair Sex at the expence of truth, by concealing the Character of *Ægiale*, whom he has deſcrib'd with the diſpoſition of a faithful Wife; tho' the Hiſtory of thoſe times repreſents her as an abandon'd proſtitute, who gave up her own perſon and her Husband's Crown to her Lover. So that *Diomed* at his return from *Troy*, when he expected to be receiv'd with all the tenderneſs of a loving Spouſe, found his Bed and Throne poſſeſs'd by an Adulterer, was forc'd

to fly his Country, and ſeek refuge and ſubſiſtence in foreign lands. Thus the offended Goddeſs executed her vengeance by the proper effects of her own power, by involving the Hero in a ſeries of misfortunes proceeding from the incontinence of his Wife.

XLIII.

VERSE 517. *The Sire of Gods and Men ſuperior ſmil'd.*] One may obſerve the Decorum and decency our Author conſtantly preſerves on this occaſion: *Jupiter* only *ſmiles*, the other Gods *laugh out*. That *Homer* was no enemy to mirth may appear from ſeveral places of his Poem (which ſo ſerious as it is, is interſpers'd with many gayeties, indeed more than he has been follow'd in by the ſucceeding Epic Poets. *Milton*, who was perhaps fonder of him than the reſt, has given moſt into the ludicrous; of which his *Paradiſe of Fools* in the third Book, and his *Jeſting Angels* in the ſixth, are extraordinary Inſtances. Upon the confuſion of *Babel*, he ſays there was *great Laughter in Heaven*: as *Homer* calls the laughter of the Gods in the firſt Book ἄσβεστος γέλως, an *inextinguiſhable Laugh*: But the Scripture might perhaps embolden the *Engliſh* Poet, which ſays, *The Lord ſhall laugh them to ſcorn*, and the like. *Plato* is very angry at *Homer* for making the Deities laugh, as a high Indecency and offence to gravity. He ſays the Gods in our Author repreſent Magiſtrates and Perſons in Authority, and are deſigned as examples to ſuch: On this ſuppoſition, he blames him for propoſing immoderate laughter as a thing decent in great Men. I forgot to take notice in its proper place, that the Epithet *inextinguiſhable* is not to be taken literally for diſſolute or ceaſleſs mirth, but was only a phraſe of that time to ſignify chearfulneſs and ſeaſonable gayety; in the ſame manner as we may

may now ſay, *to die with laughter*, without being underſtood to be in danger of dying with it. The place, time, and occaſion were all agreeable to mirth: It was at a banquet; and *Plato* himſelf relates ſeveral things that paſt at the banquet of *Agathon*, which had not been either decent or rational at any other ſeaſon. The ſame may be ſaid of the preſent paſſage: Raillery could never be more natural than when two of the female Sex had an opportunity of triumphing over another whom they hated. *Homer* makes Wiſdom her ſelf not able, even in the preſence of *Jupiter*, to reſiſt the temptation. She breaks into a ludicrous Speech, and the ſupreme Being himſelf vouchſafes a ſmile at it. But this (as *Euſtathius* remarks) is not introduced without judgment and precaution. For we ſee he makes *Minerva* firſt beg *Jupiter*'s permiſſion for this piece of freedom, *Permit thy Daughter, gracious* Jove; in which he asks the Reader's leave to enliven his narration with this piece of gayety.

XLIV.

VERSE 540. *He dreads his Fury, and ſome ſteps retires.*] *Diomed* ſtill maintains his intrepid character; he retires but a *ſtep or two* even from *Apollo*. The conduct of *Homer* is remarkably juſt and rational here. He gives *Diomed* no ſort of advantage over *Apollo*, becauſe he would not feign what was entirely incredible, and what no Allegory could juſtify. He wounds *Venus* and *Mars*, as it is morally poſſible to overcome the irregular paſſions which are repreſented by thoſe Deities. But it is impoſſible to vanquiſh *Apollo*, in whatſoever capacity he is conſidered, either as the *Sun*, or as *Deſtiny*: One may ſhoot at the Sun but not hurt him; and one may ſtrive againſt Deſtiny but not ſurmount it. *Euſtathius*.

XLV.

VERSE 546. *A Phantome rais'd.*] The fiction of a God's placing a Phantome inſtead of the Hero,

to delude the Enemy and continue the Engagement, means no more than that the Enemy thought he was in the Battel. This is the language of Poetry, which prefers a marvellous fiction to a plain and ſimple truth, the recital whereof would be cold and unaffecting. Thus *Minerva*'s guiding a javelin, ſignifies only that it was thrown with art and dexterity; *Mars* taking upon him the ſhape of *Acamas*, that the courage of *Acamas* incited him to do ſo, and in like manner of the reſt. The preſent paſſage is copied by *Virgil* in the tenth *Æneid*, where the Spectre of *Æneas* is raiſed by *Juno* or the *Air*, as it is here by *Apollo* or the *Sun*; both equally proper to be employ'd in forming an apparition. Whoever will compare the two Authors on this ſubject, will obſerve with what admirable art, and what exquiſite ornaments, the latter has improved and beautify'd his Original. *Scaliger* in comparing theſe places, has abſurdly cenſured the Phantome of *Homer* for its inactivity; whereas it was only form'd to repreſent the Hero lying on the ground, without any appearance of life or motion. *Spencer* in the eighth Canto of the third Book ſeems to have improved this imagination, in the creation of his falſe *Florimel*, who performs all the functions of life, and gives occaſion for many Adventures.

XLVI.

VERSE 575. *The Speech of* Sarpedon *to* Hector.] It will be hard to find a Speech more warm and ſpirited than this of *Sarpedon*, or which comprehends ſo much in ſo few words. Nothing could be more artfully thought upon to pique *Hector*, who was ſo jealous of his Country's glory, than to tell him he had formerly conceiv'd too great a notion of the *Trojan* valor; and to exalt the Auxiliaries above his Countrymen. The deſcription *Sarpedon* gives of the little concern or intereſt himſelf

ſelf had in the War, in oppoſition to the Neceſſity and imminent danger of the *Trojans*, greatly ſtrengthens this preference, and lays the charge very home upon their honour. In the latter part, which preſcribes *Hector* his duty, there is a particular reprimand in telling him how much it behoves him to animate and encourage the Auxiliaries; for this is to ſay in other words, you ſhould exhort them, and they are forc'd on the contrary to exhort you.

XLVII.

VERSE 611. Ceres' *ſacred floor.*] *Homer* calls the threſhing floor *ſacred* (ſays *Euſtathius*) not only as it was conſecrated to *Ceres*, but in regard of its great uſe and advantage to human kind; in which ſenſe alſo he frequently gives the ſame Epithet to *Cities*, &c. This Simile is of an exquiſite beauty.

XLVIII.

VERSE 641. *So when th' embattel'd Clouds.*] This Simile contains as proper a compariſon, and as fine a picture of Nature as any in *Homer*: Yet however it is to be fear'd the beauty and propriety of it will not be very obvious to many Readers, becauſe it is the deſcription of a natural appearance which they have not had an opportunity to remark, and which can be obſerved only in a mountainous Country. It happens frequently in very calm weather that the Atmoſphere is charg'd with thick vapors, whoſe gravity is ſuch, that they neither riſe nor fall, but remain poiz'd in the air at a certain height, where they continue frequently for ſeveral days together. In a plain country this occaſions no other viſible appearance, but of an uniform clouded sky; but in a hilly region theſe vapors are to be ſeen covering the tops & ſtretch'd along the ſides of the mountains, the clouded parts above being terminated and diſtinguiſh'd from the clear parts below by a

ſtraight

ſtraight line running parallel to the Horizon, as far as the mountains extend. The whole compaſs of Nature cannot afford a nobler and more exact repreſentation of a numerous Army, drawn up in line of Battel, and expecting the Charge. The long-extended even front, the cloſeneſs of the Ranks; the firmneſs, order, and ſilence of the whole; are all drawn with great reſemblance in this one compariſon. The Poet adds, that this appearance is while *Boreas* and the other boiſterous winds which diſperſe and break the clouds, are laid aſleep. This is as exact as it is Poetical; for when the Winds ariſe, this regular order is ſoon diſſolv'd. This circumſtance is added to the deſcription, as an ominous anticipation of the flight and diſſipation of the *Greeks*, which ſoon enſued when *Mars* and *Hector* broke in upon them.

XLIX.

VERSE 651. *Ye* Greeks *be Men*, &c.] If *Homer* in the longer ſpeeches of the Iliad, ſays all that could be ſaid by Eloquence, in the ſhorter he ſays all that can be ſaid with judgment. Whatever ſome few modern Criticks have thought, it will be found upon due reflection, that the length or brevity of his Speeches is determined as the occaſions either allow leiſure or demand haſte. This conciſe Oration of *Agamemnon* is a maſterpiece in the Laconic way. The exigence required he ſhould ſay ſomething very powerful, and no time was to be loſt. He therefore warms the brave and the timorous by one and the ſame exhortation, which at once moves by the love of glory, and the fear of death. It is ſhort and full, like that of the brave *Scotch* General under *Guſtavus*, who upon ſight of the Enemy, ſaid only this; *See ye thoſe Lads? Either fell them or they'll fell you.*

L.

VERSE 652. *Your brave Aſſociates and your ſelves*

ſelves revere.] This noble exhortation of *Agamemnon* is correſpondent to the wiſe ſcheme of *Neſtor* in the ſecond Book: where he adviſed to rank the Soldiers of the ſame nation together, that being known to each other, all might be incited either by a generous emulation or a decent ſhame. *Spondanus.*

L I.

VERSE 691. Mars *urg'd him on.*] This is another inſtance of what has been in general obſerv'd in the Diſcourſe on the Battels of *Homer*, his artful manner of making us meaſure one Hero by another. We have here an exact ſcale of the valor of *Æneas* and of *Menelaus*; how much the former outweighs the latter, appears by what is ſaid of *Mars* in theſe lines, and by the neceſſity of *Antilochus*'s aſſiſting *Menelaus*: as afterwards what overbalance that aſſiſtance gave him, by *Æneas*'s retreating from them both. How very nicely are theſe degrees mark'd on either hand? This knowledge of the difference which Nature itſelf ſets between one Man and another, makes our Author neither blame theſe two Heroes for going againſt one, who was ſuperior to each of them in ſtrength; nor that one for retiring from both, when their conjunction made them an overmatch to him. There is great judgment in all this.

L I I.

VERSE 696. *And all his Country's glorious labours vain.*] For (as *Agamemnon* ſaid in the fourth Book upon *Menelaus*'s being wounded) if he were ſlain, the War would be at an end, and the *Greeks* think only of returning to their Country. *Spondanus.*

L I I I.

VERSE 726. Mars, *ſtern Deſtroyer*, &c.] There is a great nobleneſs in this paſſage. With what pomp is *Hector* introduced into the Battel, where

Mars

Mars and *Bellona* are his attendants? The retreat of *Diomed* is no leſs beautiful; *Minerva* had remov'd the miſt from his eyes, and he immediately diſcovers *Mars* aſſiſting *Hector*. His ſurprize on this occaſion is finely imag'd by that of the Traveller on the ſudden ſight of the River.

L I V.

VERSE 784. *What brings this* Lycian *Counſellor ſo far?*] There is a particular ſarcaſm in *Tlepolemus*'s calling *Sarpedon* in this place Λυκίων Βουληφόρε, *Lycian Counſellor*, one better skill'd in Oratory than War; as he was the Governor of a People who had long been in peace, and probably (if we may gueſs from his character in *Homer*) remarkable for his Speeches. This is rightly obſerved by *Spondanus*, tho' not taken notice of by M. *Dacier*.

L V.

VERSE 792. Troy *felt his Arm.*] He alludes to the hiſtory of the firſt deſtruction of *Troy* by *Hercules*, occaſion'd by *Laomedon*'s refuſing that Hero the Horſes, which were the reward promis'd him for the delivery of his Daughter *Heſione*.

L V I.

VERSE 809. *With baſe Reproaches and unmanly Pride.*] Methinks theſe words κακῷ ἠνίπαπε μύθῳ include the chief ſting of *Sarpedon*'s anſwer to *Tlepolemus*, which no Commentator that I remember has remark'd. He tells him *Laomedon* deſerv'd his misfortune, not only for his perfidy, but for injuring a brave Man with unmanly and ſcandalous *Reproaches*; alluding to thoſe which *Tlepolemus* had juſt before caſt upon him.

L V I I.

VERSE 848. *Nor* Hector *to the Chief replies.*] *Homer* is in nothing more admirable than in the excellent uſe he makes of the *ſilence* of the perſons he introduces. It would be endleſs to collect all the inſtances of this truth throughout his Poem; yet I cannot

cannot but put together thoſe that have already occurr'd in the courſe of this Work, and leave to the Reader the pleaſure of obſerving it in what remains. The ſilence of the two Heralds when they were to take *Briſeis* from *Achilles* in *Lib.* 1. of which ſee *Note* 39. In the third book, when *Iris* tells *Helen* the two Rivals were to fight in her quarrel, and that all *Troy* were ſtanding Spectators; that guilty Princeſs makes no anſwer, but caſts a veil over her face and drops a tear, and when ſhe comes juſt after into the preſence of *Priam*, ſhe ſpeaks not, till after he has in a particular manner encourag'd and commanded her. *Paris* and *Menelaus* being juſt upon the point to encounter, the latter declares his wiſhes and hopes of conqueſt to Heaven, the former being engag'd in an unjuſt cauſe, ſays not a word. In the fourth book, when *Jupiter* has expreſs'd his deſire to favour *Troy*, *Juno* declaims againſt him, but the *Goddeſs of Wiſdom*, tho' much concern'd, holds her peace. When *Agamemnon* too raſhly reproves *Diomed*; that Hero remains ſilent, and in the true character of a rough Warrior, leaves it to his actions to ſpeak for him. In the preſent book when *Sarpedon* has reproach'd *Hector* in an open and generous manner, *Hector* preſerving the ſame warlike character, returns no anſwer, but immediately haſtens to the buſineſs of the field; as he alſo does in this place, where he inſtantly brings off *Sarpedon*, without ſo much as telling him he will endeavour his reſcue. *Chapman* was not ſenſible of the beauty of this, when he imagined *Hector*'s ſilence here proceeded from the pique he had conceiv'd at *Sarpedon* for his late reproof of him. That Tranſlator has not ſcrupled to inſert this opinion of his in a groundleſs interpolation altogether foreign to the Author. But indeed it is a liberty he frequently takes, to draw any paſſage to ſome new far-fetch'd conceit of his own

invention; inſomuch, that very often before he tranſlates any Speech, to the ſenſe or deſign of which he gives ſome fanciful turn of his own, he prepares it by ſeveral additional lines purpoſely to prepoſſeſs the Reader of that meaning. Thoſe who will take the trouble may ſee examples of this in what he ſets before the Speeches of *Hector*, *Paris* and *Helena* in the ſixth book, and innumerable other places.

L V I I I.

VERSE 858. *But* Boreas *riſing freſh.*] *Sarpedon's* fainting at the extraction of the dart, and reviving by the free air, ſhews the great judgment of our Author in theſe matters. But how poetically has he told this truth in raiſing the God *Boreas* to his Hero's aſſiſtance, and making a little Machine of but one line? This manner of repreſenting common things in figure and perſon, was perhaps the effect of *Homer's Ægyptian* Education.

L I X.

VERSE 860. *The gen'rous* Greeks, &c.] This ſlow orderly retreat of the *Greeks* with their front conſtantly turn'd to to the Enemy, is a fine encomium both of their courage and diſcipline. This manner of retreat was in uſe among the ancient *Lacedæmonians*, as were many other martial cuſtoms deſcrib'd by *Homer*. This practice took its riſe among that brave People from the apprehenſions of being ſlain with a wound receiv'd in their back. Such a misfortune was not only attended with the higheſt Infamy, but they had found a way to puniſh them who ſuffer'd this, even after their death, by denying them (as *Euſtathius* informs us) the rites of burial.

L X

VERSE 864. *Who firſt, who laſt, by* Mars *and* Hector's [*hand*
Stretch'd in their blood, lay gaſping on the ſand?]

This

This manner of breaking out into an Interrogation, amidſt the deſcription of a Battel, is what ſerves very much to awaken the Reader It is here an Invocation to the Muſe that prepares us for ſomething uncommon; and the Muſe is ſuppos'd immediately to anſwer, Teuthras *the great*, &c. *Virgil*, I think, has improved the ſtrength of this figure by addreſſing the Apoſtrophe to the perſon whoſe exploits he is celebrating, as to *Camilla* in the eleventh book.

Quem telo primum, quem poſtremum, aſpera virgo
Dejicis? aut quot humi morientia corpora fundis?

LXI.

VERSE 885. *And now Heav'ns Empreſs calls her blaziug Car*, &c.] *Homer* ſeems never more delighted than when he has ſome occaſion of diſplaying his skill in Mechanicks. The detail he gives us of this Chariot is a beautiful example of it, where he takes occaſion to deſcribe every different part with a happineſs rarely to be found in deſcriptions of this nature.

LXII.

VERSE 904. Pallas *diſrobes.*] This fiction of *Pallas* arraying herſelf with the Arms of *Jupiter*, finely intimates (ſays *Euſtathius*) that ſhe is nothing elſe but the Wiſdom of the Almighty. The ſame Author tells us, that the Ancients mark'd this place with a ſtar; to diſtinguiſh it as one of thoſe that were perfectly admirable. Indeed there is a greatneſs and ſublimity in the whole paſſage, which is aſtoniſhing and ſuperior to any imagination but that of *Homer*; nor is there any that might better give occaſion for that celebrated ſaying: That *he was the only Man who had ſeen the Forms of the Gods, or the only Man who had ſhewn them.* With what nobleneſs he deſcribes the Chariot of *Juno*, the Armor of *Minerva*, the *Ægis* of *Jupiter*, fill'd with the figures of *Horror*, *Affright*, *Diſcord*,

and all the terrors of War, the effects of his wrath againſt Men; and that Spear with which his Power and Wiſdom overturns whole Armies, and humbles the pride of the Kings who offend him? [But we ſhall not wonder at the unuſual Majeſty] of all theſe ideas, if we conſider that they have a near reſemblance to ſome Deſcriptions of the ſame kind in the ſacred Writings, where the Almighty is repreſented arm'd with Terror, and deſcending in Majeſty to be aveng'd on his Enemies: The *Chariot*, the *Bow*, and the *Shield of God* are expreſſions frequent in the *Pſalms*.

LXIII.

VERSE 913. *A Fringe of Serpents.*] Our Author does not particularly deſcribe this fringe of the *Ægis*, as conſiſting of Serpents; but that it did ſo, may be learn'd from *Herodotus* in his fourth Book. „ The *Greeks* (ſays he) borrowed the „ veſt and ſhield of *Minerva* from the *Lybians*, „ only with this difference, that the *Lybian* Shield „ was fringed with thongs of leather, the *Gre-* „ *cian* with Serpents." And *Virgil*'s deſcription of the ſame *Ægis* agrees with this, *Æn.* 8. ℣. 435.

Ægidaque horriferam, turbatæ Palladis arma,
Certatim ſquamis ſerpentum, auroque polibant,
Connexoſque angues ——

This note is taken from *Spondanus*, as is alſo *Ogilby*'s on this place; but he has tranſlated the paſſage of *Herodotus* wrong, and made the *Lybian* ſhield have the Serpents which were peculiar to the *Grecian*. By the way I muſt obſerve, that *Ogilby*'s Notes are for the moſt part a tranſcription of *Spondanus*'s.

LXIV.

VERSE 920. *So vaſt, the wide circumference contains A hundred Armies.*] The words in the Original are ἑκατὸν πόλεων πυλέεσσ' ἀραρῆαν, which are

are capable of two meanings; either that this Helmet of *Jupiter* was ſufficient to have covered the Armies of an hundred Cities, or that the Armies of an hundred Cities were engraved upon it. It is here tranſlated in ſuch a manner that it may be taken either way, tho' the Learned are moſt inclined to the former ſenſe, as that idea is greater and more extraordinary, indeed more agreeable to *Homer*'s bold manner; and not extravagant if we call in the Allegory to our aſſiſtance, and imagine it (with M. *Dacier*) an alluſion to the Providence of God that extends over all the Univerſe.

LXV.

VERSE 928. *Heav'n Gates ſpontaneous open'd.*] This marvellous circumſtance of the Gates of Heaven opening themſelves of their own accord to the Divinities that paſt thro' them, is copied by *Milton*, *Lib.* 5.

—*At the Gate*
Of Heav'n arriv'd, the Gate ſelf-open'd wide
On golden hinges turning, as by work
Divine the Sov'reign Architect had fram'd.

And again in the ſeventh book,

—*Heav'n open'd wide*
Her everduring Gates, harmonious ſound,
On golden hinges moving—

As the fiction that the Hours are the Guards of thoſe Gates, gave him the hint of that beautiful paſſage in the beginning of his ſixth,

—*The Morn*
Wak'd by the circling Hours, with roſie hand
Unbarr'd the Gates of Light, &c.

This Expreſſion of *the Gates of Heaven* is in the *Eaſtern* manner, where they ſaid the *Gates* of Heaven, or of Earth, for the *entrance* or *extremities* of Heaven or Earth; a phraſe uſual in the Scriptures, as is obſerv'd by *Dacier*.

LXVI.

VERSE 929. *Heav'ns golden Gates, kept by the winged Hours.*] By the *Hours* here are meant the *Seaſons*; and ſo *Hobbes* tranſlates it, but ſpoils the ſenſe by what he adds,

Tho' to the Seaſons Jove *the power gave*
Alone to judge of early and of late,

Which is utterly unintelligible, and nothing like *Homer*'s thought. *Natalis Comes* explains it thus, *Lib. 4. c. 5. Homerus libro quinto Iliadis non ſolum has, Portas cœli ſervare, ſed etiam nubes inducere & ſerenum facere, cum libuerit; quippe cum apertum cœlum, ſerenum nominent Poetæ, at clauſum, tectum nubibus.*

LXVII.

VERSE 954. *To tame the Monſter-God* Minerva *knows.*] For it is only *Wiſdom* that can maſter *Strength*. It is worth while here to obſerve the conduct of *Homer*. He makes *Minerva*, and not *Juno*, to fight with *Mars*; becauſe a Combate between *Mars* and *Juno* could not be ſupported by any Allegory to have authorized the Fable: whereas the Allegory of a Battel between *Mars* and *Minerva* is very open and intelligible. *Euſtathius.*

LXVIII.

VERSE 960. *Far as a Shepherd,* &c.] *Longinus* citing theſe verſes as a noble inſtance of the Sublime, ſpeaks to this effect „ In what a wonderful „ manner does *Homer* exalt his Deities; meaſu- „ ring the leaps of their very Horſes by the whole „ breadth of the Horizon? Who is there that „ conſidering the magnificence of this Hyperbole, „ would not cry out with reaſon, that if theſe „ heavenly Steeds were to make a ſecond leap, „ the World would want room for a third?" This puts me in mind of that paſſage in *Heſiod*'s *Theogony*, where he deſcribes the height of the Heavens, by ſaying

ſaying a Smith's Anvil would be nine days in falling from thence to Earth.

LXIX.

VERSE 971. *Smooth as the gliding Doves.*] This Simile is intended to expreſs the lightneſs and ſmoothneſs of the motion of theſe Goddeſſes. The Doves to which *Homer* compares them, are ſaid by the ancient Scholiaſt to leave no impreſſion of their ſteps. The word βάτην in the Original may be render'd *aſcenderunt* as well as *inceſſerunt*; ſo may imply (as M. *Dacier* tranſlates it) moving without touching the Earth, which *Milton* finely calls *ſmooth-gliding without ſtep*. *Virgil* deſcribes the gliding of one of theſe Birds by an image parallel to that in this verſe.

—*Mox aere lapſa quieto*,
Radit iter liquidum, celeres neque commovet alas.

This kind of movement was appropriated to the Gods by the *Egyptians*, as we ſee in *Heliodorus*, *Lib.* 3. *Homer* might poſſibly have taken this notion from them. And *Virgil* in that paſſage where *Æneas* diſcovers *Venus* by her gate, *Et vera inceſſu patuit Dea*, ſeems to allude to ſome manner of moving that diſtinguiſh'd Divinities from Mortals. This opinion is likewiſe hinted at by him in the fifth *Æneid*, where he ſo beautifully and briefly enumerates the diſtinguiſhing marks of a Deity,

—*Divini ſigna decoris*,
Ardenteſque notate oculos: qui ſpiritus illi,
Qui vultus, vociſque ſonus, vel greſſus eunti!

This paſſage likewiſe ſtrengthens what is ſaid in the thirtieth note on the firſt book.

LXX.

VERSE 978. Stentor *the ſtrong-, endu'd with brazen lungs.*) There was a neceſſity for Cryers whoſe voices were ſtronger than ordinary, in thoſe ancient times, before the uſe of Trumpets was known in their Armies. And that they were in eſteem

afterwards may be ſeen from *Herodotus*, where he takes notice that *Darius* had in his Train an *Egyptian*, whoſe voice was louder and ſtronger than any Man's of his age. There is a farther propriety in *Homer*'s attributing this voice to *Juno*; becauſe *Juno* is no other than the *Air*, and becauſe the *Air* is the cauſe of *ſound*. *Euſtathius Spondanus*.

LXXI.

VERSE 998. *Degen'rate Prince*, &c.] This Speech of *Minerva* to *Diomed* derives its whole force and efficacy from the offenſive compariſon ſhe makes between *Tydeus* and his Son. *Tydeus* when he was ſingle in the City of his Ennemy, fought and overcame the *Thebans*, even tho' *Minerva* forbade him; *Diomed* in the midſt of his Army, and with Enemies inferior in number, declines the fight, tho' *Minerva* conmands him. *Tydeus* diſobeys her, to engage in the Battel; *Diomed* diſobeys her to avoid engaging, and that too after he had upon many occaſions experienced the aſſiſtance of the Goddeſs. Madam *Dacier* ſhould have acknowledged this remark to belong to *Euſtathius*.

LXXII.

VERSE 1024. *Raſh, furious, blind, from theſe to thoſe he flies.*] *Minerva* in this place very well paints the manners of *Mars*, whoſe buſineſs was always to fortify the weaker ſide, in order to keep up the broil. I think the paſſage includes a fine Allegory of the nature of *War*. *Mars* is called *inconſtant* and a *breaker of his promiſes*, becauſe the chance of War is wavering, and uncertain Victory is perpetually changing ſides. This latent meaning of the Epithet ἀλλοπρόσαλλος is taken notice of by *Euſtathius*.

LXXIII.

VERSE 1033. *So great a God.*] The Tranſlation has ventured to call a Goddeſs ſo; in imitation of the *Greek*, which uſes the word Θεὸς promiſcuouſly

ly for either gender. Some of the *Latin* Poets have not ſcrupled to do the ſame *Statius*, *Thebaid* 4. (ſpeaking of *Diana*)

Nec caret umbra Deo.

And *Virgil*, *Æneid* 2. where *Æneas* is conducted by *Venus* thro' the dangers of the fire and the Enemy.

Deſcendo, ac ducente Deo, *flammam inter & hoſtes Expedior* —

LXXIV.

VERSE 1037. *Black* Orcus' *helmet.*] As every thing that goes into the dark Empire of *Pluto*, or *Orcus*, diſappears and is ſeen no more; the *Greeks* from thence borrow'd this figurative expreſſion, *to put on* Pluto's *Helmet*, that is to ſay, *to become inviſible*. *Plato* uſes this Proverb in the tenth Book of his *Republick*, and *Ariſtophanes* in *Acharnenſ.* *Euſtathius.*

LXXV.

VERSE 1054. *Loud as the roar encountring Armies yield.*] This *Hyperbole* to expreſs the roaring of *Mars*, ſo ſtrong as it is, yet is not extravagant. It wants not a qualifying circumſtance or two; the voice is not human, but that of a Deity, and the compariſon being taken from an Army, renders it more natural with reſpect to the God of War. It is leſs daring to ſay that a God could ſend forth a voice as loud as the ſhout of two Armies, than that *Camilla*, a *Latian* Nymph, could run ſo ſwiftly over the corn as not to bend an ear of it. Or to alledge a nearer inſtance, that *Polyphemus* a meer Mortal, ſhook all the Iſland of *Sicily*, and made the deepeſt caverns of *Ætna* roar with his cries. Yet *Virgil* generally eſcapes the cenſure of thoſe Moderns who are ſhock'd with the bold flights of *Homer*. It is uſual with thoſe who are Slaves to common opinion to overlook or praiſe the ſame things in one, that they blame in another. They think to depreciate *Homer* in extolling the judgment of *Virgil*, who never

ſhew'd it more than when he followed him in theſe boldneſſes. And indeed they who would take boldneſs from Poetry, muſt leave dulneſs in the room of it.

LXXVI.

VERSE 1058. *As Vapors blown*, &c.] *Mars* after a ſharp Engagement amidſt the rout of the *Trojans*, wrapt in a whirlwind of duſt which was rais'd by ſo many thouſand Combatants, flies toward *Olympus*. *Homer* compares him in this eſtate, to thoſe black clouds, which during a ſcorching ſouthern wind in the dog-days, are ſometimes born towards Heaven; for the wind at that time gathering the duſt together, forms a dark cloud of it. The heat of the fight, the precipitation of the *Trojans*, together with the clouds of duſt that flew above the Army and took *Mars* from the ſight of his Enemy, ſupply'd *Homer* with this noble Image. *Dacier*.

LXXVII.

VERSE 1074. *Thou gav'ſt that Fury to the Realms of Light, Pernicious, wild* &c.] It is very artful in *Homer*, to make *Mars* accuſe *Minerva* of all thoſe faults and enormities he was himſelf ſo eminently guilty of. Thoſe People who are the moſt unjuſt and violent accuſe others, even the beſt, of the ſame crimes: Every irrational Man is a diſtorted rule, tries every thing by that wrong meaſure, and forms his judgment accordingly. *Euſtathius*.

LXXVIII.

VERSE 1091. *Condemn'd to pain, tho' fated not to die.*] Thoſe are miſtaken who imagine our Author repreſents his Gods as mortal. He only repreſents the inferior or corporeal Deities as capable of pains and puniſhments, during the will of *Jupiter*, which is not inconſiſtent with true Theology. If *Mars* is ſaid in *Dione*'s Speech to *Venus* to have been near *periſhing* by *Otus* and *Ephialtes*, it means no more than laſting miſery ſuch as *Jupiter* threatens him with when he ſpeaks of precipitating him into

Tar-

Tartarus. *Homer* takes care to tell us both of this God and of *Pluto*, when *Paan* cured them, that they were not mortal.

Οὐ μὲν γὰρ τι καταθνητός γ' ἐτέτυκτο.

LXXIX.

VERSE 1096. *Of all the Gods*——*Thou moſt unjuſt, moſt odious*, &c.] *Jupiter*'s reprimand of *Mars* is worthy the juſtice and goodneſs of the great Governor of the World, and ſeems to be no more than was neceſſary in this place. *Homer* hereby admirably diſtinguiſhes between *Minerva* and *Mars*, that is to ſay, between *Wiſdom* and ungovern'd *Fury*; the former is produced from *Jupiter* without a Mother, to ſhow that it proceeds from God alone; (and *Homer*'s alluding to that Fable in the preceding Speech ſhows that he was not unacquainted with this opinion.) The latter is born of *Jupiter* and *Juno*, becauſe, as *Plato* explains it, whatever is created by the miniſtry of ſecond cauſes, and the concurrence of matter, partakes of that original ſpirit of diviſion which reigned in the *Chaos*; and is of a corrupt and rebellions nature. The Reader will find this Allegory purſued with great beauty in theſe two Speeches; eſpecially where *Jupiter* concludes with ſaying he will not deſtory *Mars*, becauſe he comes from himſelf; God will not annihilate *Paſſion*, which he created to be of uſe to Reaſon: „ Wiſ„ dom (ſays *Euſtathius* upon this place) has occa„ ſion for Paſſion, in the ſame manner as Princes „ have need of Guards. Therefore Reaſon and „ Wiſdom correct and keep Paſſion in ſubjection, „ but do not entirely deſtroy and ruin it.

LXXX.

VERSE 1101. *And all thy Mother in thy Soul rebels*, &c.] *Jupiter* ſays of *Juno*, that *ſhe has a temper which is inſupportable, and knows not how to ſubmit, tho' he is perpetually chaſtiſing her with his*

his reproofs. *Homer* ſays no more than this, but M. *Dacier* adds, *Si je ne la retenois par la ſeverité de mes loix, il n'eſt rien qu'elle ne bouleverſaſt dans l'Olympe & ſous l'Olympe.* Upon which ſhe makes a remark to this effect, „ that if it were not for the „ laws of Providence, the whole World would be nothing but confuſion. „ This practice of refining and adding to *Homer*'s thought in the Text, and then applauding the Author for it in the Notes, is pretty uſual with the more florid modern Tranſlators. In the third Iliad in *Helen*'s Speech to *Priam*, V. 175. ſhe wiſhes ſhe had rather dy'd than follow'd *Paris* to *Troy*. To this is added in the *French*, *Mais je n'eus ni aſſez de courage ni aſſez de vertu*, for which there is not the leaſt hint in *Homer*. I mention this particular inſtance in pure juſtice, becauſe in the Treatiſe *de la Corruption du Gout. Exam. du Liv.* 3. ſhe triumphs over M. *de la Motte* as if he had omitted the ſenſe and Moral of *Homer* in that place, when in truth he only left out her own Interpolation.

LXXXI.

VERSE 1113. *As when the Fig's preſt Juice*, &c.) The ſudden operation of the remedy adminiſter'd by *Paeon*, is well expreſs'd by this ſimilitude. It is neceſſary juſt to take notice, that they anciently made uſe of the juice or ſap of a green Fig for Runnet, to cauſe their Milk to coagulate. It may not be amiſs to obſerve, that *Homer* is not very delicate in the choice of his Alluſions. He often borrowed his Similes from low life, and provided they illuſtrated his thoughts in a juſt and lively manner, it was all he had regard to.

THE Allegory of this whole Book lies ſo open, is carry'd on with ſuch cloſneſs, and wound up with ſo much fulneſs and ſtrength, that it is a wonder how it could enter into the imagination of any Critick, that theſe actions of *Diomed* were only a daring

daring and extravagant fiction in *Homer*, as if he affected the *Marvellous* at any rate. The great Moral of it is, that a brave Man ſhould not contend againſt Heaven, but reſiſt only *Venus* and *Mars*, Incontinence and ungovern'd Fury. *Diomed* is propos'd as an exemple of a great and enterprizing nature, which would perpetually be venturing too far, and committing extravagancies or impieties, did it not ſuffer itſelf to be check'd and guided by *Minerva* or Prudence: For it is this *Wiſdom* (as we are told in the very firſt lines of the book) that raiſes a Hero above all others. Nothing is more obſervable than the particular care *Homer* has taken to ſhew he deſigned this moral. He never omits any occaſion throughout the book, to put it in expreſs terms into the mouths of the Gods or Perſons of the greateſt weight. *Minerva*, at the beginning of the Battel, is made to give this precept to *Diomed*; *Fight not againſt the Gods but give way to them; and reſiſt only* Venus. The ſame Goddeſs opens his eyes, and enlightens him ſo far as to perceive when it is Heaven that acts immediately againſt him, or when it is Man only that oppoſes him. The Hero himſelf, as ſoon as he has perform'd her dictates in driving away *Venus*, cries out, not as to the *Goddeſs*, but as to the *Paſſion*, *Thou haſt no buſineſs with Warriors, is it not enough that thou deceiv'ſt weak Women*? Even the Mother of *Venus* while ſhe comforts her Daughter, bears teſtimony to the Moral: *That Man* (ſays ſhe) *is not long-liv'd who contends with the Gods.* And when *Diomed*, tranſported by his nature, proceeds but a ſtep too far, *Apollo* diſcovers himſelf in the moſt ſolemn manner, and declares this truth in his own voice, as it were by direct revelation: *Mortal, forbear! conſider, and know the vaſt difference there is between the Gods and thee. They are immortal and divine, but Man a miſerable reptile of the duſt.*

OBSERVATIONS ON THE SIXTH BOOK.

I.

VERSE 7. FIRST Ajax.] *Ajax* performs his exploits immediately upon the departure of the Gods from the Battel. It is obſerv'd that this Hero is never aſſiſted by the Deities, as moſt of the reſt are: See his character in the Notes on the ſeventh Book. The expreſſion of the *Greek* is, that he *brought light to his Troops*, which M. *Dacier* takes to be metaphorical: I do not ſee but it may be literal; he broke thick Squadrons of the Enemy and open'd a paſſage for the light.

II.

VERSE 9. *The* Thracian *Acamas.*] This *Thracian* Prince is the ſame in whoſe likeneſs *Mars* appears in the preceding book, rallying the *Trojans* and forcing the *Greeks* to retire. In the preſent deſcription of his ſtrength and ſize, we ſee with what propriety this perſonage was ſelected by the Poet as fit to be aſſumed by the God of War.

III.

III.

VERSE 16. Axylus, *Hoſpitable.*] This beautiful character of *Axylus* has not been able to eſcape the miſunderſtanding of ſome of the Commentators, who thought *Homer* deſign'd it as a reproof of an undiſtinguiſh'd generoſity. It is evidently a Panegyrick on that Virtue, and not improbably on the Memory of ſome excellent, but unfortunate Man in that country, whom the Poet honours with the noble title of *A Friend to Mankind.* Is is indeed a ſevere reproof of the ingratitude of Men, and a kind of Satyr on human race, while he repreſents this lover of his ſpecies miſerably periſhing without aſſiſtance from any of thoſe numbers he had obliged. This death is very moving, and the circumſtance of a faithful Servant's dying by his ſide, well imagined, and natural to ſuch a character. His manner of keeping houſe near a frequented highway, and relieving all Travellers, is agreeable to that ancient Hoſpitality which we now only read of. There is abundance of this ſpirit every where in the *Odyſſeis.* The Patriarchs in the Old Teſtament ſit at their gates to ſee thoſe who paſs by, and entreat them to enter into their houſes: This cordial manner of invitation is particularly deſcribed in the 18*th* and 19*th* Chapters of *Geneſis.* The *Eaſtern* Nations ſeem to have had a peculiar diſpoſition to theſe exerciſes of humanity, which continues in a great meaſure to this day. It is yet a piece of charity frequent with the *Turks*, to erect *Caravanſerahs*, or Inns for the reception of Travellers. Since I am upon this head, I muſt mention one or two extraordinary examples of ancient Hoſpitality. *Diodorus Siculus* writes of *Gallias* of *Agrigentum*, that having built ſeverall Inns for the relief of Strangers, he appointed perſons at the gates to invite all who travell'd to make uſe of them; and that this example was followed by many others who were inclined after the ancient

ancient manner to live in a human and beneficent correſpondence with Mankind. That this *Gallias* entertain'd and cloathed at one time no leſs than five hundred Horſemen; and that there were in his cellars three hundred Veſſels, each of which contain'd an hundred Hogsheads of Wine. The ſame Author tells us of another *Agrigentine*, that at the Marriage of his Daughter feaſted all the people of his City, who at that time were above twenty thouſand.

Herodotus in his ſeventh Book has a Story of this kind, which is prodigious, being of a private Man ſo immenſely rich as to entertain *Xerxes* and his whole Army. I ſhall tranſcribe the paſſage as I find it tranſlated to my hands.

„ *Pythius* the Son of *Atys*, a *Lydian*, then „ reſiding in *Celæne*, entertain'd the King and all „ his Army with great magnificence, and offer'd „ him his Treaſures towards the expence of the „ War: which liberality *Xerxes* communicating „ to the *Perſians* about him, and asking who this „ *Pythius* was, and what riches he might have to „ enable him to make ſuch an offer? receiv'd this „ anſwer; *Pythius*, ſaid they, is the perſon who „ preſented your Father *Darius* with a Plane-tree „ and Vine of Gold: and after you, is the richeſt „ man we know in the world. *Xerxes* ſurpriz'd „ with theſe laſt words, ask'd him to what ſum his „ Treaſures might amount. I ſhall conceal nothing „ from you, ſaid *Pythius*; nor pretend to be „ ignorant of my own wealth; but being perfectly „ inform'd of the ſtate of my accompts, ſhall tell „ you the truth with ſincerity. When I heard you „ was ready to begin the march towards the *Grecian* „ Sea, I reſolv'd to preſent you with a ſum of mo- „ ney towards the charge of the War; and to that „ end having taken an account of my riches, I „ found by computation that I had two thouſand

Talents

„ Talents of ſilver, and three Millions nine hun-
„ dred ninety three thouſand pieces of gold, bearing
„ the ſtamp of *Darius*. Theſe Treaſures I freely
„ give you, becauſe I ſhall be ſufficiently furniſh'd
„ with whatever is neceſſary to life by the labour
„ of my Servants and Husbandmen.

„ *Xerxes* heard theſe words with pleaſure, and
„ in anſwer to *Pythius*, ſaid; My *Lydian* Hoſt,
„ ſince I parted from *Suſa* I have not found a man
„ beſides your ſelf, who has offer'd to entertain
„ my Army, or voluntarily to contribute his Trea-
„ ſures to promote the preſent expedition. You
„ alone have treated my Army magnificently, and
„ readily offer'd me immenſe riches: Therefore,
„ in return of your kindneſs, I make you my Hoſt;
„ and that you may be maſter of the intire ſum of
„ four Millions in gold, I will give you ſeven thou-
„ ſand *Darian* pieces out of my own Treaſure.
„ Keep then all the riches you now poſſeſs; and
„ if you know how to continue always in the ſame
„ good diſpoſition, you ſhall never have reaſon to
„ repent of your Affection to me, either now or
„ in future time.

The Sum here offer'd by *Pythius* amounts by *Brerewood*'s computation to three Millions three hundred ſeventy five thouſand Pounds ſterling, according to the leſſer valuation of Talents. I make no apology for inſerting ſo remarkable a paſſage at length, but ſhall only add, that it was at laſt the fate of this *Pythius* (like our *Axylus*) to experience the ingratitude of Man; his eldeſt Son being afterwards cut in pieces by the ſame *Xerxes*.

I V.

VERSE 57. *Oh ſpare my Youth*, &c.] This paſſage, where *Agamemnon* takes away that *Trojan*'s life whom *Menelaus* had pardoned, and is not blamed by *Homer* for ſo doing, muſt be aſcribed to the uncivilized manners of thoſe times, when Man-

kind was not united by the bonds of a rational Society, and is not therefore to be imputed to the Poet, who followed Nature as it was in his days. The Hiſtorical Books of the Old Teſtament abound in inſtances of the like cruelty to conquer'd Enemies.

Virgil had this part of *Homer* in his view when he deſcribed the death of *Magus* in the tenth *Æneid*. Thoſe lines of his prayer where he offers a ranſome are tranſlated from this of *Adraſtus*; but both the prayer and the anſwer *Æneas* makes when he refuſes him mercy, are very much heighten'd and improved. They alſo receive a great addition of beauty and propriety from the occaſion on which he inſerts them: Young *Pallas* is juſt kill'd and *Æneas* ſeeking to be reveng'd upon *Turnus*, meets this *Magus*. Nothing can be a more artful piece of addreſs than the firſt lines of that ſupplication, if we conſider the character of *Æneas* to whom it is made.

Per patrios manes, per ſpes ſurgentis Jüli,
Te precor, hanc animam ſerves natoque patrique!

And what can exceed the cloſeneſs and fullneſs of that reply to it?

..... Belli commercia Turnus
Suſtulit iſta prior jam tum Pallante perempto.
Hoc patris Anchiſæ manes, hoc ſentit Jülus.

This removes the imputation of cruelty from *Æneas*, which had leſs agreed with his character than it does with *Agamemnon*'s; whoſe reproof to *Menelaus* in this place is not unlike that of *Samuel* to *Saul* for not killing *Agag*.

V.

VERSE 74. *Her Infants at the breaſt ſhall fall.*] Or, her Infants *yet in the womb*, for it will bear either ſenſe. But I think Madam *Dacier* in the right, in her affirmation that the *Greeks* were not arrived to that pitch of cruelty to rip up the wombs of women with child. *Homer* (ſays ſhe) to remove all equivocal

equivocal meaning from this phraſe, adds the words νῆπιον ἐόντα, *juvenem puerulum exiſtentem*, which would be ridiculous were it ſaid of a child yet unborn. Beſides, he would never have repreſented one of his firſt Heroes capable of ſo barbarous a crime, or at leaſt would not have commended him (as he does juſt after) for ſuch a wicked exhortation.

VI.

VERSE 88. *Firſt gain the conqueſt, then divide the ſpoil.*] This important Maxim of War is very naturally introduced upon *Neſtor*'s having ſeen *Menelaus* ready to ſpare an Enemy for the ſake of a ranſome. It was for ſuch leſſons as theſe (ſays M. *Dacier*) that *Alexander* ſo much eſteem'd *Homer* and ſtudy'd his Poem. He made his uſe of this precept in the Battel of *Arbela*, when *Parmenio* being in danger of weakening the main Body to defend the baggage, he ſent this meſſage to him. Leave the baggage there, for if we carry the victory, we ſhall not only recover what is our own, but be maſters of all that is the Enemy's. Hiſtories ancient and modern are fill'd with examples of enterprizes that have miſcarry'd, and Battels that have been loſt, by the greedineſs of Soldiers for pillage.

VII.

VERSE 98. *Wiſe to conſult, and active to defend.*] This is a twofold branch of praiſe, expreſſing the excellence of theſe Princes both in Council and in Battel. I think Madam *Dacier*'s Tranſlation does not come up to the ſenſe of the Original. *Les plus hardis & les plus experimentez de nos Capitains.*

VIII.

VERSE 107. *Thou* Hector *to the Town.*] It has been a modern objection to *Homer*'s conduct, that *Hector* upon whom the whole Fate of the day depended, is made to retire from the Battel, only to

carry a meſſage to *Troy* concerning a Sacrifice, which might have been done as well by any other. They think it abſurd in *Helenus* to adviſe this, and in *Hector* to comply with it. What occaſion'd this falſe Criticiſm was that they imagin'd it to be a piece of *advice*, and not a *command*. *Helenus* was a Prieſt and Augur of the higheſt rank; he enjoins it as a point of Religion, and *Hector* obeys him as one inſpired from Heaven. The *Trojan* Army was in the utmoſt diſtreſs, occaſion'd by the prodigious ſlaughter made by *Diomed*: There was therefore more reaſon and neceſſity to propitiate *Minerva* who aſſiſted that Hero; which *Helenus* might know, tho' *Hector* would have choſen to have ſtay'd and truſted to the arm of fleſh. Here is nothing but what may agree with each of their characters. *Hector* goes as he was obliged in Religion, but not before he has animated the Troops, re-eſtabliſhed the combate, repulſed the *Greeks* to ſome diſtance, received a promiſe from *Helenus* that they would make a ſtand at the gates, and given one himſelf to the Army that he would ſoon return to the Fight: All which *Homer* has been careful to ſpecify, to ſave the honour and preſerve the character of this Hero. As to *Helenus* his part, he ſaw the ſtraits his Countrymen were reduced to, he knew his authority as a Prieſt, and deſign'd to revive the courage of the Troops by a promiſe of divine aſſiſtance. Nothing adds more courage to the minds of Men than Superſtition, and perhaps it was the only expedient then left; much like a modern practice in the Army, to enjoin a *Faſt* when they wanted proviſion. *Helenus* could no way have made his promiſe more credible, than by ſending away *Hector*; which look'd like an aſſurance that nothing could prejudice them during his abſence on ſuch a religious account. No Leader of leſs authority than *Hector* could ſo properly have enjoin'd this ſolemn act of Reli-

Religion; and laſtly, no other whoſe valour was leſs known than his, could have left the Army in this juncture without a taint upon his Honour. *Homer* makes this piety ſucceed; *Paris* is brought back to the Fight, the *Trojans* afterwards prevail, and *Jupiter* appears openly in their favour, *l.* 8. Tho' after all, I cannot diſſemble my opinion, that the Poet's chief intention in this, was to introduce that fine Epiſode of the parting of *Hector* and *Andromache*. This change of the ſcene to *Troy* furniſhes him with a great number of beauties. *By this means* (ſays *Euſtathius*) *his Poem is for a time diveſted of the fierceneſs and violence of Battels, and being as it were waſh'd from ſlaughter and blood, becomes calm and ſmiling by the beauty of theſe various Epiſodes.*

IX.

VERSE 117. *If ſo the Pow'r atton'd.*] The Poet here plainly ſuppoſes *Helenus*, by his skill in Augury or ſome other divine inſpiration, well inform'd that the might of *Diomed* which wrought ſuch great deſtruction among the *Trojans*, was the gift of *Pallas* incens'd againſt them. The Prophet therefore directs prayers, offerings, and ſacrifices to be made to appeaſe the anger of this offended Goddeſs; not to invoke the mercy of any propitious Deity. This is conformable to the whole ſyſtem of *Pagan* Superſtition, the worſhip whereof being grounded not on love but fear, ſeems directed rather to avert the malice and anger of a wrathful and miſchievous Dæmon, than to implore the aſſiſtance and protection of a benevolent Being. In this ſtrain of Religion this ſame Prophet is introduced by *Virgil* in the third *Æneid*, giving particular direction to *Æneas* to appeaſe the indignation of *Juno*, as the only means which could bring his labours to a proſperous end.

Unum illud tibi, nate Dea, præque omnibus unum
Prædicam, & repetens iterumque iterumque monebo.
Junonis magnæ primum prece numen adora:
Junoni cane vota libens, dominamque potentem
Supplicibus ſupera donis.——

X.

VERSE 147. *The interview of* Glaucus *and* Diomed.] No paſſage in our Author has been the ſubject of more ſevere and groundleſs criticiſms than this, where theſe two Heroes enter into a long converſation (as they will have it) in the heat of a Battel. Monſieur *Dacier*'s anſwer in defence of *Homer* is ſo full, that I cannot do better than to tranſlate it from his remarks on the 26*th* Chapter of *Ariſtotle*'s *Poetic*. There can be nothing more unjuſt than the criticiſms paſt upon things that are the effect of cuſtom. It was uſual in ancient times for Soldiers to talk together before they encounter'd. *Homer* is full of examples of this ſort, and he very well deſerves we ſhould be ſo juſt as to believe, he had never done it ſo often, but that it was agreeable to the manners of his Age. But this is not only a thing of cuſtom, but founded in reaſon itſelf. The ties of hoſpitality in thoſe times were held more ſacred than thoſe of blood; and it is on that account *Diomed* gives ſo long an audience to *Glaucus*, whom he acknowledges to be his Gueſt, with whom it was not lawful to engage in combate. *Homer* makes an admirable uſe of this conjuncture, to introduce an entertaining Hiſtory after ſo many Battels as he has been deſcribing, and to unbend the mind of his Reader by a recital of ſo much variety as the Story of the Family of *Siſyphus*. It may be farther obſerv'd, with what addreſs and management he places this long converſation; it is not during the heat of an obſtinate Battel, which had been too unſeaſonable to be excuſed by any Cuſtom whatever; but he brings

it

it in after he has made *Hector* retire into *Troy*, when the abſence of ſo powerful an Enemy had given *Diomed* that leiſure which he could not have had otherwiſe. One need only read the judicious Remark of *Euſtathius* upon this place. *The Poet* (ſays he) *after having caus'd* Hector *to go out of the Fight, interrupts the violence of Wars, and gives ſome relaxation to the Reader, in cauſing him to paſs from the confuſion and diſorder of the Action to the tranquillity and ſecurity of an hiſtorical narration. For by means of the happy Epiſode of* Glaucus, *he caſts a thouſand pleaſing wonders into his Poem; as Fables, that include beautiful Allegories, Hiſtories, Genealogies, ſentences, ancient cuſtoms, and ſeveral other graces that tend to the diverſifying of his work, and which by breaking (as one may ſay) the monotomy of it, agreeably inſtruct the Reader.* Let us obſerve, in how fine a manner *Homer* has hereby praiſed both *Diomed* and *Hector*. For he makes us know, that as long as *Hector* is in the field, the *Greeks* have not the leaſt leiſure to take breath; and that as ſoon as he quits it, all the *Trojans*, however they had regain'd all their advantages, were not able to employ *Diomed* ſo far as to prevent his entertaining himſelf with *Glaucus* without any danger to his party. Some may think after all, that tho' we may juſtify *Homer*, we cannot excuſe the Manners of his time; it not being natural for Men with ſwords in their hands to dialogue together in cold blood juſt before they engage. But not to alledge, that theſe very Manners yet remain in thoſe Countries, which have not been corrupted by the commerce of other Nations, (which is a great ſign of their being natural) what reaſon can be offer'd that it is more natural to fall on at firſt ſight with rage and fierceneſs, than to ſpeak to an Enemy before the encounter? Thus far Monſieur *Dacier*, and St. *Evremond* asks humorouſly,

morouſly, if it might not be as proper in that Country for Men to harangue before they fought, as it is in *England* to make Speeches before they are hanged?

That *Homer* is not in general apt to make unſeaſonable Harangues (as theſe Cenſurers would repreſent) may appear from that remarkable care he has ſhewn in many places to avoid them: As when in the fifth Book *Æneas* being cured on a ſudden in the middle of the fight, is ſeen with ſurprize by his Soldiers; he ſpecifies with particular caution, that they *asked him no queſtions how he became cured*, in a time of ſo much buſineſs and action. Again, when there is a neceſſity in the ſame book that *Minerva* ſhould have a conference with *Diomed*, in order to engage him againſt *Mars* (after her prohibition to him to fight with the Gods) *Homer* chuſes a time for that ſpeech, juſt when the Hero is retir'd behind his Chariot to take breath, which was the only moment that could be ſpared during the hurry of that whole engagement. One might produce many inſtances of the ſame kind.

The Diſcourſe of *Glaucus* to *Diomed* is ſeverely cenſured, not only on account of the circumſtance of time and place, but likewiſe on the ſcore of the ſubject, which is taxed as improper, and foreign to the end and deſign of the Poem. But the Criticks who have made this objection, ſeem neither to comprehend the deſign of the Poet in general, nor the particular aim of this Diſcourſe. Many paſſages in the beſt ancient Poets appear unaffecting at preſent, which probably gave the greateſt delight to their firſt Readers, becauſe they were nearly intereſted in what was there related. It is very plain that *Homer* deſigned this Poem as a Monument to the honour of the *Greeks*, who, tho' conſiſting of ſeveral independent Societies, were yet very na-

national in point of glory, being ſtrongly affected with every thing that ſeem'd to advance the honour of their common Country, and reſentful of any indignity offer'd to it. This diſpoſition was the ground of that grand Alliance which is the ſubject of this Poem. To Men ſo fond of their Country's glory, what could be more agreeable than to read a Hiſtory fill'd with wonders of a noble Family tranſplanted from *Greece* into *Aſia?* They might here learn with pleaſure that the *Grecian* Virtues did not degenerate by removing into diſtant climes: but eſpecially they muſt be affected with uncommon delight to find that *Sarpedon* and *Glaucus*, the braveſt of the *Trojan* Auxiliaries, were originally *Greeks*.

Taſſo in this manner has introduced an agreeable Epiſode, which ſhews *Clorinda* the offspring of *Chriſtian* Parents, tho' engag'd in the ſervice of the *Infidels*. Cant. 12.

X I.

VERSE 149. *Between both Armies met*, &c.] It is uſual with *Homer* before he introduces a Hero, to make as it were a halt, to render him the more remarkable. Nothing could more prepare the attention and expectation of the Reader, than this circumſtance at the firſt meeting of *Diomed* and *Glaucus*. Juſt at the time when the mind begins to be weary with the Battel, it is diverted with the proſpect of a ſingle Combate, which of a ſudden turns to an interview of friendſhip and an unexpected ſcene of ſociable Virtue. The whole air of the converſation between theſe two Heroes has ſomething heroically ſolemn in it.

X I I.

VERSE 159. *But if from Heav'n*, &c.] A quick change of mind from the greateſt impiety to as great ſuperſtition, is frequently obſervable in Men who having been guilty of the moſt heinous

crimes without any remorſe, on the ſudden are fill'd with doubts and ſcruples about the moſt lawful or indifferent actions. This ſeems the preſent caſe of *Diomed*, who having knowingly wounded and inſulted the Deities, is now afraid to engage the firſt Man he meets, leſt perhaps a God might be conceal'd in that ſhape. This diſpoſition of *Diomed* produces the queſtion he puts to *Glaucus*, which without this conſideration will appear impertinent, and ſo naturally occaſions that agreeable Epiſode of *Bellerophon* which *Glaucus* relates in anſwer to *Diomed*.

XIII.

VERSE 161. *Not long* Lycurgus, &c.] What *Diomed* here ſays is the effect of remorſe, as if he had exceeded the commiſſion of *Pallas* in encountring with the Gods, and dreaded the conſequences of proceeding too far. At leaſt he had no ſuch commiſſion now, and beſides, was no longer capable of diſtinguiſhing them from Men (a faculty ſhe had given him in the foregoing book.) He therefore mentions this ſtory of *Lycurgus* as an example that ſufficed to terrify him from ſo raſh an undertaking. The ground of the Fable they ſay is this, *Lycurgus* cauſed moſt of the Vines of his Country to be rooted up, ſo that his Subjects were obliged to mix it with water when it was leſs plentiful: hence it was feign'd that *Thetis* receiv'd *Bacchus* into her boſom.

XIV.

VERSE 170. *Immortals bleſt with endleſs eaſe.*] Tho' *Dacier*'s and moſt of the Verſions take no notice of the Epithet uſed in this place, Θεοὶ ῥεῖα ζώοντες, *Dii facilè ſeu beatè viventes*; the Tranſlator thought it a beauty which he could not but endeavour to preſerve.

VER-

X V.

VERSE 178. *Approach, and enter the dark gates of Death.*] This haughty air which *Homer* gives his Heroes was doubtless a copy of the Manners and hyperbolical Speeches of those times. Thus *Goliah* to *David*, *Sam.* 1. Ch. 17. *Approach, and I will give thy flesh to the Fowls of the air and the Beasts of the field.* The Orientals speak the same language to this day.

X V I.

VERSE 181. *Like leaves on trees.*] There is a noble gravity in the beginning of this Speech of *Glaucus*, according to the true style of Antiquity, *Few and evil are our days.* This beautiful thought of our Author whereby the Race of Men are compared to the leaves of trees, is celebrated by *Simonides* in a fine Fragment extant in *Stobæus*. The same thought may be found in *Ecclesiasticus*, Ch. 14. ℣. 18. almost in the same words; *As of the green leaves on a thick tree, some fall, and some grow; so is the generation of flesh and blood, one cometh to an end, and another is born.*

The Reader who has seen so many passages imitated from *Homer* by succeeding Poets, will no doubt be pleased to see one of an ancient Poet which *Homer* has here imitated; this is a Fragment of *Musæus* preserv'd by *Clemens Alexandrinus* in his *Stromata*, *Lib. 6.*

Ὡς δ' αὔτως ϗ φύλλα φύει ζείδωρος ἄρουρα,
Ἄλλα μὲν ἐν μελίησιν ἀποφθίνει, ἄλλα δὲ φύει,
Ὣς δὲ ϗ ἀνθρώπου γενεὴ ϗ φύλλον ἑλίσσει.

Tho' this Comparison be justly admir'd for its beauty in this obvious application to the mortality and succession of human life, it seems however design'd by the Poet in this place as a proper emblem of the transitory state not of Men but of Families, which being by their misfortunes or follies fallen

fallen and decay'd, do again in a happier ſeaſon revive and flouriſh in the fame and virtues of their poſterity: In this ſenſe it is a direct anſwer to what *Diomed* had ask'd, as well as a proper preface to what *Glaucus* relates of his own Family, which having been extinct in *Corinth*, had recover'd new life in *Lycia*.

XVII.

VERSE 193. *Then call'd* Ephyre.] It was the ſame which was afterwards called *Corinth*, and had that name in *Homer*'s time, as appears from his Catalogue, *v.* 77.

XVIII.

VERSE 196. *Lov'd for that valour which preſerves mankind.*] This diſtinction of true Valour which has the good of mankind for its end, in oppoſition to the Valour of Tyrants or Oppreſſors, is beautifully hinted by *Homer* in the Epithet ἐρατεινὴ, *amiable Valour*. Such as was that of *Bellerophon* who freed the land from Monſters, and creatures deſtructive to his ſpecies. It is apply'd to this young Hero with particular judgment and propriety, if we conſider the innocence and gentleneſs of his manners appearing from the following Story, which every one will obſerve has a great reſemblance with that of *Joſeph* in the Scriptures.

XIX.

VERSE 216. *The faithful Youth his Monarch's mandate ſhow'd.*] *Plutarch* much commends the virtue of *Bellerophon*, who faithfully carry'd thoſe Letters he might ſo juſtly ſuſpect of ill conſequence to him: The paſſage is in his diſcourſe of *Curioſity*, and worth tranſcribing. „ A Man of Curioſity „ is void of all faith, and it is better to truſt letters „ or any important ſecrets to Servants, than to „ Friends and Familiars of an inquiſitive temper. „ *Bellerophon* when he carry'd letters that order'd „ his

„ his own deſtruction did not unſeal them, but for-
„ bore touching the King's diſpatches with the ſame
„ continence, as he had refrain'd from injuring his
„ bed: For curioſity is an incontinence as well as
„ Adultery.

XX.

VERSE 219. *Firſt dire* Chimæra.] *Chimæra* was feign'd to have the head of a Lion breathing flames, the body of a Goat, and the tail of a Dragon; becauſe the mountain of that name in *Lycia* had a *Vulcano* on its top, and nouriſh'd Lions, the middle part afforded paſture for Goats, and the bottom was infeſted with Serpents. *Bellerophon* deſtroying theſe, and rendring the mountain habitable, was ſaid to have conquer'd *Chimæra*. He calls this Monſter Θεῖον γένος, in the manner of the *Hebrews*; who gave to any thing vaſt or extraordinary the appellative of *Divine*. So the Pſalmiſt ſays, *The mountains of God*, &c.

XXI.

VERSE 227. *The* Solymæan *Crew.*] Theſe *Solymi* were an ancient Nation inhabiting the mountainous parts of *Aſia* Minor between *Lycia* and *Piſidia*. *Pliny* mentions them as an inſtance of a People ſo entirely deſtroy'd, that no footſteps of them remain'd in his time. Some Authors both ancient and modern, from a reſemblance in ſound to the *Latin* name of *Jeruſalem*, have confounded them with the *Jews*. *Tacitus*, ſpeaking of the various opinions concerning the Origin of the *Jewiſh* Nation, has theſe words, *Clara alii tradunt Judæorum initia, Solymos carminibus Homeri celebratum gentem, conditâ urbi Hieroſolymum nomen è ſuo feciſſe.* Hiſt. Lib. 6.

XXII.

VERSE 239. *The* Lycians *grant a choſen ſpace of ground.*] It was uſual in the ancient times, upon any ſignal piece of ſervice perform'd by the Kings

or

or great Men, to have a portion of land decreed by the Publick as a reward to them. Thus when *Sarpedon* in the twelfth Book incites *Glaucus* to behave himſelf valiantly, he puts him in mind of theſe poſſeſſions granted by his Countrymen.

Γλαῦκε, τίη δὴ νῶϊ τετιμήμεσθα μάλιϛα--&c.
Καὶ Τέμενος νεμόμεσθα μέγα Ξανθοιο παρ' ὄχθας
Καλὸν, Φυταλιῆς τ' ἀρούρης πυροφόροιο.

In the ſame manner in the ninth Book of *Virgil*, *Niſus* is promiſed by *Aſcanius* the *fields* which were poſſeſs'd by *Latinus*, as a reward for the Service he undertook.

----*Campi quod Rex habet ipſe Latinus.*

Chapman has an interpolation in this place, to tell us that this *field* was afterwards called by the *Lycians*, *The field of wandrings*, from the wandrings and diſtraction of *Bellerophon* in the latter part of his life. But they were not theſe fields that were call'd Ἀλήϊοι, but thoſe upon which he fell from the Horſe *Pegaſus*, when he endeavoured (as the Fable has it) to mount to Heaven.

XXIII.

VERSE 245. *But when at laſt*, &c.] The ſame Criticks who have taxed *Homer* for being too tedious in this ſtory of *Bellerophon*, have cenſured him for omitting to relate the particular offence which had rais'd the Anger of the Gods againſt a Man formerly ſo highly favour'd by them: But this relation coming from the mouth of his Grandſon, it is with great decorum and propriety he paſſes over in ſilence thoſe crimes of his Anceſtor, which had provok'd the divine vengeance againſt him. *Milton* has interwoven this Story with what *Homer* here relates of *Bellerophon*.

Leſt from this flying Steed unrein'd (as once
Bellerophon, *though from a lower clime)*
Diſmounted on the Aleian *field I fall,*

Erro-

Erroneous there to wander and forlorn.
Parad. loſt. B. 7.

Tully in his third Book of *Tuſculane* Queſtions, having obſerv'd that perſons oppreſs'd with woe naturally ſeek ſolitude, inſtances this example of *Bellerophon*, and gives us his tranſlation of two of theſe lines.

Qui miſer in campis mœrens errabat Aleis,
Ipſe ſuum cor edens, hominum veſtigia vitans.

XXIV.

VERSE 267. *Our Grandſires have been Gueſts of old.*] The Laws of Hoſpitality were anciently held in great veneration. The Friendſhip contracted hereby was ſo ſacred, that they perfer'd it to all the bands of conſanguinity and alliance, and accounted it obligatory even to the third and fourth Generation. We have ſeen in the foregoing Story of *Bellerophon*, that *Prœtus*, a Prince under the ſuppoſition of being injur'd in the higheſt degree, is yet afraid to revenge himſelf upon the Criminal on this account: He is forced to ſend him into *Lycia* rather than be guilty of a breach of this Law in his own Country. And the King of *Lycia* having entertain'd the Stranger before he unſeal'd the letters, puts him upon expeditions abroad, in which he might be deſtroy'd, rather than at his Court. We here ſee *Diomed* and *Glaucus* agreeing not to be Enemies during the whole courſe of a War, only becauſe their Grandfathers had been mutual Gueſts. And we afterwards find *Teucer* engaged with the *Greeks* on this account againſt the *Trojans*, tho' he was himſelf of *Trojan* extraction, the Nephew of *Priam* by the Mother's ſide, and Couſin German of *Hector*, whoſe life he purſues with the utmoſt violence. They preſerved in their Families the preſents which had been made on theſe occaſions, as obliged to tranſmit to their Chil-

Children the memorials of this right of Hoſpitality. *Euſtathius.*

XXV.

VERSE 291. Jove *warm'd his boſom and enlarg'd his mind.*] The words in the Original are ἐξέλετο Φρένας, which may equally be interpreted, *he took away his ſenſe*, or *he elevated his mind.* The former being a reflection upon *Glaucus*'s prudence, for making ſo unequal an exchange, the latter a praiſe of the magnanimity and generoſity which induced him to it, *Porphyry* contends for its being underſtood in this laſt way, and *Euſtathius*, Monſieur and Madam *Dacier* are of the ſame opinion. Notwithſtanding it is certain that *Homer* uſes the ſame words in the contrary ſenſe in the ſeventeenth Iliad, ϒ. 470. and in the nineteenth, ϒ. 137. And it is an obvious remark, that the interpretation of *Porphyry* as much diſhonours *Diomed* who propoſed this exchange, as it does honour to *Glaucus* for conſenting to it. However I have followed it, if not as the juſter, as the moſt heroic ſenſe, and as it has the nobler air in Poetry.

XXVI.

VERSE 295. *A hundred beeves,*] I wonder the the Curious have not remark'd from this place, that the value of *Gold* to *Braſs* in the time of the *Trojan* War, was but as an *hundred* to *nine*; allowing theſe Armours of equal weight; which as they belong'd to Men of equal ſtrength, is a reaſonable ſuppoſition. As to this manner of computing the value of the Armour by *Beeves* or *Oxen*, it might be either becauſe the Money was anciently ſtamp'd with thoſe figures, or (which is moſt probable in this place) becauſe in thoſe times they generally purchaſed by exchange of commodities, as we ſee by a paſſage near the end of the ſeventh book.

XXVII.

XXVII.

VERSE 329. *Far hence be* Bacchus' *gifts---Enflaming Wine.*] This maxim of *Hector*'s concerning Wine, has a great deal of truth in it. It is a vulgar miſtake to imagine the uſe of Wine either raiſes the ſpirits, or encreaſes ſtrength. The beſt Phyſicians agree with *Homer* in the point; whatever our modern Soldiers may object to this old heroic *regimen*. One may take notice that *Sampſon* as well as *Hector* was a water-drinker; for he was a *Nazarite* by vow, and as ſuch was forbid the uſe of Wine. To which *Milton* alludes in his *Sampſon Agoniſtes*.

Where-ever fountain or freſh current flow'd
Againſt the eaſtern ray, tranſlucent, pure,
With touch æthereal of Heav'ns fiery rod,
I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying
Thirſt, and refreſh'd; nor envy'd them the grape,
Whoſe heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

XXVIII.

VERSE 335. *Ill fits it me, with human gore diſtain'd*, &c.] The cuſtom which prohibits perſons polluted with blood to perform any offices of divine worſhip before they were purified, is ſo ancient and univerſal, that it may in ſome ſort be eſteem'd a precept of natural religion, tending to inſpire an uncommon dread and religious horror of bloodſhed. There is a fine paſſage in *Euripides* where *Iphigenia* argues how impoſſible it is that human Sacrifices ſhould be acceptable to the Gods, ſince they do not permit any defil'd with blood, or even polluted with the touch of a dead body, to come near their Altars. *Iphig. in Tauris.* ℣. 380. *Virgil* makes his *Æneas* ſay the ſame thing *Hector* does here.

Me bello è tanto digreſſum & cæde recenti
Attrectare nefas, donec me flumine vivo
Abluero.—

XXIX.

VERSE 361. Sidonian *Maids.*] *Dictys Cretenſis, lib.* 1. acquaints us that *Paris* return'd not directly to *Troy* after the Rape of *Helen*, but fetch'd a compaſs, probably to avoid purſuit. He touch'd at *Sidon*, where he ſurprized the King of *Phœnicia* by night, and carry'd off many of his Treaſures and Captives, among which probably were theſe *Sidonian* Women. The Author of the ancient Poem of the *Cypriacks* ſays, he ſailed from *Sparta* to *Troy* in the ſpace of three days: from which paſſage *Herodotus* concludes that Poem was not *Homer*'s. We find in the Scriptures, that *Tyre* and *Sidon* were famous for works in gold, embroidery, *&c.* and for whatever regarded magnificence and luxury.

XXX.

VERSE 374. *With hands upliſted.*] The only geſture deſcrib'd by *Homer* as uſed by the Ancients in the invocation of the Gods, is the lifting up their hands to Heaven. *Virgil* frequently alludes to this practice; particularly in the ſecond book there is a paſſage, the beauty of which is much rais'd by this conſideration.

Ecce trahebatur paſſis Priameia virgo
Crinibus, a Templo, Caſſandra, adytiſque Minervæ,
Ad cœlum tendens ardentia lumina fruſtra,
Lumina! *nam teneras arcebant vincula* palmas.

XXXI.

VERSE 378. *Oh awful Goddeſs*, &c.] This Proceſſion of the *Trojan* Matrons to the Temple of *Minerva*, with their offering, and the ceremonies; tho' it be a paſſage ſome Moderns have criticis'd upon, ſeems to have particularly pleas'd *Virgil*. For he has not only introduced it among the figures in the Picture at *Carthage*,

Interea

Interea ad templum non aquæ Palladis ibant
Crinibus Iliades paſſis, peplumque ferebant
Suppliciter triſtes, & tunſis pectora palmis.
Diva ſolo fixos oculos averſa tenebat.

But he has again copied it in the eleventh book; where the *Latian* Dames make the ſame proceſſion upon the approach of *Æneas* to their City. The prayer to the Goddeſs is tranſlated almoſt word for word:

Armipotens præſes belli, Tritonia virgo,
Frange manu telum Phrygii prædonis, & ipſum
Pronum ſterne ſolo portiſque effunde ſub altis.

This Prayer in the *Latin* Poet ſeems introduced with leſs propriety, ſince *Pallas* appears no where intereſted in the conduct of affairs thro' the whole *Æneid*. The firſt line of the *Greek* here is tranſlated more literally than in the former Verſions; ἐρυσίπτολι, δῖα θεάων. I take the firſt Epithet to allude to *Minerva*'s being the particular Protectreſs of *Troy* by means of the *Palladium*, and not (as Mr. *Hobbes* underſtands it) the Protectreſs of all Cities in general.

XXXII.

VERSE 387. *But they vow'd in vain.*] For *Helenus* only ordered that prayers ſhould be made to *Minerva* to drive *Diomed* from before the walls; but *Theano* prays that *Diomed* may periſh, and periſh flying, which is included in his falling *forward*. Madam *Dacier* is ſo free as to obſerve here, that Women are ſeldom moderate in the prayers they make againſt their enemies, and therefore are ſeldom heard.

XXXIII.

VERSE 390. *Himſelf the Manſion rais'd*] I muſt own my ſelf not ſo great an enemy to *Paris* as ſome of the Commentators. His blind paſſion is the unfortunate occaſion of the ruine of his

Country, and he has the ill ſate to have all his fine qualities ſwallowed up in that. And indeed I cannot ſay he endeavours much to be a better Man than his Nature made him. But as to his parts and turn of mind, I ſee nothing that is either weak, or wicked, the general manners of thoſe times conſidered. On the contrary, a gentle ſoul, patient of good advice, tho' indolent enough to forget it; and liable only to that frailty of Love which methinks might in his caſe as well as *Helen*'s be charged upon the *Stars*, and the *Gods*. So very amorous a conſtitution, and ſo incomparable a Beauty to provoke it, might be temptation enough even to a wiſe man, and in ſome degree make him deſerve compaſſion, if not pardon. It is remarkable, that *Homer* does not paint him and *Helen* (as ſome other Poets would have done) like Monſters, odious to Gods and Men; but allows their characters ſuch eſtimable qualifications as could conſiſt, and in truth generally do, with tender frailties. He gives *Paris* ſeveral polite accompliſhments, and in particular a turn to thoſe Sciences that are the reſult of a fine imagination. He makes him have a taſte and addiction to *curious works* of all ſorts, which caus'd him to tranſport *Sidonian* Artiſts to *Troy*, and employ himſelf at home in adorning and finiſhing his Armour: And now we are told that he aſſembled the moſt skilful Builders from all parts of the Country, to render his Palace a compleat piece of *Architecture*. This, together with what *Homer* has ſaid elſewhere of his skill in the *Harp*, which in thoſe days included both *Muſick* and *Poetry*, may I think eſtabliſh him a *Bel-Eſprit* and a *fine Genius*.

XXXIV.

VERSE 406. *Thy Hate to* Troy, &c.] All the Commentators obſerve this Speech of *Hector* to be a piece of artifice; he ſeems to imagine that the retire-

retirement of *Paris* proceeds only from his reſentment againſt the *Trojans*, and not from his indolence, luxury, or any other cauſe. *Plutarch* thus diſcourſes upon it. „ As a diſcreet Phyſician rather „ chuſes to cure his Patient by diet or reſt, than „ by Caſtoreum or Scammony, ſo a good Friend, „ a good Maſter, and a good Father, are always „ better pleaſed to make uſe of commendation than „ reproof, for the reformation of manners: For „ nothing ſo much aſſiſts a Man who reprehends „ with frankneſs and liberty; nothing renders him „ leſs offenſive, or better promotes his good de„ ſign than to reprove with calmneſs, affection, „ and temper. He ought not therefore to urge „ them too ſeverely if they deny the fact, nor fore„ ſtall their juſtification of themſelves, but rather „ try to help them out, and furniſh them artifi„ cially with honeſt and colourable pretences to „ excuſe them; and tho' he ſees that their fault „ proceeded from a more ſhameful cauſe, he ſhould „ yet impute it to ſomething leſs criminal. Thus „ *Hector* deals with *Paris*, when he tells him, *This* „ *is not the time to manifeſt your anger againſt the* „ Trojans: As if his retreat from the Battel had „ not been abſolutely a flight, but merely the ef„ fect of reſentment and indignation. Plut. *Of know*„ *ing a Flatterer from a Friend*, juxta fin.

XXXV.

VERSE 418. *Brother, 'tis juſt*, &c.] *Paris* readily lays hold of the pretext *Hector* had furniſh'd him with, & confeſſes he has partly touch'd upon the true reaſon of his retreat; but that it was alſo partly occaſion'd by the concern he felt at the victory of his Rival. Next he profeſſes his readineſs for the fight; but nothing can be a finer trait (if we conſider his character) than what *Homer* puts into his mouth juſt in this place, that *he is now exhorted to it by* Helen: which ſhews that

not the danger of his Country and Parents, neither private ſhame, nor publick hatred, could ſo much prevail upon him, as the commands of his Miſtreſs, to go and recover his Honour.

XXXVI.

VERSE 432. Helen's *Speech.*] The repentance of *Helena* (which we have before obſerved *Homer* never loſes an opportunity of manifeſting) is finely touch'd again here. Upon the whole we ſee the Gods are always concern'd in what befalls an unfortunate Beauty: Her Stars foredoom'd all the miſchief, and Heaven was to blame in ſuffering her to live: Then ſhe fairly gets quit of the infamy of her Lover, and ſhews ſhe has higher ſentiments of Honour than he. How very natural is all this in the like Characters to this day?

XXXVII.

VERSE 462. *The Epiſode of* Hector *and* Andromache.] *Homer* undoubtedly ſhines moſt upon the great ſubjects, in raiſing our admiration or terror: pity, and the ſofter paſſions, are not ſo much of the nature of his Poem, which is formed upon Anger and the violence of ambition. But we have cauſe to think his genius was no leſs capable of touching the heart with tenderneſs, than of firing it with glory, from the few ſketches he has left us of his excellency that way too. In the preſent Epiſode of the parting of *Hector* and *Andromache*, he aſſembled all that Love, Grief, and Compaſſion could inſpire. The greateſt Cenſureres of *Homer* have acknowled'd themſelves charm'd with this part; even Monſieur *Perault* tranſlated it into *French* verſe, as a kind of Penitential Sacrifice for the Sacrileges he had committed againſt this Author.

This Epiſode tends very much to raiſe the character of *Hector* and endear him to every Reader. This Hero, tho' doubtful if he ſhould ever ſee *Troy* again, yet goes not to his Wife and Child, till after

ter

ter he has taken care for the Sacrifice, exhorted *Paris* to the fight, and diſcharg'd every duty to the Gods, and to his Country; his love of which, as we formerly remark'd, makes his chief Character. What a beautiful contraſte has *Homer* made between the manners of *Paris* and thoſe of *Hector*, as he here ſhews them one after the other in this domeſtic light, and in their regards to the fair ſex? What a difference between the characters and behaviour of *Helen* and of *Andromache*? And what an amiable picture of conjugal love, oppos'd to that of unlawful paſſion?

I muſt not forget, that Mr. *Dryden* has formerly tranſlated this admirable Epiſode, and with ſo much ſucceſs, as to leave me at leaſt no hopes of improving or equalling it. The utmoſt I can pretend is to have avoided a few modern phraſes and deviations from the Original, which have eſcaped that great Man. I am unwilling to remark upon an Author to whom every *Engliſh* Poet owes ſo much; and ſhall therefore only take notice of a Criticiſm of his which I muſt be obliged to anſwer in its place as it is an accuſation of *Homer* himſelf.

XXXVIII.

VERSE 468. *Penſive ſhe ſtood on* Ilion's *tow'ry height.*] It is a fine Imagination to repreſent the tenderneſs of *Andromache* for *Hector*, by her ſtanding upon the Tower of *Troy*, and watching all his motions in the field: even the religious office of the Proceſſion to *Menerva*'s Temple could not draw her from this place, at a time when ſhe thought her Husband in danger.

XXXIX.

VERSE 473. *Whoſe Virtue charm'd him*, &c.] *Homer* in this verſe particularizes the virtue of *Andromache* in the Epithet ἀμύμονα, *blameleſs*, or

without a fault. I have uſed it literally in another part of this Epiſode.

XL.

VERSE 487. Hector, *this heard, return'd.*] *Hector* does not ſtay to ſeek his Wife on the Tower of *Ilion*, but haſtens where the buſineſs of the field calls him. *Homer* is never wanting in point of honour and decency, and while he conſtantly obeys the ſtricteſt rules, finds a way to make them contribute to the beauty of his Poem. Here for inſtance he has managed it ſo, that this obſervance of *Hector*'s is the cauſe of a very pleaſing ſurprize to the Reader; for at firſt he is not a little diſappointed to find that *Hector* does nos meet *Andromache*, and is no leſs pleaſed afterwards to ſee them encounter by chance, which gives him a ſatisfaction he thought he had loſt. *Dacier.*

XLI.

VERSE 501. Scamandrius, *from* Scamander's *honour'd Stream*, &c.] This manner of giving proper names to Children derived from any place, accident, or quality belonging to them or their Parents, is very ancient, and was cuſtomary among the *Hebrews.* The *Trojans* call'd the Son of *Hector*, *Aſtyanax*, becauſe (as it is ſaid here and at the end of the twenty ſecond book) *his Father defended the City.* There are many inſtances of the ſame kind in the thirtieth Chapter of *Geneſis*, where the names given to *Jacob*'s Children, and the reaſons of thoſe Names, are enumerated.

XLII.

VERSE 524. *The fierce* Achilles; &c.] Mr. *Dryden* in the Preface to the third Volume of *Miſcellany Poems* has paſt a judgment upon part of this Speech which is altogether unworthy of him. „ *Andromache* (ſays he) in the midſt of her concern„ ment and fright for *Hector*, runs of her biaſs, „ to tell him a Story of her Pedigree and of the lamen-

„ lamentable death of her Father, her Mother, „ and her ſeven Brothers. The Devil was in *Hec-* „ *tor*, if he knew not all this matter, as well as „ ſhe who told it him; for ſhe had been his bed- „ fellow for many years together: and if he knew „ it then it muſt be confeſs'd, that *Homer* in this „ long digreſſion has rather given us his own „ character, than that of the fair Lady whom „ he paints. His dear Friends the Commentators, „ who never fail him at a pinch, will needs excuſe „ him, by making the preſent ſorrow of *Andro-* „ *mache*, to occaſion the remembrance of all the „ paſt: But others think that ſhe had enough to „ do with that Grief which now oppreſs'd her „ Family. „ But may not it be anſwer'd that no-thing was more natural in *Andromache*, than to recollect her paſt calamities in order to repreſent her preſent diſtreſs to *Hector* in a ſtronger light. and ſhew her utter deſertion if he ſhould periſh? What could more effectually work upon a generous and tender mind like that of *Hector*? What could therefore be more proper to each of their characters? If *Hector* be induced to refrain from the field, it proceeds from compaſſion to *Andromache*: if *Andromache* endeavour to perſuade him, it proceeds from her fear for the life of *Hector*. *Homer* had yet a farther view in this Recapitulation; it tends to raiſe his chief Hero *Achilles*, and acquaints us with thoſe great Atchievements of his which preceded the opening of the Poem. Since there was a neceſſity that this Hero ſhould be abſent from the Action during a great part of the Iliad, the Poet has ſhewn his Art in nothing more, than the methods he takes from time to time to keep up our great idea of him, and to awaken our expectation of what he is to perform, in the progreſs of the work. His greateſt Enemys cannot upbraid or complain of him, but at the ſame time they confeſs his glory and deſcribe his victories. When *Apollo* encou-

rages the *Trojans* to fight, it is by telling them *Achilles* fights no more. When *Juno* animates the *Greeks*, it is by putting them in mind that they have to do with Enemies who durſt not appear out of their Walls while *Achilles* engaged. When *Andromache* trembles for *Hector*, it is with remembrance of the reſiſtleſs force of *Achilles*. And when *Agamemnon* would bribe him to a reconciliation, it is partly with thoſe very treaſures and ſpoils which had been won by *Achilles* himſelf.

XLIII.

VERSE 528. *His Arms preſerv'd from hoſtile ſpoil.*] This circumſtance of *Aetion*'s being burned with his Arms will not appear trivial in this relation, when we reflect with what eager paſſion theſe ancient Heroes ſought to ſpoil and carry of the Armour of a vanquiſh'd Enemy; and therefore this Action of *Achilles* is mention'd as an inſtance of uncommon favour and generoſity. Thus *Æneas* in *Virgil* having ſlain *Lauſus*, and being mov'd with compaſſion for this unhappy Youth, gives him a promiſe of the like favour.

Arma, quibus lætatus, habe tua: teque parentum
Manibus, & cineri, ſi qua eſt ea cura, remitto.

XLIV.

VERSE 532. Jove's *Sylvan Daughters bade their Elms beſtow A barren ſhade*, &c.] It was the cuſtom to plant about tombs only ſuch trees as Elms, Alders, *&c.* that bear no fruit, as being moſt ſuitable to the dead. This paſſage alludes to that piece of Antiquity.

XLV.

VERSE 543. *A Victim to* Diana's *bow.*] The *Greeks* aſcribed all ſudden deaths of Women to *Diana*. So *Ulyſſes* in *Odyſſ.* 11. asks *Antyclia* among the Shades if ſhe died by the darts of *Diana?* And in the preſent book *Laodame* the Daughter of *Bellerophon*, is ſaid to have periſh'd young by the arrows

of

of this Gooddeſs. Or perhaps it may allude to ſome diſeaſe fatal to Women, ſuch as *Macrobius* ſpeaks of *Sat.* 1. 17. *Fœminas certis afflictas morbis* Σεληνοβλήτας ϗ Ἀρτεμιδοβλήτας *vocant.*

XLVI.

VERSE. 550. *That Quarter moſt.....Where yon' wild Figtrees.*] The Artifice *Andromache* here uſes to detain *Hector* in *Troy* is very beautifully imagined. She takes occaſion from the three Attacks that had been made by the Enemy upon this place, to give him an honourable pretence for ſtaying at that rampart to defend it. If we conſider that thoſe attempts muſt have been known to all in the City, we ſhall not think ſhe talks like a Soldier, but like a Woman, who naturally enough makes uſe of any incident that offers, to perſuade her Lover to what ſhe deſires. The ignorance too which ſhe expreſſes, of the reaſons that mov'd the *Greeks* to attack this particular place, was what I doubt not *Homer* intended, to reconcile it the more to a female character.

XLVII.

VERSE 583. Hyperia's *Spring.*] Drawing water was the office of the meaneſt Slaves. This appears by the holy Scripture, where the *Gibeonites* who had deceiv'd *Joſuah* are made Slaves and ſubjected to draw water. *Joſuah* pronounces the curſe againſt them in theſe Words: *Now therefore ye are curſed, and there ſhall none of you be freed from being Bondmen, and hewers of wood, and drawers of Water.* Joſh. Ch. 9. ℣. 25. *Dacier.*

XLVIII.

VERSE 595. *Stretch'd his fond arms.*] There never was a finer piece of painting than this *Hector* extends his arms to embrace his Child; the Child affrighted at the glittering of his helmet and the ſhaking of the plume, ſhrinks backward to the breaſt

breaſt of his Nurſe; *Hector* unbraces his helmet, lays it on the ground, takes the Infant in his arms, lifts him towards Heaven, and offers a prayer for him to the Gods: then returns him to the Mother *Andromache*, who receives him with a ſmile of pleaſure, but at the inſtant the fears for her Husband make her burſt into tears. All theſe are but ſmall circumſtances, but ſo artfully choſen, that every Reader immediately feels the force of them, and repreſents the whole in the utmoſt livelineſs to his imagination. This alone might be a confutation of that falſe Criticiſm ſome have fallen into, who affirm that a Poet ought only to collect the great and noble particulars in his paintings. But it is in the images of things as in the characters of perſons; where a ſmall action, or even a ſmall circumſtance of an action, lets us more into the knowledge and comprehenſion of them, than the material and principal parts themſelves. As we find this in a Hiſtory, ſo we do in a Picture, where ſometimes a ſmall motion or turning of a finger will expreſs the character and action of the figure more than all the other parts of the deſign. *Longinus* indeed blames an Author's inſiſting too much on trivial circumſtances; but in the ſame place extols *Homer* as „ the Poet who „ beſt knew how to make uſe of important and „ beautiful circumſtances, and to avoid the mean „ and ſuperfluous ones." There is a vaſt difference betwixt a *ſmall* circumſtance and a *trivial* one, and the ſmalleſt become important if they are well choſen, and not confuſed.

XLIX.

VERSE 604. Hector's *prayer for his Son.*] It may be asked how *Hector*'s prayer, that his Son might protect the *Trojans*, could be conſiſtent with what he had ſaid juſt before, that he he certainly knew *Troy* and his Parents would periſh. We ought to reflect that this is only a prayer; *Hector* in the exceſs

exceſs of a tender emotion for his Son, entreats the Gods to preſerve *Troy*: and permit *Aſtyanax* to rule there. It is at all times allowable to beſeech Heaven to appeaſe its anger, and change its Decrees; and we are taught that prayers can alter Deſtiny. *Dacier.* Beſides it cannot be infer'd from hence, that *Hector* had any divine foreknowledge of his own fate and the approaching ruine of his Country; ſince in many following paſſages we find him poſſeſs'd with ſtrong hopes and firm aſſurances to raiſe the Siege by the flight or deſtruction of the *Greeks*. So that theſe forebodings of his fate were only the apprehenſions and miſgivings of a ſoul dejected with ſorrow and compaſſion, by conſidering the great dangers to which he ſaw all that was dear to him expos'd.

L.

VERSE 612. *Tranſcends his Father's Fame.*] The commendation *Hector* here gives himſelf, is not only agreeable to the openneſs of a brave Man, but very becoming on ſuch a ſolemn occaſion; and a natural effect from the teſtimony of his own heart to his honour; at this time eſpecially, when he knew not but he was ſpeaking his laſt words. *Virgil* has not ſcrupled it, in what he makes *Æneas* ſay to *Aſcanius* at his parting for the Battel.

Et pater Æneas & avunculus excitet Hector.
Diſce puer virtutem ex me, verumque laborem,
Fortunam ex aliis——

Æn 12.

I believe he had this of *Homer* in his eye, tho' the pathetical mention of *Fortune* in the laſt line ſeems an imitatation of that Prayer of *Sophocles*, copied alſo from hence, where *Ajax* wiſhes his Son may be *like him in all things but in his misfortunes.*

L I.

VERSE 615. *His Mother's conſcious heart.*] Tho' the chief beauty of this prayer conſiſts in the pater-

paternal piety ſhewn by *Hector*, yet it wants not a fine ſtroake at the end, to continue him in the character of a tender lover of his Wife, when he makes one of the motives of his wiſh, to be the joy ſhe ſhall receive on hearing her Son applauded.

L II.

VERSE 628. *Fix'd is the Term.*] The reaſon which *Hector* here urges to allay the affliction of his Wife, is grounded on a very ancient and common opinion, that the fatal period of life is appointed to all Men at the time of their birth; which as no precaution can avoid, ſo no danger can haſten. This ſentiment is as proper to give comfort to the diſtreſs'd, as to inſpire courage to the deſponding; ſince nothing is ſo fit to quiet and ſtrengthen our minds in times of difficulty, as a firm aſſurance that our lives are expos'd to no real hazards, in the greateſt appearances of danger.

L III.

VERSE 649. *Forth iſſues* Paris.] *Paris* ſtung by the reproaches of *Hector*, goes to the Battel. 'Tis a juſt remark of *Euſtathius*: that all the reproofs and remonſtrances made in *Homer* have conſtantly their effect. The Poet by this ſhews the great uſe of reprehenſions when properly aply'd, and finely intimates that every worthy mind will be the better for them.

L IV.

VERSE 952. *The wanton Courſer thus*, &c.] This beautiful compariſon being tranſlated by *Virgil* in the eleventh *Æneid*? I ſhall tranſcribe the originals that the Reader may have the pleaſure of comparing them.

Ὡς δ' ὅτε τις σατὸς ἵππος ἀκοσήσας ἐπὶ φάτνῃ,
Δεσμὸν ἀπορρήξας θείει πεδίοιο κροαίνων,
Εἰωθὼς λούεσθαι εὐῤῥεῖος ποταμοῖο,

Κυδιόων,

Κυδιόων, ὑψῦ δὲ κάρη ἔχει, ἀμφὶ δὲ χαῖται
Ὦμοις ἀΐσσονται. ὁ δ' ἀγλαΐηφι πεποιθὼς,
Ῥίμφα ἐ γοῦνα φέρει μετά τ' ἤθεα καὶ νομὸν ἵππων.

Qualis ubi abruptis fugit præſepia vinclis
Tandem liber equus, campoque potitus aperto,
Aut ille in paſtus armentaque tendit equarum:
Aut aſſuetus aquæ perfundi flumine noto
Emicat, arrectiſque fremit cervicibus alte
Luxurians; luduntque jubæ per colla, per armos.

Tho' nothing can be tranſlated better than this is by *Virgil*, yet in *Homer* the Simile ſeems more perfect, and the place more proper. Paris had been indulging his eaſe within the walls of his Palace, as the Horſe in his ſtable, which was not the caſe of *Turnus*. The beauty and wantonneſs of the Steed agrees more exactly with the character of *Paris*, than with the other: And the inſinuation of his love of the Mares has yet a nearer reſemblance. The languiſhing flow of that verſe,

Εἰωθὼς λέεσθαι ἐϋῤῥεῖος ποταμοῖο,

finely correſponds with the eaſe and luxuriancy of the pamper'd Courſer bathing in the flood; a beauty which *Scaliger* did not conſider, when he criticis'd particularly upon that line. *Taſſo* has alſo imitated this Simile, *Cant.* 9.

Come deſtrier, che da la regie ſtalle
Ove a l'uſo de l'arme ſi reſerba,
Fugge, e libero alfin per largo calle
Và trâ gl'armenti, ò al fiume uſato, ò a l'herba;
Scherzan sù 'l collo i crini, e sù le ſpalle,
Si ſcote la cervice alta, e ſuperba;
Suonano i piè nel corſo, e par, ch'auvampi,
Di ſonori nitriti empiendo i campi.

L V.

Verse 665. Paris *excus'd his ſtay.*] Here, in the original, is a ſhort ſpeech of *Paris* containing only

only theſe words; *Brother, I have detained you too long, and ſhould have come ſooner as you deſired me.* This and ſome few others of the ſame nature in the Iliad, the Tranſlator has ventured to omit, expreſſing only the ſenſe of them. A living Author (whom future times will quote, and therefore I ſhall not ſcruple to do it) ſays that theſe ſhort Speeches, tho' they may be natural in other languages, can't appear ſo well in ours, which is much more ſtubborn and unpliant, and therefore are but as ſo many rubs in the ſtory that are ſtill turning the narration out of its proper courſe.

LVI.

VERSE 669. *Known is thy Courage*, &c.] *Hector* here confeſſes the natural valour of *Paris*, but obſerves it to be overcome by the indolence of his temper and the love of pleaſure. An ingenious *French* Writer very well remarks, that the true character of this Hero has a great reſemblance with that of *Marc Anthony*. See the 4th and 11th Notes on the third Book.

LVII.

VERSE 677. *We crown the bowl to Heav'n and Liberty.*] The *Greek* is, κρητῆρα ἐμεύθερον, *the free Boul*, in which they made libation to *Jupiter* after the recovery of their liberty. The expreſſion is obſerved by *M. Dacier* to reſemble thoſe of the *Hebrews*; *The Cup of ſalvation*, *the Cup of ſorrow* *the Cup of benediction*, &c. *Athenæus* mentions thoſe Cups which the *Greeks* call'd γραμματικὰ ἐκπώματα, and were conſecrated to the Gods in memory of ſome ſucceſs. He gives us the Inſcription of one of this ſort, which was, ΔΙΟΣ ΣΩΤΗΡΟΣ.

THE

OBSERVATIONS ON THE SEVENTH BOOK.

I.

VERSE 2. THRO' *the* Scæan *Gate.*] This gate is not here particularized by *Homer*, but it appears by the 393*d* verſe of the ſixth book that it could be no other. *Euſtathius* takes notice of the difference of the words ἐξέσσυτο and κίε, the one apply'd to *Hector*, the other to *Paris*; by which the motion of the former is deſcribed as an impetuous ſallying forth, agreeable to the violence of a Warrior; and that of the latter as a calmer movement, correſpondent to the gentler character of a Lover. But perhaps this remark is too refined, ſince *Homer* plainly gives *Paris* a character of bravery in what immediately precedes and follows this verſe.

II.

VERSE 5. *As when to Sailors*, &c.] This Simile makes it plain that the battel had relax'd during

the abſence of *Hector* in *Troy*; and conſequently that the Converſation of *Diomed* and *Glaucus* in the former book, was not (as *Homer*'s Cenſurers would have it) in the heat of the engagement.

III.

VERSE 23. *When now* Minerva, &c.] This Machine of the two Deities meeting to part the Armies is very noble. *Euſtathius* tells us it is an allegorical *Minerva* and *Apollo*; *Minerva* repreſents the prudent valour of the *Greeks*, and *Apollo* who ſtood for the *Trojans*, the power of Deſtiny: So that the meaning of the Allegory may be, that the valour and wiſdom of the *Greeks* had now conquer'd *Troy*, had not Deſtiny withſtood. *Minerva* therefore complies with *Apollo*, an intimation that Wiſdom can never oppoſe Fate. But if you take them in the literal ſenſe as a real God and Goddeſs, it may be ask'd what neceſſity there was for the introduction of two ſuch Deities? To this *Euſtathius* anſwers, that the laſt book was the only one in which both Armies were deſtitute of the aid of the Gods: In conſequence of which there is no gallant action atchiev'd, nothing extraordinary done, eſpecially after the retreat of *Hector*; but here the Gods are again introduced to uſher in a new ſcene of great Actions. The ſame Author offers this other ſolution: *Hector* finding the *Trojan* Army overpower'd, conſiders how to ſtop the fury of the preſent Battel; this he thinks may be done by the propoſal of a ſingle combate: Thus *Minerva* by a very eaſy and natural fiction may ſignify that Wiſdom or Courage (ſhe being the Goddeſs of both) which ſuggeſts the neceſſity of diverting the War; and *Apollo*, that ſeaſonable ſtratagem by which he effected it.

IV.

VERSE 37. *Vengeful Goddeſſes.*] Τιμῆν ἀθανάτησι in this place muſt ſignify *Minerva* and *Juno* the

the word being of the feminine Gender. *Euſtathius.*

V.

VERSE 48. *Sage* Helenus *their ſacred counſels knew.*] *Helenus* was the Prieſt of *Apollo*, and might therefore be ſuppos'd to be informed of this by his will. Or elſe being an *Augur*, he might learn it from the flight of thoſe birds, into which the Deities are here feigned to transform themſelves, (perhaps for that reaſon, as it would be a very poetical manner of expreſſing it.) The fiction of theſe Divinities ſitting on the Beech-Tree in the ſhape of *Vultures*, is imitated by *Milton* in the fourth Book of *Paradiſe loſt*, where *Satan* leaping over the boundaries of *Eden* ſits in the form of a Cormorant upon the Tree of life.

VI.

VERSE 57. *For not this day ſhall end thy glorious date.*] *Euſtathius* juſtly obſerves that *Homer* here takes from the greatneſs of *Hector*'s intrepidity, by making him foreknow that he ſhould not fall in this Combate; whereas *Ajax* encounters him without any ſuch encouragement. It may perhaps be difficult to give a reaſon for this management of the Poet, unleſs we aſcribe it to that commendable prejudice, and honourable partiality he bears his Countrymen, which makes him give a ſuperiority of courage to the Heroes of his own Nation.

VII.

VERSE 60. *Then with his ſpear reſtrain'd the Youth of* Troy, *Held by the midſt athwart.*--] The Remark of *Euſtathius* here is obſervable: He tells us that the Warriors of thoſe times (having no Trumpets, and becauſe the voice of the loudeſt Herald would be drown'd in the noiſe of a Battel) addreſs'd themſelves to the eyes, and that graſping the middle of the ſpear denoted a requeſt that the fight might a while be ſuſpended; the holding the

pear in that poſition not being the poſturer of a Warrior; and thus *Agamemnon* underſtands it without any farther explication. But however it be, we have a lively picture of a General who ſtretches his ſpear acroſs, and preſſes back the moſt advanced Soldiers of his Army.

VIII.

VERSE 71. *As when a gen'ral darkneſs*, &c.] The thick ranks of the Troops compoſing themſelves, in order to ſit and hear what *Hector* was about to propoſe, are compared to the waves of the ſea that are juſt ſtirr'd by the *weſt* wind; the Simile partly conſiſting in the darkneſs and ſtillneſs. This is plainly different from thoſe images of the Sea, given us on other occaſions, where the Armies in their engagement and confuſion are compared to the Waves in their agitation and tumult: And that the contrary is the drift of this Simile appears particularly from *Homer*'s uſing the word ἕατο, *ſedebant*, twice in the application of it. All the other Verſions ſeem to be miſtaken here: What cauſed the difficulty was the expreſſion ὀρνυμένοιο νέου, which may ſignify the *weſt* wind *blowing on a ſudden*, as well as *firſt riſing*. But the deſign of *Homer* was to convey an image both of the gentle motion that aroſe over the field from the helmets and ſpears before their Armies were quite ſettled; and of the repoſe and awe which enſued, when *Hector* began to ſpeak.

IX.

VERSE 79 *Hear all ye* Trojan, *all ye* Grecian *Bands.*] The Appearance of *Hector*, his formal Challenge, and the affright of the *Greeks* upon it, have a near reſemblance to the deſcription of the Challenge of *Goliah* in the firſt book of *Samuel*, Ch. 17. *And he ſtood and cried to the Armies of* Iſrael.---*Chuſe you a Man for you, and let him come*

come down to me. If he be able to fight with me, and to kill me, then will we be your Servants: but if I prevail againſt him, and kill him, then ſhall ye be our Servants.---- When Saul *and all* Iſrael *heard the words of the* Philiſtine, *they were diſmayed, and greatly afraid*, &c.

There is a fine air of gallantry and bravery in this Challenge of *Hector*. If he ſeems to ſpeak too vainly, we ſhould conſider him under the character of a Challenger, whoſe buſineſs it is to defy the Enemy. Yet at the ſame time we find a decent modeſty in his manner of expreſſing the conditions of the Combat: He ſays ſimply, *If my Enemy kills me*; but of himſelf, *If* Apollo *grant me Victory*. It was an imagination equally agreeable to a Man of generoſity and a lover of glory, to mention the Monument to be erected over his vanquiſh'd Enemy; tho' we ſee he conſiders it not ſo much an honour paid to the conquer'd as a Trophie to the conqueror. It was naturel too to dwell moſt upon the thought that pleas'd him beſt, for he takes no notice of any Monument that ſhould be raiſed over himſelf if he ſhould fall unfortunately. He no ſooner allows himſelf to expatiate, but the proſpect of Glory carries him away thus far beyond his firſt intention, which was only to allow the Enemy liberty to inter their Champion with decency.

X.

VERSE 96. *On* Phœbus' *Temple I'll his Arms beſtow.*] It was the manner of the Ancients to dedicate Trophies of this kind to the Temples of the Gods. The particular reaſon for conſecrating the Arms in this place to *Apollo*, is not only as he was the conſtant Protector of *Troy*, but as this thought of the Challenge was inſpired by him.

XI.

VERSE 98. Greece *on the ſhore ſhall raiſe a Monument.*] *Homer* took the hint of this from ſe-

veral Tombs of the ancient Heroes who had fought at *Troy*, remaining in his time upon the ſhore of the *Helleſpont*. He gives that Sea the Epithet *broad*, to diſtinguiſh the particular place of thoſe Tombs, which was on the *Rhœtean* or *Sigæan* Coaſt, where the *Helleſpont* (which in other parts is narrow) opens itſelf to the *Ægean* Sea. *Strabo* gives an account of the Monument of *Ajax* near *Rhœteum*, and of *Achilles* at the Promontory of *Sigæum*. This is one among a thouſand proofs of our Author's exact knowledge in Geography and Antiquities. Time (ſays *Euſtathius*) has deſtroy'd thoſe Tombs which were to have preſerv'd *Hector*'s glory; but *Homer*'s Poetry more laſting than Monuments and proof againſt Ages, will for ever ſupport and convey it to the lateſt Poſterity.

XII.

Verse 105. *All* Greece *aſtoniſh'd heard*] It ſeems natural to enquire, why the *Greeks*, before they accepted *Hector*'s Challenge, did not demand reparation for the former Treachery of *Pandarus*, and inſiſt upon delivering up the Author of it; which had been the ſhorteſt way for the *Trojans* to have wip'd off that ſtain: It was very reaſonable for the *Greeks* to reply to this Challenge, that they could not venture a ſecond ſingle Combate for fear of ſuch another inſidious attempt upon their Champion. And indeed I wonder that *Neſtor* did not think of this excuſe for his Countrymen, when they were ſo backward to engage. One may make ſome ſort of anſwer to this, if we conſider the clearneſs of *Hector*'s Character, and his words at the beginning of the foregoing Speech, where he firſt complains of the revival of the War as a misfortune common to them both (which is at once very artful and decent) and lays the blame of it upon *Jupiter*. Tho', by the way, his charging the *Trojans* breach of faith upon the Deity looks a little like the reaſoning

reaſoning of ſome modern Saints in the doctrine of abſolute reprobation, making God the Author of Sin, and may ſerve for ſome inſtance of the antiquity of that falſe Tenet.

XIII.

VERSE 109 *Women of* Greece! &c.] There is a great deal of fire in this Speech of *Menelaus*, which very well agrees with his character and circumſtances. Methinks while he ſpeaks one ſees him in a poſture of emotion, pointing with contempt at the Commanders about him. He upbraids their cowardice, and wiſhes they may become (according to the literal words) *earth and water*: that is, be reſolved into thoſe principles they ſprung from, or die. Thus *Euſtathius* explains it very exactly from a verſe he cites of *Zenophanes*.

Πάντες γὰρ γαίηστε καὶ ὕδατος ἐκγενόμεσθα.

XIV.

VERSE 131. *Ev'n fierce* Achilles *learn'd its force to fear.*] The Poet every where takes occaſion to ſet the brotherly love of *Agamemnon* toward *Menelaus* in the moſt agreeable light: When *Menelaus* is wounded, *Agamemnon* is more concern'd than he; and here diſſuades him from a danger, which he offers immediately after to undertake himſelf. He makes uſe of *Hector*'s ſuperior courage to bring him to a compliance; and tells him that even *Achilles* dares not engage with *Hector*. This (ſays *Euſtathius*) is not true, only the affection for his Brother thus breaks out into a kind extravagance. *Agamemnon* likewiſe conſults the honour of *Menelaus*, for it will be no diſgrace to him to decline encountering a Man whom *Achilles* himſelf is afraid of. Thus he artfully provides for his ſafety and honour at the ſame time.

XV.

VERSE 135. *The mightieſt Warrior* &c.] It cannot

with certainty be concluded from the words of *Homer*, who is the perſon to whom *Agamemnon* applies the laſt lines of this Speech; the Interpreters leave it as undetermin'd in their tranſlations as it is in the original. Some would have it underſtood of *Hector*, that the *Greeks* would ſend ſuch an Antagoniſt againſt him, from whoſe hands *Hector* might be glad to eſcape. But this interpretation ſeems contrary to the plain deſign of *Agamemnon*'s diſcourſe, which only aims to deter his Brother from ſo raſh an undertaking as engaging with *Hector*. So that inſtead of dropping any expreſſion which might depreciate the power or courage of this Hero, he endeavours rather to repreſent him as the moſt formidable of Men, and dreadful even to *Achilles*. This paſſage therefore will be moſt conſiſtent with *Agamemnon*'s deſign, if it be conſider'd as an argement offer'd to *Menelaus*, at once to diſſuade him from the engagement and to comfort him under the appearance of ſo great a diſgrace as refuſing the Challenge; by telling him that any Warrior, how bold and intrepid ſoever, might be content to ſit ſtill and rejoice that he is not expos'd to ſo hazardous an engagement. The words αἶκε φύγῃσι Δηΐτε ἰκ πολέμοιο, ſignify not to eſcape out of the combate (as Tranſlators take it) but to avoid entring into it.

The phraſe of γόνυ κάμψειν, which is literally *to bend the knee*, means (according to *Euſtathius*) to *reſt*, to ſit down, καθεσθῆναι, and is uſed ſo by *Æſchylus* in *Prometheo*. Thoſe Interpreters were greatly miſtaken who imagin'd it ſignify'd *to kneel down*, to thank the Gods for eſcaping from ſuch a combate; whereas the cuſtom of kneeling in prayer (as we before obſerv'd) was not in uſe among theſe Nations.

XVI

XVI.

VERSE 145. *The Speech of* Neſtor.] This Speech, if we conſider the occaſion of it, could be made by no perſon but *Neſtor*. No young Warrior could with decency exhort others to undertake a combate which himſelf declin'd. Nothing could be more in his character than to repreſent to the *Greeks* how much they would ſuffer in the opinion of another old Man like himſelf. In naming *Peleus* he ſets before their eyes the expectations of all their Fathers, and the ſhame that muſt afflict them in their old age if their Sons behaved themſelves unworthily. The account he gives of the converſations he had formerly held with that King, and his jealouſy for the glory of *Greece*, is a very natural picture of the warm dialogues of two old Warriors upon the commencement of a new War. Upon the whole, *Neſtor* never more diſplays his Oratory than in this place: You ſee him riſing with a ſigh, expreſſing a pathetick ſorrow, and wiſhing again for his youth that he might wipe away this diſgrace from his Country. The humour of Story-telling, ſo natural to old Men, is almoſt always mark'd by *Homer* in the Speeches of *Neſtor*. The apprehenſion that their age makes them contemptible, puts them upon repeating the brave deeds of their youth. *Plutarch* juſtifies the praiſes *Neſtor* here gives himſelf, and the vaunts of his valour; which on this occaſion were only exhortations to thoſe he addreſs'd them to; By theſe he reſtores courage to the *Greeks* who were aſtoniſh'd at the bold challenge of *Hector*, and cauſes nine of the Princes to riſe and accept it. If any Man had a right to commend himſelf, it was this venerable Prince, who in relating his own actions did no more than propoſe examples of virtue to the young. *Virgil*, without any ſuch ſoftening qualification, makes his Hero ſay of himſelf,

Sum pius Æneas, fama ſuper æthera notus.

And comfort a dying Warrior with theſe words,

Æneæ magni dextra cadis ——

The ſame Author alſo imitates the wiſh of *Neſtor* for a return of his youth, where *Evander* cries out,

O mihi præteritos referat ſi Jupiter annos!
Qualis eram, cum primam aciem Præneſte ſub ipſa
Stravi, ſcutorumque incendi Victor acervos,
Et regem hac Herilum dextra ſub Tartara miſi!

As for the Narration of the *Arcadian* War introduced here, it is a part of the true Hiſtory of thoſe times, as we are inform'd by *Pauſanias*.

XVII.

VERSE 177. *Thoſe Arms which* Mars *before Had giv'n.*] *Homer* has the peculiar happineſs of being able to raiſe the obſcureſt circumſtance into the ſtrongeſt point of light. *Areithous* had taken theſe Arms in battel, and this gives occaſion to our Author to ſay they were the preſent of *Mars*. *Euſtathius*.

XVIII.

VERSE 188. *Prone fell the Giant o'er a length of ground.*] *Neſtor*'s inſiſting upon this circumſtance of the fall of *Ereuthalion*, which paints his vaſt body lying extended on the earth, has a particular beauty in it, and recalls into the old man's mind the joy he felt on the ſight of his Enemy after he was ſlain. Theſe are the fine and natural ſtrokes that give life to the deſcriptions of Poetry.

XIX.

VERSE 196. *And nine, the nobleſt*, &c.] In this Catalogue of the nine Warriors, who offer themſelves as Champions for *Greece*, one may take notice of the firſt and the laſt who riſes up. *Agamemnon* advanced foremoſt, as it beſt became the General, and *Ulyſſes* with his uſual caution took time to deliberate till ſeven more had offer'd them-

themſelves. *Homer* gives a great encomium of the Eloquence of *Neſtor* in making it produce ſo ſudden an effect; eſpecially when *Agamemnon*, who did not proffer himſelf before, even to ſave his Brother, is now the firſt that ſteps forth: One would fancy this particular circumſtance was contrived to ſhew, that Eloquence has a greater power than even Nature itſelf.

X X.

VERSE 208. *Let the Lots decide.*] This was a very prudent piece of conduct in *Neſtor*: he does not chuſe any of thoſe nine himſelf, but leaves the determination entirely to Chance. Had he named the Hero, the reſt might have been griev'd to have ſeen another prefer'd before them; and he well knew that the Lot could not fall upon a wrong perſon, where all were valiant. *Euſtathius.*

X X 1.

VERSE 209. *Whom Heav'n ſhall chuſe, be his the chance to raiſe*
His Country's Fame, his own immortal Praiſe.] The original of this paſſage is ſomewhat confuſed; the Interpreters render it thus: Caſt the Lots, and he who ſhall be choſen, if he eſcapes from this dangerous Combate, will do an eminent ſervice to the *Greeks*, and alſo have cauſe to be greatly ſatisfied himſelf. But the ſenſe will appear more diſtinct and rational if the words ὅτος and αὐτὸς be not underſtood of the ſame perſon: and the meaning of *Neſtor* will then be, he who is choſen for the engagement by the Lot, will do his Country great ſervice, and he likewiſe who is not, will have reaſon to rejoice for eſcaping ſo dangerous a Combate. The Expreſſion αἴκε φύγῃσι Δαΐος ἐκ πολέμοιο, is the ſame *Homer* uſes in ℣. 113. 119. of this book, which we explain'd in the ſame ſenſe in Note 15.

XXII.

XXII.

VERSE 212. *The People pray.*] *Homer* who ſuppoſes every thing on Earth to proceed from the immediate diſpoſition of Heaven, allows not even the *Lots* to come up by chance, but places them in the hands of God. The People pray to him for the diſpoſal of them, and beg that *Ajax*, *Diomed*, or *Agamemnon* may be the perſon. In which the Poet ſeems to make the Army give his own ſentiments concerning the preference of valour in his Heroes, to avoid an odious compariſon in downright terms, which might have been inconſiſtent with his deſign of complementing the *Grecian* Families. They afterwards offer up their prayers again, juſt as the Combate is beginning, that if *Ajax* does not conquer, at leaſt he may divide the Glory with *Hector*; in which the Commentators obſerve *Homer* preparestheReaders for what is to happen in theſequel.

XXIII.

VERSE 225. *Surveys th' Inſcription.*] There is no neceſſity to ſuppoſe that they put any letters upon theſe Lots, at leaſt not their names, becauſe the Herald could not tell to whom the Lot of *Ajax* belong'd, till he claim'd it himſelf. It is more probable that they made ſome private mark or ſignet each upon his own Lot. The Lot was only a piece of wood, a ſhell, or any thing that lay at hand. *Euſtathius.*

XXIV.

VERSE 227. *Warriors! I claim the Lot.*] This is the firſt Speech of *Ajax* in the Iliad. He is no Orator, but always expreſſes himſelf in ſhort, generally bragging, or threatning, and very poſitive. The appellation of ἔρκος Ἀχαιῶν, the *Bulwark of the* Greeks, which *Homer* almoſt conſtantly gives him, is extremely proper to the bulk, ſtrength, and immobility of this heavy Hero who'

who on all occaſions is made to ſtand to the buſineſs, and ſupport the brunt. Theſe qualifications are given him, that he may laſt out, when the reſt of the chief Heroes are wounded. This makes him of excellent uſe in Iliad 13, *&c.* He there puts a ſtop to the whole force of the Enemy, and a long time prevents the firing of the Ships. It is particularly obſervable that he is never aſſiſted by any Deity as the others are. Yet one would think *Mars* had been no improper Patron for him, there being ſome reſemblance in the boiſterous Character of that God and this Hero. However it be, this conſideration may partly account for a particular which elſe might very well raiſe a queſtion: Why *Ajax*, who is in this book ſuperior in ſtrength to *Hector*, ſhould afterward in the Iliad ſhun to meet him, and appear his inferior? We ſee the Gods make this difference: *Hector* is not only aſſiſted by them in his own perſon, but his Men ſecond him, whereas thoſe of *Ajax* are diſpirited by Heaven: To which one may add another which is a natural reaſon, *Hector* in this book expreſly tells *Ajax* he will now make uſe of no skill or art in fighting with him, The *Greek* in bare brutal ſtrength prov'd too hard for *Hector*, and therefore he might be ſuppos'd afterwards to have exerted his dexterity againſt him.

XXV.

VERSE 251. *He moves to Combate*, &c.] This Deſcription is full of the ſublime Imagery ſo peculiar to our Author. The *Grecian* Champion is drawn in all that terrible glory with which he equals his Heroes to the Gods: He is no leſs dreadful than *Mars* moving to Battel to execute the decrees of *Jove* upon Mankind, and determine the Fate of Nations. His march, his poſture, his countenance, his bulk, his tow'r-like ſhield, in a word, his whole figure ſtrikes our eyes in all the

the ſtrongeſt colours of Poetry. We look upon him as a Deity, and are not aſtoniſh'd at thoſe emotions which *Hector* feels at the ſight of him.

XXVI.

VERSE 269. *The Work of* Tychius.] I ſhall ask leave to tranſcribe here the ſtory of this *Tychius*, as we have it in the ancient *Life of Homer* attributed to *Herodotus*. "*Homer* falling into poverty, „ determined to go to *Cuma*, and as he paſt thro' „ the plain of *Hermus*, came to a place called „ *The new Wall*, which was a Colony of the „ *Cumæans*. Here (*after he had recited five verſes* „ *in celebration of* Cuma) he was received by a „ Leather dreſſer, whoſe name was *Tychius*, into „ his houſe, where he ſhew'd to his Hoſt and his „ company, a Poem on the Expedition of *Am-* „ *phiaraus*, and his Hymns. The admiration he „ there obtain'd procur'd him a preſent ſubſiſtance. „ They ſhew to this day with great veneration the „ place where he ſate when he recited his verſes, „ and a Poplar which they affirm to have grown „ there in his time." If there be any thing in this ſtory, we have reaſon to be pleas'd with the grateful temper of our Poet, who took this occaſion of immortalizing the name of an ordinary Tradeſman, who had obliged him. The ſame account of his life takes notice of ſeveral other inſtances of his gratitude in the ſame kind.

XXVII.

VERSE 270. *In Arts of Armoury.*] I have called *Tychius* an Armourer rather than a Leather-dreſſer or Currier; his making the ſhield of *Ajax* authorizes one expreſſion as well as the other; and tho' that which *Homer* uſes had no lowneſs or vulgarity in the *Greek*, it was not to be admitted into *Engliſh* heroic verſe.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

VERSE 273. Hector, *approach my arm*, &c.] I think it needleſs to obſerve how exactly this ſpeech of *Ajax* correſponds with his blunt and Soldier-like Character. The ſame propriety, in regard to this Hero, is maintained throughout the Iliad. The buſineſs he is about is all that employs his head, and he ſpeaks of nothing but fighting. The laſt line is an image of his mind at all times,

No more—be ſudden, and begin the fight.

XXIX.

VERSE 285. *Me, as a Boy or Woman, would'ſt thou fright?*] This reply of *Hector* ſeems rather to allude to ſome action *Ajax* had uſed in his approach to him, as *ſhaking his ſpear*, or the like, than to any thing he had ſaid in his Speech. For what he had told him amounts to no more than that there were ſeveral in the *Grecian* Army who had courted the honour of this Combate as well as himſelf. I think one muſt obſerve many things of this kind in *Homer*, that allude to the particular Attitude or action which the Author ſuppoſes the perſon to be in at that time.

XXX.

VERSE 290. *Turn, charge, and anſwer ev'ry call of War.*] The *Greek* is, *To move feet to the ſound of Mars*, which ſeems to ſhew that thoſe military Dances were in uſe even in *Homer*'s time, which were afterwards practiſed in *Greece*.

XXXI.

VERSE 305. *From their bor'd ſhields the Chiefs their jav'lins drew.*] *Homer* in this Combate makes his Heroes perform all their exercifes with all ſorts of weapons; firſt darting lances at diſtance, then advancing cloſer, & puſhing with ſpears, then caſting ſtones, & laſtly attacking with ſwords; in every one of which the Poet gives the ſuperiority to his Countryman. It is farther obſervable (as *Euſtathius* remarks)

remarks) that *Ajax* allows *Hector* an advantage in throwing the firſt ſpear.

XXXII.

VERSE 327. Apollo's *might.*] In the beginning of this book we left *Apollo* perch'd upon a tree, in the ſhape of a Vultur, to behold the Combate: He comes now very opportunely to ſave his Favourite *Hector.* *Euſtathius* ſays that *Apollo* is the ſame with *Deſtiny*, ſo that when *Homer* ſays *Apollo* ſav'd him, he means no more than that it was not his fate yet to die, as *Helenus* had foretold him.

XXXIII.

VERSE 332. *Heralds, the ſacred Miniſters* &c.] The Heralds of old were ſacred perſons, accounted the Delegates of *Mercury*, and inviolable by the Law of Nations. The ancient Hiſtories have many examples of the ſeverity exerciſed againſt thoſe who committed any outrage upon them. Their office was to aſſiſt in the Sacrifices and Councils, to proclaim War or Peace, to command ſilence at Ceremonies or ſingle Combates, to part the Combatants, and to declare the Conqueror, *&c.*

XXXIV.

VERSE 333. *Divine* Talthybius, &c] This interpoſition of the two Heralds to part the Combatants, on the approach of the night is apply'd by *Taſſo* to the ſingle Combate of *Tancred* and *Argantes* in the ſixth book of his *Jeruſalem.* The Herald's Speech, and particularly that remarkable injunction to *obey the Night*, are tranſlated literally by that Author. The Combatants there alſo part not without a promiſe of meeting again in battel, on ſome more favourable opportunity.

XXXV.

VERSE 336. *And firſt* Idæus] *Homer* obſerves a juſt decorum in making *Idæus* the *Trojan* Herald ſpeak firſt, to end the Combate wherein *Hector* had the diſadvantage. *Ajax* is very ſenſible of this diffe-

difference; when in his reply he requires that *Hector* ſhould firſt ask for a ceſſation, as he was the Challenger. *Euſtathius.*

XXXVI.

VERSE 350. *O firſt of* Greeks, &c.] *Hector*, how hardly ſoever he is preſt by his preſent circumſtance, ſays nothing to obtain a Truce that is not ſtrictly conſiſtent with his honour When he praiſes *Ajax*, it leſſens his own diſadvantage, and he is careful to extol him only above the *Greeks*, without acknowleging him more valiant than himſelf or the *Trojans*: *Hector* is always jealous of the honour of his Country. In what follows we ſee he keeps himſelf on a level with his Adverſary; *Hereafter we ſhall meet.—Go thou, and give the ſame joy to thy* Grecians *for thy eſcape, as I ſhall to my* Trojans. The *Point of Honour* in all this is very nicely preſerved.

XXXVII.

VERSE 362. *Who wearies Heav'n with vows for* Hector's *life.*] *Euſtathius* gives many ſolutions of the difficulty in theſe words, Θεῖον ἀγῶνα: They mean either that the *Trojan* Ladies will pray to the Gods for him (ἀγωνίως, or *certatim*) with the utmoſt zeal and tranſport; or that they will go in Proceſſion to the Temples for him (εἰς θεῖον ἀγῶνα, *cœtum Deorum*) or that they will pray to him as to a God, ὅσα θεῷ τινὶ εὐξονται μοι.

XXXVIII.

VERSE 364. *Exchange ſome gift.*] There is nothing that gives us a greater pleaſure in reading an heroic Poem, than the generoſity which one brave Enemy ſhews to another. The propoſal made here by *Hector*, and ſo readily embraced by *Ajax*, makes the parting of theſe two Heroes more

glorious to them than the continuance of the Combate had been. A *French* Critick is ſhock'd at *Hector's* making propoſals to *Ajax* with an air of equality; he ſays a Man that is vanquiſh'd, inſtead of talking of preſents, ought to retire with ſhame from his Conqueror. But that *Hector* was vanquiſh'd is by no means to be allowed; *Homer* had told us that his ſtrength was reſtored by *Apollo*, and that the two Combatants were engaging again upon equal terms with their ſwords. So that this criticiſm falls to nothing. For the reſt, 'tis ſaid that this exchange of preſents between *Hector* and *Ajax* gave birth to a Proverb, that the Preſents of Enemies are generally fatal For *Ajax* with this ſword afterwards killed himſelf, and *Hector* was dragg'd by this Belt at the Chariot of *Achilles*.

XXXIX.

VERSE 387. *Before great* Ajax *plac'd the mighty Chine.*) This is one of thoſe paſſages that will naturally fall under the ridicule of a true modern Critick. But what *Agamemnon* here beſtows on *Ajax* was in former times a great mark of reſpect and honour: Not only as it was cuſtomary to diſtinguiſh the quality of their Gueſts by the largeneſs of the portions aſſigned them at their tables, but as this part of the Victim peculiarly belong'd to the King himſelf. It is worth remarking on this occaſion, that the ſimplicity of thoſe times allowed the eating of no other fleſh but beef, mutton, or kid. This is the food of the Heroes of *Homer*, and the Patriarchs and Warriors of the old Teſtament. Fiſhing and Fowling were the arts of more luxurious Nations, and came much later into *Greece* and *Iſrael*

One cannot read this paſſage without being pleaſed with the wonderful ſimplicity of the old heroic Ages. We have here a gallant Warrior returning victorious (for that he thought himſelf ſo, appears from

from thoſe words κεχαρηότα νίκῃ) from a ſingle Combate with the braveſt of his Enemies; and he is no otherwiſe rewarded than with a larger portion of the Sacrifice at ſupper. Thus an upper ſeat or a more capacious bowl was a recompence for the greateſt Actions; and thus the only reward in the Olympic Games was a pine branch, or a Chaplet of parſley or wild olive. The latter part of this Note belongs to *Euſtathius*.

X L.

VERSE 399. *While we to flames*, &c.] There is a great deal of artifice in this counſel of *Neſtor* of burning the dead and raiſing a Fortification; for tho' piety was the ſpecious pretext, their ſecurity was the real aim of the Truce, which they made uſe of to finiſh their Works. Their doing this at the ſame time they erected the Funeral Piles, made the impoſition eaſy upon the Enemy, who might naturally miſtake one work for the other. And this alſo obviates a plain objection, *viz.* Why the *Trojans* did not interrupt them in this work; The Truce determined no exact time, but as much as was needful for diſcharging the Rites of the dead.

I fancy it may not be unwelcome to the Reader to enlarge a little upon the way of diſpoſing the dead among the Ancients. It may be proved from innumerable inſtances that the *Hebrews* interred their Dead; thus *Abraham*'s burying-place is frequently mentioned in Scripture: And that the *Ægyptians* did the ſame is plain from their embalming them. Some have been of opinion that the uſage of burning the Dead was originally to prevent any outrage to the bodies from their Enemies; which imagination is render'd not improbable by that paſſage in the firſt book of *Samuel*, where the *Iſraelites* burn the bodies of *Saul* and his Sons after they had been miſuſed by the *Philiſtines*, even tho' their common cuſtom was to bury their Dead. And ſo

Sylla among the *Romans* was the firſt of his Family who order'd his body to be burnt, for fear the barbarities he had exerciſed on that of *Marius*, might be retaliated upon his own. Tully *de legibus*, *lib.* 2. *Proculdubio cremandi ritus a Græcis venit, nam ſepultum legimus Numam ad Anienis fontem; totique genti Corneliæ ſolenne fuiſſe ſepulcrum, uſque ad Syllam, qui primus ex ea gente crematus eſt.* The *Greeks* uſed both ways of interring and burning; *Patroclus* was burned, and *Ajax* laid in the ground; as appears from *Sophocles*'s *Ajax*, lin. 1185.

Σπεῦσον κοίλην κάπελόν τιν' ἰδεῖν

Τῶ δὲ τάφον.——

Haſten (ſays the Chorus) *to prepare a hollow hole, a Grave for this man.*

Thucidydes in his ſecond book mentions λάρνακας κυπαρισσίνας, coffins or cheſts made of cypreſs wood, in which the *Athenians* kept the bones of their Friends that dy'd in the Wars.

The *Romans* derived from the *Greeks* both theſe cuſtoms of burning and burying: *In Urbe neve* SEPELITO *neve* URITO, ſays the Law of the twelve Tables. The place where they burn'd the Dead was ſet apart for this religious uſe, and called *Glebe*; from which practice the name is yet apply'd to all the grounds belonging to the Church.

Plutarch obſerves that *Homer* is the firſt who mentions one general Tomb for a number of dead perſons. Here is a *Tumulus* built round the *Pyre*, not to bury their Bodies, for they were to be burn'd; nor to receive the bones, for thoſe were to be carry'd to *Greece*; but perhaps to inter their aſhes, (which cuſtom may be gather'd from a paſſage in Iliad 23. ϒ. 255.) or it might be only a *Cenotaph* in remembrance of the Dead.

XLI.

VERSE 415. *The* Trojan *Peers in nightly Coun-*

cil

cil ſate.] There is a great beauty in the two Epithets *Homer* gives to this Council, δειν᾽, τέλεηχυῖαι *timida, turbulenta.* The unjuſt ſide is always fearful and diſcordant. I think M. *Dacier* has not entirely done juſtice to this thought in her Tranſlation. *Horace* ſeems to have accounted this an uſeful and neceſſary part, that contain'd the great Moral of the Iliad, as may be ſeen from his ſelecting it in particular from the reſt, in his Epiſtle to *Lollius.*

Fabula, qua Paridis propter narratur amorem,
Græcia Barbariæ lento colliſa duello,
Stultorum Regum & populorum continet æſtus.
Antenor cenſet belli præcidere cauſam.
Quid Paris? Ut ſalvus regnet, vivatque beatus,
Cogi poſſe negat.----

XLII.

VERSE 441. *The rev'rend* Priam *roſe.*] *Priam* rejects the wholſome advice of *Antenor*, and complies with his Son. This is indeed extremely natural to the indulgent character and eaſy nature of the old King, of which the whole *Trojan* War is a proof; but I could wiſh *Homer* had not juſt in this place celebrated his wiſdom in calling him Θεόφιν μήσωρ ἀτάλαντος. *Spondanus* refers this blindneſs of *Priam* to the power of Fate, the time now approaching when *Troy* was to be puniſh'd for its injuſtice. Something like this weak fondneſs of a Father is deſcribed in the Scripture in the Story of *David* and *Abſalom.*

XLIII.

VERSE 450. *Next let a Truce be ask'd.*] The conduct of *Homer* in this place is remarkable: He makes *Priam* propoſe in Council to ſend to the *Greeks* to ask a Truce to bury the Dead. This the *Greeks* themſelves had before determined to propoſe: But it being more honourable to his Country, the Poet makes the *Trojan* Herald prevent any propoſi-

tion that could be made by the *Greeks*. Thus they are requeſted, to do what they themſelves were about to requeſt, and have the honour to comply with a propoſal which they themſelves would otherwiſe have taken as a favour. *Euſtathius*.

XLIV.

VERSE 455. *Each at his Poſt in Arms.*] We have here the manner of the *Trojans* taking their repaſt: Not promiſcuouſly, but each at his Poſt. *Homer* was ſenſible that military Men ought not to remit their guard, even while they refreſh themſelves, but in every action diſplay the Soldier. *Euſtathius*.

XLV.

VERSE 460. *The Speech of* Idæus.] The propoſition of reſtoring the Treaſures, and not *Helen*, is ſent as from *Paris* only; in which his Father ſeems to permit him to treat by himſelf as a Sovereign Prince, and the ſole Author of the War. But the Herald ſeems to exceed his commiſſion in what he tells the *Greeks*. *Paris* only offer'd to reſtore the Treaſures he took from *Greece*, not including thoſe he brought from *Sidon* and other coaſts, where he touch'd in his voyage: But *Idæus* here proffers all that he brought to *Troy*. He adds, as from himſelf, a wiſh that *Paris* had periſh'd in that voyage. Some ancient Expoſitors ſuppoſe thoſe words to be ſpoken aſide, or in a low voice, as it is uſual in Dramatic Poetry. But without that *Salvo*, a generous love for the welfare of his Country might tranſport *Idæus* into ſome warm expreſſions againſt the Author of its woes. He lays aſide the Herald to act the Patriot, and ſpeaks with a noble indignation againſt *Paris*, that he may influence the *Grecian* Captains to give a favourable anſwer. *Euſtathius*.

XLVI.

VERSE 474. *The* Greeks *gave ear, but none*

the

the ſilence broke.] This ſilence of the *Greeks* might naturally proceed from their opinion that however deſirous they were to put an end to this long War, *Menelaus* would never conſent to relinquiſh *Helen*, which was the thing inſiſted upon by *Paris*. *Euſtathius* accounts for it in another manner, and it is from him M. *Dacier* has taken her Remark. The Princes (ſays he) were ſilent, becauſe it was the part of *Agamemnon* to determine in matters of this nature; and *Agamemnon* is ſilent, being willing to hear the inclination of the Princes. By this means he avoided the imputation of expoſing the *Greeks* to dangers for his advantage and glory; ſince he only gives the anſwer which is put into his mouth by the Princes, with the general applauſe of the Army.

XLVII.

VERSE 476. *Oh take not*, Greeks! &c.] There is a peculiar decorum in making *Diomed* the Author of this advice, to reject even *Helen* herſelf if ſhe were offer'd. This had not agreed with an amorous Husband like *Menelaus*; nor with a cunning Politician like *Ulyſſes*, nor with a wiſe old Man like *Neſtor*. But it is proper to *Diomed*, not only as a young fearleſs Warrior, but as he is in particular an enemy to the intereſts of *Venus*.

XLVIII.

VERSE 507. *And lay'd along the Cars.*] Theſe probably were not Chariots, but carriages; for *Homer* makes *Neſtor* ſay in ν. 332. that this was to be done with mules and oxen, which were not commonly join'd to Chariots, and the word κυκλήσομεν there, may be apply'd to any vehicle that runs on wheels. Ἅμαξα ſignifies indifferently *plauſtrum* or *currus*; and our *Engliſh* word *Car* implies either. But if they did uſe chariots in bearing their dead, it is at leaſt evident, that thoſe

chariots were drawn by mules and oxen at Funeral ſolemnities. *Homer*'s uſing the word ἅμαξα and not ἅρμα, confirms this opinion.

XLIX.

VERSE 520. *Then, to ſecure the Camp*, &c.] *Homer* has been accus'd of an offence againſt probability, in cauſing this Fortification to be made ſo late as in the laſt year of the War. Mad. *Dacier* anſwers to this objection, that the *Greeks* had no occaſion for it till the departure of *Achilles*: He alone was a greater defence to them; and *Homer* had told the Reader in a preceding book, that the *Trojans* never durſt venture out of the Walls of *Troy* while *Achilles* fought: Theſe Intrenchments therefore ſerve to raiſe the glory of his principal Hero, ſince they become neceſſary as ſoon as he withdraws his aid. She might have added, that *Achilles* himſelf ſays all this, and makes *Homer*'s apology in the ninth book, ℣. 349. The ſame Author, ſpeaking of this Fortification, ſeems to doubt whether the uſe of intrenching Camps was known in the *Trojan* War; and is rather inclined to think *Homer* borrowed it from what was practiſed in his own time. But I believe if we conſider the caution with which he has been obſerved, in ſome inſtances already given, to preſerve the Manners of the Age he writes of, in contradiſtinction to what was practiſed in his own; we may reaſonably conclude the Art of Fortification was in uſe even ſo long before him, and in the degree of perfection that he here deſcribes it. If it was not, and if *Homer* was fond of deſcribing an improvement in this Art made in his own days, nothing could be better contrived than his feigning *Neſtor* to be the Author of it, whoſe wiſdom and experience in War render'd it probable that he might carry his projects farther than the reſt of his Contemporaries. We

have here a Fortification as perfect as any in the modern times. A ſtrong Wall is thrown up; Towers are built upon it from ſpace to ſpace; Gates are made to iſſue out at; and a Ditch ſunk, deep, wide and long: to all which Paliſades are added to compleat it.

L.

VERSE 526. *Meanwhile the Gods.*] The fiction of this Wall raiſed by the *Greeks*, has given no little advantage to *Homer*'s Poem, in furniſhing him with an opportunity of changing the ſcene, and in a great degree the ſubject and accidents of his Battels; ſo that the following deſcriptions of War are totally different from all the foregoing. He takes care at the firſt mention of it to fix in us a great idea of this Work, by making the Gods immediately concern'd about it. We ſee *Neptune* jealous leſt the glory of his own work, the Walls of *Troy*, ſhould be effaced by it; and *Jupiter* comforting him with a Prophecy that it ſhall be totally deſtroy'd in a ſhort time. *Homer* was ſenſible that as this was a building of his imagination only, and not founded (like many other of his Deſcriptions) upon ſome Antiquities or Traditions of the country, ſo Poſterity might convict him of a falſity when no remains of any ſuch Wall ſhould be ſeen on the coaſt. Therefore (as *Ariſtotle* obſerves) he has found this way to elude the cenſure of an improbable fiction: The word of *Jove* was fulfilled, the hands of the Gods, the force of the Rivers, and the waves of the Sea demoliſh'd it. In the twelfth book he digreſſes from the ſubject of his Poem to deſcribe the execution of this Prophecy. The verſes there are very noble, and have given the hint to *Milton* for thoſe in which he accounts, after the ſame poetical manner, for the vaniſhing of the Terreſtrial Paradiſe:

--- All Fountains of the Deep
Broke up, ſhall heave the Ocean to uſurp

Beyond all bounds, till inundation riſe
Above the higheſt hills: Then ſhall this Mount
Of Paradiſe *by might of Waves be mov'd*
Out of its place, puſh'd by the horned Flood,
With all its verdure ſpoil'd, and Trees adrift,
Down the great River to the opening gulf,
And there take root an Iſland ſalt and bare,
The haunt of Seals and Orcs, and Sea-mews clang.

L I.

VERSE 560. *And now the Fleet,*] The verſes from hence to the end of the book afford us the knowledge of ſome points of Hiſtory and Antiquity. As that *Jaſon* had a Son by *Hypſipyle*, who ſucceeded his Mother in the Kingdom of *Lemnos*. That the Iſle of *Lemnos* was anciently famous for its Wines, and drove a traffick in them; and that coined money was not in uſe in the time of the *Trojan* War, but the Trade of countries carry'd on by exchange in groſs, braſs, oxen, ſlaves, &c. I muſt not forget the particular term uſed here for Slave, ἀνδράποδον, which is literally the ſame with our modern word *Footman*.

L I I.

VERSE 572. *But* Jove *averſe*, &c.] The Signs by which *Jupiter* here ſhews his wrath againſt the *Grecians*, are a prelude to thoſe more open declarations of his anger which follow in the next book, and prepare the mind of the Reader for that Machine, which might otherwiſe ſeem too bold and violent.

OBSER-

OBSERVATIONS ON THE EIGHTH BOOK.

I.

HOMER, like moſt of the *Greeks*, is thought to have travell'd into *Ægypt*, and brought from the Prieſts there not only their learning, but their manner of conveying it in Fables and Hieroglyphicks. This is neceſſary to be conſider'd by thoſe who would thoroughly penetrate into the beauty and deſign of many parts of this Author. For whoever reflects that this was the mode of learning in thoſe times, will make no doubt but there are ſeveral myſteries both of natural and moral Philoſophy involv'd in his fictions, which otherwiſe in the literal meaning appear too trivial or irrational; and it is but juſt, when theſe are not plain or immediately intelligible, to imagine that ſomething of this kind may be hid under them. Nevertheleſs, as *Homer* travell'd not with a direct view of writing Philoſophy or Theology, ſo he might often uſe theſe hieroglyphical fables and tradition as embelliſhments of his Poetry only, without taking the pains to open their myſtical meaning

meaning ro his Readers, and perhaps without diving very deeply into it himſelf.

I I.

VERSE 25. *Let down our golden everlaſting Chain.*] The various opinions of the Ancients concerning this paſſage are collected by *Euſtathius*. *Jupiter* ſays, *If he holds this Chain of gold, the force of all the Gods is unable to draw him down*; *but* that *he can draw up them, the Seas and the Earth, and cauſe the whole Univerſe to hang unactive.* Some think that *Jupiter* ſignifies the *Æther*, the golden Chain the *Sun*: If the *Æther* did not temper the rays of the Sun as they paſs thro' it, his beams would not only drink up and exhale the Ocean in vapours, but alſo exhale the moiſture from the veins of the Earth, which is the cement that holds it together; by which means the whole creation would become unactive, and all its Powers be ſuſpended.

Others affirm, that by this golden Chain may be meant the days of the world's duration, ἡμέρας αἰῶνος, which are as it were painted by the luſtre of the Sun, and follow one another in a ſucceſſive chain till they arrive at their final period: While *Jupiter* or the *Æther* (which the Ancients call'd the ſoul of all things) ſtill remains unchanged.

Plato in his *Theætetus* ſays that by this golden Chain is meant the Sun, whoſe rays enliven all Nature and cement the parts of the Univerſe.

The *Stoicks* will have it that by *Jupiter* is implied Deſtiny, which over-rules every thing both upon, and above the Earth.

Others (delighted with their own conceits) imagine that *Homer* intended to repreſentent the excellence of Monarchy; that the Sceptre ought to be ſway'd by one hand, and that all the Wheels of government ſhould be put in motion by one perſon.

But

But I fancy a much better interpretation may be found for this, if we allow (as there is great reaſon to believe) that the *Ægyptians* underſtood the true Syſtem of the World, and that *Pythagoras* firſt learn'd it from them. They held that the Planets were kept in their orbits by gravitation upon the Sun, which was therefore called *Jovis carcer*; and ſometimes by the Sun (as *Macrobius* informs us) is meant *Jupiter* himſelf. We ſee too that the moſt prevailing opinion of Antiquity fixes it to the *Sun*; ſo that I think it will be no ſtrained interpretation to ſay, that by the inability of the Gods to pull *Jupiter* out of his place with this *Catena*, may be underſtood the ſuperior attractive force of the Sun, whereby he continues unmoved, and draws all the reſt of the Planets toward him.

III.

VERSE 16. *Low in the dark Tartarean gulf*, &c.] This Opinion of *Tartarus*, the place of torture for the impious after death, might alſo be taken from the *Ægyptians*: for it ſeems not improbable, as ſome Writers have obſerved, that ſome tradition might then be ſpread in the eaſtern parts of the world, of the fall of the Angels, the puniſhment of the damned, and other ſacred truths which were afterwards more fully explain'd and taught by the Prophets and Apoſtles. Theſe *Homer* ſeems to allude to in this and other paſſages; as where *Vulcan* is ſaid to be precipitated from Heaven in the firſt Book, where *Jupiter* threatens *Mars* with *Tartarus* in the fifth, and where the Dæmon of diſcord is caſt out of Heaven in the nineteenth. *Virgil* has tranſlated a part of theſe lines into the fifth *Æneid*.

...Tum Tartarus ipſe
Bis patet in præceps tantum tenditque ſub umbras,
Quantus ad æthereum cœli ſuſpectus Olympum.

And *Milton* in his firſt Book,

As

As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n,
As from the centre thrice to th' utmoſt Pole.

It may not be unpleaſing juſt to obſerve the gradation in theſe three great Poets, as if they had vied with each other, in extending this idea of the depth of Hell. *Homer* ſays as far, *Virgil* twice as far, *Milton* thrice.

IV.

VERSE 35. *Th' Almighty ſpoke.*] *Homer* in this whole paſſage plainly ſhews his belief of one ſupreme, omnipotent God, whom he introduces with a Majeſty and ſuperiority worthy the great Ruler of the Univerſe. Accordingly *Juſtin Martyr* cites it as a proof of our Author's attributing the power and government of all things to one firſt God, whoſe Divinity is ſo far ſuperior to all other Deities, that if compared to him they may be rank'd among mortals. *Admon. ad Gentes.* Upon this account, and with the authority of that learned Father, I have ventur'd to apply to *Jupiter* in this place ſuch appellatives as are ſuitable to the ſupreme Deity: a Practice I would be cautious of uſing in many others where the notions and deſcriptions of our Author muſt be own'd to be unworthy of the Divinity.

V.

VERSE 39. *O firſt and greateſt!* &c.] *Homer* is not only to be admir'd for keeping up the characters of his Heroes, but for adapting his Speeches to the Characters of his Gods. Had *Juno* here given the reply, ſhe would have begun with ſome mark of reſentment, but *Pallas* is all ſubmiſſion; *Juno* would probably have contradicted him, but *Pallas* only begs leave to be ſorry for thoſe whom ſhe muſt not aſſiſt; *Juno* would have ſpoken with the prerogative of a Wife, but *Pallas* makes her addreſs with the obſequiouſneſs of a prudent Daughter. *Euſtathius.*

VI.

V I.

VERSE 70. *For on this dreadful day The Fate of Fathers, Wives, and Infants lay.*] It may be neceſſary to explain why the *Trojans* thought themſelves obliged to fight in order to defend their Wives and Children. One would think they might have kept within their Walls, the *Grecians* made no attempt to batter them, neither were they inveſted; and the Country was open on all ſides except towards the Sea, to give them proviſions. The moſt natural thought is, that they and their Auxiliaries being very numerous, could not ſubſiſt but from a large Country about them; and perhaps not without the Rivers, where the *Greeks* encamp'd: That in time the *Greeks* would have ſurrounded them, and block'd up every avenue to their Town: That they thought themſelves obliged to defend the Country with all the Inhabitants of it; and that indeed at firſt this was rather a War between two Nations, and became not properly a Siege till afterwards.

V I I.

VERSE 71. *The Gates unfolding*; &c.] There is a wonderful ſublimity in theſe lines; one ſees in the deſcription the Gates of a warlike City thrown open, and an Army pouring forth; and one hears the trampling of Men and Horſes ruſhing to the Battel.

Theſe verſes are, as *Euſtathius* obſerves, only a repetition of a former paſſage, which ſhews that the Poet was particularly pleas'd with them, and that he was not aſhamed of a repetition when he could not expreſs the ſame Image more happily than he had already done.

V I I I.

VERSE 84. *The ſacred light.*] *Homer* deſcribing the advance of the day from morning till noon, calls it ἱερὸν, or ſacred, ſays *Euſtathius*, who gives this reaſon for it, becauſe that part of the day was allot-

ted

ted to ſacrifice and religious worſhip.

IX.

VERSE 82. *The Sire of Gods his golden Scales ſuſpends.*] This Figure repreſenting God as weighing the Deſtinies of Men in his Balances, was firſt made uſe of in holy Writ. In the Book of *Job*, which is acknowledg'd to be one of the moſt ancient of all the Scriptures, he prays to be *weighed in an even Balance, that God may know his integrity.* *Daniel* declares from God to *Belſhazzar, thou art weighed in the Balances, and found light.* And *Proverbs*, Ch. 16. ℣. 11. *A juſt Weight and Balance are the Lord's.* Our Author has it again in the twenty ſecond Iliad, & it appear'd ſo beautiful to ſucceeding Poets, that *Æſchylus* (as we are told by *Plutarch de aud. Poetis*) writ a whole Tragedy upon this foundation, which he called *Pſychoſtaſia*, or the *weighing of Souls.* In this he introduced *Thetis* and *Aurora* ſtanding on either ſide of *Jupiter*'s Scales, and praying each for her Son while the Heroes fought.

Καὶ τότε δὴ χρύσεια πατὴρ ἐτίταινε τάλαντα,
Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει δύο κῆρε τανηλεγέε θανάτοιο,
Ἕλκε δὲ μέσσα λαβὼν. ῥέπε δ' Ἕκτορος αἴσιμον ἦμαρ

It has been copied by *Virgil* in the laſt *Æneid.*

Jupiter ipſe duas æquato examine lances
Suſtinet, & fata imponit diverſa duorum:
Quem damnet labor, & quo vergat pondere lethum.

I cannot agree with Madam *Dacier* that theſe verſes are inferior to *Homer*'s; but *Macrobius* obſerves with ſome colour, that the application of them is not ſo juſt as in our Author; for *Virgil* had made *Juno* ſay before, that *Turnus* would certainly periſh.

Nunc Juvenem imparibus video concurrere Fatis,
Parcarumque dies & vis inimica propinquat.

So that there was leſs reaſon for weighing his Fate with

with that of *Æneas* after that declaration. *Scaliger* trifles miſerably when he ſays *Juno* might have learn'd this from the Fates, tho' *Jupiter* did not know it, before he conſulted them by weighing the Scales. *Macrobius*'s excuſe in behalf of *Virgil* is much better worth regard: I ſhall tranſcribe it entire, as it is perhaps the fineſt period in all that Author. *Hæc & alia ignoſcenda Virgilio, qui ſtudii circa Homerum nimietate excedit modum. Et revera non poterat non in aliquibus minor videri, qui per omnem poëſim ſuam hoc uno eſt præcipue uſus Archetypo. Acriter enim in Homerum oculos intendit, ut æmularetur ejus non modo magnitudinem ſed & ſimplicitatem, & præſentiam orationis, & tacitam majeſtatem. Hinc diverſarum inter Heroas ſuos perſonarum varia magnificatio, hinc Deorum interpoſitio, hinc autoritas fabuloſa, hinc affectuum naturalium expreſſio, hinc monumentorum perſecutio, hinc parabolarum exaggeratio; hinc torrentis orationis ſonitus, hinc rerum ſingularum cum ſplendore faſtigium.* Sat. *l.* 5. c. 13.

As to the aſcent or deſcent of the Scales, *Euſtathius* explains it in this manner. The deſcent of the Scale toward earth ſignifies unhappineſs and death, the Earth being the place of misfortune and mortality; the mounting of it ſignifies proſperity and life, the ſuperior regions being the ſeats of felicity and immortality.

Milton has admirably improved upon this fine Fiction, and with an alteration agreeable to a Chriſtian Poet. He feigns that the Almighty weighed *Satan* in ſuch Scales, but judiciouſly makes this difference, that the mounting of his Scale denoted ill ſucceſs; whereas the ſame circumſtance in *Homer* points the Victory. His Reaſon was, becauſe Satan was immortal, and therefore the ſinking of his Scale could not ſignify death, but the mounting of it did his *lightneſs*, conformable to the expreſſion we juſt now cited from *Daniel*.

Th' Eternal to prevent ſuch horrid fray
Hung forth in Heav'n his golden Scales, yet ſeen
Between Aſtræa *and the* Scorpion *Sign:*
Wherein all things created firſt he weigh'd,
The pendulous round Earth, with balanc'd Air,
In counterpoiſe; now ponders all events,
Battels and Realms: In theſe he put two weights,
The ſequel each of parting and of fight;
The latter quick up-flew, and kick'd the beam.

I believe upon the whole this may with juſtice be preferr'd both to *Homer*'s and *Virgil*'s, on account of the beautiful alluſion to the Sign of *Libra* in the Heavens, and that noble imagination of the Maker's weighing the whole World at the Creation, and all the Events of it ſince; ſo correſpondent at once to Philoſophy, and to the ſtyle of the Scriptures.

X.

VERSE 93. *Then* Jove *from* Ida's *top*, &c.] This diſtreſs of the *Greecks* being ſuppos'd, *Jupiter*'s preſence was abſolutely neceſſary to bring them into it: for the inferior Gods that were friendly to *Greece* were rather more in number and ſuperior in force to thoſe that favour'd *Troy*; and the Poet had ſhew'd before, when both Armies were left to themſelves, that the *Greeks* could overcome the *Trojans*; beſides it would have been an indelible reflection upon his Countrymen to have been vanquiſh'd by a ſmaller number. Therefore nothing leſs than the immediate interpoſition of *Jupiter* was requiſite, which ſhews the wonderful addreſs of the Poet in his Machinery. *Virgil* makes *Turnus* ſay in the laſt *Æneid*,

-----Dii me terrent & Jupiter hoſtis.

And indeed this defeat of the *Greeks* ſeems more to their glory than all their Victories, ſince even *Jupiter*'s omnipotence could with difficulty effect it.

XI.

XI.

VERSE 95. *Thick Light'nings flaſh.*] This notion of *Jupiter*'s declaring againſt the *Greeks* by Thunder and Lightning, is drawn (ſays *Dacier*) from Truth itſelf. *Sam.* 1. *Ch.* 7. *And as* Samuel *was offering up the Burnt offering, the* Philiſtines *drew near to Battel againſt* Iſrael: *But the Lord thunder'd with a great Thunder on that day upon the* Philiſtines, *and diſcomfited them, and they were ſmitten before* Iſrael. To which may be added that in the 18*th* Pſalm. *The Lord thunder'd in the Heavens, and the Higheſt gave his voice; hailſtones and coals of fire. Yea, he ſent out his Arrows and ſcatter'd them; he ſhot out Lightnings and diſcomfited them.*

Upon occaſion of the various ſucceſſes given by *Jupiter*, now to *Grecians*, now to *Trojans*, whom he ſuffers to periſh interchangeably; ſome have fancy'd this ſuppoſition injurious to the nature of the Sovereign Being, as repreſenting him variable or inconſtant in his rewards and puniſhments. It may be anſwer'd, that as God makes uſe of ſome people to chaſtiſe others, and none are totally void of crimes, he often decrees to puniſh thoſe very perſons for leſſer Sins, whom he makes his inſtruments to puniſh others for greater: ſo purging them from their own iniquities before they become worthy to be chaſtiſers of other Men's. This is the caſe of the *Greeks* here, whom *Jupiter* permits to ſuffer many ways, tho' he had deſtin'd them to revenge the Rape of *Helen* upon *Troy*. There is a Hiſtory in the Bible juſt of this nature. In the 20*th* chapter of *Judges*, the *Iſraelites* are commanded to make War againſt the Tribe of *Benjamin*, to puniſh a Rape on the Wife of a *Levite* committed in the City of *Gibeah*: When they have laid Siege to the place, the *Benjamites* ſally upon them with ſo much vigour, that a great number of the Beſiegers are deſtroy'd: they are aſtoniſh'd at theſe defeats,

as having undertaken the Siege in obedience to the command of God: But they are ſtill order'd to perſiſt, till at length they burn the City, and almoſt extinguiſh the Race of *Benjamin*. There are many inſtances in Scripture, where Heaven is repreſented to change its Decrees according to the repentance or relapſes of Men: *Hezechias* is order'd to prepare for death, and afterwards fifteen years are added to his life: It is foretold to *Achab* that he ſhall periſh miſerably, and then upon his humiliation, God defers the puniſhment till the Reign of his Succeſſor, *&c.*

I muſt confeſs, that in comparing paſſages of the ſacred Books with our Author one, ought to uſe a great deal of caution and reſpect. If there are ſome places in Scripture that in compliance to human underſtanding repreſent the Deity as acting by motives like thoſe of Men; there are infinitely more that ſhew him as he is, all Perfection, Juſtice, and Beneficence; whereas in *Homer* the general tenor of the Poem repreſents *Jupiter* as a Being ſubject to Paſſion, Inequality, and Imperfection. I think M. *Dacier* has carry'd theſe compariſons too far, and is too zealous to defend him upon every occaſion in the points of Theology and doctrine.

XII.

VERSE 115. *But* Diomed *beheld*.] The whole following Story of *Neſtor* and *Diomed* is admirably contriv'd to raiſe the character of the latter. He maintains his intrepidity, and ventures ſingly to bring off the old Hero, notwithſtanding the general conſternation. The Art of *Homer* will appear wonderful to any one who conſiders all the circumſtances of this part, and by what degrees he reconciles this flight of *Diomed* to that undaunted character. The Thunderbolt falls juſt before him; that is not enough; *Neſtor* adviſes him to ſubmit to Heaven; this

this does not prevail, he cannot bear the thoughts of Flight: *Neſtor* drives back the Chariot without his conſent; he is again inclined to go on till *Jupiter* again declares againſt him. Theſe two Heroes are very artfully placed together, becauſe none but a perſon of *Neſtor*'s authority and wiſdom could have prevailed upon *Diomed* to retreat: A younger Warrior could not ſo well in honour have given him ſuch counſel, and from no other would he have taken it. To cauſe *Diomed* to fly, required both the counſel of *Neſtor*, and the Thunder of *Jupiter*.

XIII.

VERSE 121. *Oh turn and ſave*, &c.] There is a decorum in making *Diomed* call *Ulyſſes* to the aſſiſtance of his Brother Sage; for who better knew the importance of *Neſtor*, than *Ulyſſes*? But the queſtion is, whether *Ulyſſes* did not drop *Neſtor* as one great Miniſter would do another, and fancy'd he ſhould be the wiſe Man when the other was gone? *Euſtathius* indeed is of opinion that *Homer* meant not to caſt any aſperſion on *Ulyſſes*, nor would have given him ſo many noble appellations when in the ſame breath he reflected upon his courage. But perhaps the contrary opinion may not be ill grounded if we obſerve the manner of *Homer*'s expreſſion. *Diomed* call'd *Ulyſſes*, but *Ulyſſes* was deaf, he *did not hear*; and whereas the Poet ſays of the reſt, that they had not the *hardineſs* to ſtay, *Ulyſſes* is not only ſaid to *fly*, but παρῴξεν, to make *violent haſte* towards the Navy.

Ovid at leaſt underſtood it thus, for he puts an objection in *Ajax*'s mouth, *Metam.* 13. drawn from this paſſage, which would have been improper had not *Ulyſſes* made more ſpeed than he ought; ſince *Ajax* on the ſame occaſion retreated as well as he.

XIV.

VERSE 142. *The thirſty fury of my flying ſpear.*] *Homer* has Figures of that boldneſs which it is impoſſible to preſerve in another language. The words in the original are Δόρυ μαίνεται, Hector *ſhall ſee if my ſpear is mad in my hands.* The Tranſlation pretends only to have taken ſome ſhadow of this, in animating the ſpear, giving it *fury*, and ſtrengthning the Figure with the Epithet *thirſty*.

XV.

VERSE 159. *And now had Death*, &c.] *Euſtathius* obſerves how wonderfully *Homer* ſtill advances the character of *Diomed*: when all the Leaders of *Greece* were retreated, the Poet ſays that had not *Jupiter* interpoſed, *Diomed* alone had driven the whole Army of *Troy* to their Walls, and with his ſingle hand have vanquiſh'd an Army.

XVI.

VERSE 164. *The Ground before him flam'd.*] Here is a Battel deſcrib'd with ſo much fire, that the warmeſt imagination of an able Painter cannot add a circumſtance to heighten the ſurprize or horror of the Picture. Here is what they call the *fracas*, or hurry and tumult of the action in the utmoſt ſtrength of colouring, upon the foreground; and the *repoſe* or *ſolemnity* at a diſtance, with great propriety and judgment. Firſt, in the *eloignement*, we behold *Jupiter* in golden Armour, ſurrounded with Glory, upon the ſummit of Mount *Ida*; his Chariot and Horſes by him, wrapt in dark clouds. In the next place below the Horizon, appear the clouds rolling and opening, thro' which the Lightning flaſhes in the face of the *Greeks*, who are flying on all ſides: *Agamemnon* and the reſt of the Commanders in the Rear, in poſtures of Aſtoniſhment. Towards the middle of the Piece, we ſee *Neſtor* in the utmoſt diſtreſs, one of his Horſes having a deadly

deadly wound in the forehead with a dart, which makes him rear and writhe, and diſorder the reſt. *Neſtor* is cutting the harneſs with his ſword, while *Hector* advances driving full ſpeed. *Diomed* interpoſes, in an action of the utmoſt fierceneſs and intrepidity: Theſe two Heroes make the principal figures and ſubject of the Picture. A burning Thunderbolt falls juſt before the feet of *Diomed's* Horſes, from whence a horrid flame of ſulphur ariſes.

This is only a ſpecimen of a ſingle Picture deſign'd by *Homer* out of the many with which he has beautified the Iliad. And indeed every thing is ſo natural and ſo lively, that the Hiſtory-Painter would generally have no more to do but to delineate the forms, and copy the circumſtances juſt as he finds them deſcribed by this great Maſter. We cannot therefore wonder at what has been ſo often ſaid of *Homer's* furniſhing ideas to the moſt famous Painters of Antiquity.

XVII.

VERSE 194 *The ſolid Skies.*] *Homer* ſometimes calls the Heaven *Brazen*, Οὐρανὸν πολύχαλκον, and *Jupiter's* Palace, χαλκοβατὲς δῶ. One might think from hence that the notion of the *ſolidity of the Heavens*, which is indeed very ancient, had been generally receiv'd. The Scripture uſes expreſſions agreeable to it, *A Heaven of braſs*, and the *Firmament*.

XVIII.

VERSE 214. *Heard ye the voice of* Jove?] It was a noble and effectual manner of encouraging the Troops, by telling them that God was ſurely on their ſide: This, it ſeems, has been an ancient practice, as it has been uſed in modern times by thoſe who never read *Homer*.

XIX.

VERSE 226. *Now* Xanthus, Æthon, &c.] There have been thoſe who blame this manner introduced by *Homer* and copied by *Virgil*, of making a Hero addreſs his diſcourſe to his Horſes. *Virgil* has given human ſentiments to the Horſe of *Pallas*, and made him weep for the death of his Maſter. In the tenth Æneid *Mezentius* ſpeaks to his Horſe in the ſame manner as *Hector* does here. Nay, he makes *Turnus* utter a Speech to his Spear; and invoke it as a Divinity. All this is agreeable to the art of Oratory, which makes it a precept to ſpeak to every thing & make every thing ſpeak; of which there are innumerable applauded inſtances in the moſt celebrated Orators. Nothing can be more ſpirited and affecting than this enthuſiaſm of *Hector*, who, in the tranſport of his joy at the ſight of *Diomed* flying before him, breaks out into this Apoſtrophe to his Horſes, as he is purſuing. And indeed the air of this whole Speech is agreeable to a Man drunk with the hopes of ſucceſs, and promiſing himſelf a ſeries of Conqueſts. He has in imagination already forced the *Grecian* Retrenchments, ſet the Fleet in flames, and deſtroyed the whole Army.

XX.

VERSE 232. *For this my Spouſe.*] There is (ſays M. *Dacier*) a ſecret beauty in this paſſage, which perhaps will only be perceiv'd by thoſe who are particularly vers'd in *Homer*. He deſcribes a Princeſs ſo tender in her love to her Husband that ſhe takes care conſtantly to go and meet him at his return from every Battel, and in the joy of ſeeing him again, runs to his Horſes and gives them bread and Wine as a teſtimony of her acknowledgment to them for bringing him back. Notwithſtanding the raillery that may be paſt upon this remark, I take a Lady to be the beſt judge to what actions a Woman may be carry'd by fondneſs to her Husband. *Homer* does

does not expreſly mention bread, but wheat; and the Commentators are not agreed whether ſhe gave them wine to drink, or ſteep'd the grain in it. *Hobbes* tranſlates it as I do.

XXI.

VERSE 237. Vulcanian *Arms*, *the labour of a God.*] Theſe were the Arms that *Diomed* had received from *Glaucus*, and a prize worthy *Hector*, being (as we were told in the ſixth book) entirely of Gold. I do not remember any other place where the ſhield of *Neſtor* is celebrated by *Homer.*

XXII.

VERSE 246. *Yet* Ægæ, Helice.] Theſe were two Cities of *Grecee* in which *Neptune* was particularly honoured, and in each of which there was a Temple and Statue of him.

XXIII.

VERSE 262. *Where the deep Trench.*] That is to ſay, the ſpace betwixt the ditch and the Wall was filled with the Men and Chariots of the *Greeks*. *Hector* not having yet paſt the ditch. *Euſtathius.*

XXIV.

VERSE 269. *His purple Robe.*] *Agamemnon* here addreſſes himſelf to the eyes of the Army; his voice might have been loſt in the confuſion of a Retreat, but the motion of this purple Robe could not fail of attracting the regards of thē Soldiers. His Speech alſo is very remarkable; he firſt endeavours to ſhame them into courage, and then begs of *Jupiter* to give that courage ſucceſs; at leaſt ſo far as not to ſuffer the whole Army to be deſtroyed. *Euſtathius.*

XXV.

VERSE 270. *High on the midmoſt Bark*, &c.] We learn from hence the ſituation of the Ships of *Ulyſſes*, *Achilles*, and *Ajax*. The two latter being the ſtrongeſt Heroes of the Army, were placed to defend either end of the Fleet as moſt obnoxious

to the incurſions or ſurprizes of the Enemy; and *Ulyſſes* being the ableſt head, was allotted the middle place, as more ſafe and convenient for the Council, and that he might be the nearer if any emergency required his advice. *Euſtathius. Spondanus.*

XXVI.

VERSE 293. *Thus pray'd the King, and Heav'ns great Father heard.*] It is to be obſerv'd in general that *Homer* hardly ever makes his Heroes ſucceed, unleſs they have firſt offer'd a prayer to Heaven. Whether they engage in War, go upon an Embaſſy, undertake a Voyage; in a word, whatever they enterprize, they almoſt always ſupplicate ſome God; and whenever we find this omitted, we may expect ſome adverſity to befall them in the courſe of the ſtory.

XXVII.

VERSE 297. *The Eagle, ſacred bird!*) *Jupiter* upon the prayers of *Agamemnon* ſends an omen to encourage the *Greeks*. The application of it is obvious: The Eagle ſignified *Hector*, the fawn denoted the fear and flight of the *Greeks*, and being drop'd at the Altar of *Jupiter*, ſhew'd that they would be ſaved by the protection of that God. The word Παναμφαῖος (ſays *Euſtathius*) has a great ſignificancy in this place. The *Greeks* having juſt received this happy omen from *Jupiter*, were offering oblations to him under the Title of the *Father of Oracles*. There may alſo be a natural reaſon for this appellation, as *Jupiter* ſignified the *Æther*, which is the vehicle of all Sounds.

Virgil has a fine Imitation of this paſſage, but diverſify'd with many more circumſtances, where he makes *Juturna* ſhew a Prodigy of the like nature to encourage the *Latins*, *Æn.* 12.

Namque volans rubrâ fulvus Jovis ales in æthrâ,
Litoreas agitabat aves, turbamque ſonantem
Agminis

Agminis aligeri: ſubito cum lapſus ad undas
Cycnum excellentem pedibus rapit improbus uncis.
Arrexere animos Itali: cunctaque volucres
Convertunt clamore fugam (mirabile viſu)
Ætheraque obſcurant pennis, hoſtemque per auras
Factâ nube premunt: donec vi victus & ipſo
Pondere deſecit, prædamque ex unguibus ales
Projecit fluvio, penituſque in nubila fugit.

XXVIII.

VERSE 305. Tydides *firſt.*] *Diomed*, as we have before ſeen, was the laſt that retreated from the Thunder of *Jupiter*; he is now the firſt that returns to the battel. It is worth while to obſerve the behaviour of the Hero upon this occaſion: He retreats with the utmoſt reluctancy, and advances with the greateſt ardour; he flies with greater impatience to meet danger, than he could before to put himſelf in ſafety. *Euſtathius.*

XXIX.

VERSE 321. *Secure behind the* Telamonian *ſhield.*] *Euſtathius* obſerves that *Teucer* being an excellent Archer, and uſing only the bow, could not wear any Arms which would incumber him, and render him leſs expedite in his Archery. *Homer* to ſecure him from the Enemy, repreſents him as ſtanding behind *Ajax*'s Shield, and ſhooting from thence. Thus the Poet gives us a new circumſtance of a battel, and tho' *Ajax* atchieves nothing himſelf, he maintains a ſuperiority over *Teucer*: *Ajax* may be ſaid to kill theſe *Trojans* with the arrows of *Teucer*.

There is alſo a wonderful tenderneſs in the Simile with which he illuſtrates the retreat of *Teucer* behind the ſhield of *Ajax*: Such tender circumſtances ſoften the horrors of a battel, and diffuſe a dawn of ſerenity over the ſoul of the Reader.

XXX.

XXX.

VERSE 337. *Great* Agamemnon *views.*] *Euſtathius* obſerves that *Homer* would here teach the duty of a General in a battel. He muſt obſerve the behaviour of his Soldiers: He muſt honour the Hero, reproach the Coward, reduce the diſorderly; and for the encouragement of the deſerving, he muſt promiſe rewards, that deſert in Arms may not only be paid with Glory.

XXXI.

VERSE 343. *Sprung from an Alien's bed.*] *Agamemnon* here in the height of his commendations of *Teucer*, tells him of his ſpurious birth: This (ſays *Euſtathius*) was reckon'd no diſgrace among the Ancients; nothing being more common than for Heroes of old to take their female Captives to their beds; and as ſuch Captives were then given for a reward of valour, and as a matter of glory, it could be no reproach to be deſcended from them. Thus *Teucer* (ſays *Euſtathius*) was deſcended from *Telamon*, and *Heſione* the ſiſter of *Priam*, a female Captive.

XXXII.

VERSE 364. *This Dog of* Troy.] This is literal from the *Greek*, and I have ventured it as no improper expreſſion of the rage of *Teucer* for having been ſo often diſappointed in his aim, and of his paſſion againſt that Enemy who had ſo long prevented all the hopes of the *Grecians*. *Milton* was not ſcrupulous of imitating even theſe, which the modern Refiners call unmannerly ſtrokes of our Author (who knew to what extreams human paſſions might proceed, and was not aſhamed to copy them.) He has put this very expreſſion into the mouth of God himſelf, who upon beholding the havock which *Sin* and *Death* made in the world, is moved in his indignation to cry out,

See with what heat theſe Dogs of Hell advance!

XXXIII.

VERSE 367. *He miſs'd the mark.*] Theſe Words, ſays *Euſtathius*, are very artfully inſerted; the Reader might wonder why ſo skilful an Archer ſhould ſo often miſs his mark, and it was neceſſary that *Teucer* ſhould miſs *Hector* becauſe *Homer* could not falſify the Hiſtory: Th is difficulty he removes by the intervention of *Apollo*, who wafts the arrow aſide from him: The Poet does not tell us that this was done by the hand of a God, till the arrow of *Teucer* came ſo near *Hector* as to kill his Charioteer, which made ſome ſuch contrivance neceſſary.

XXXIV.

VERSE 371. *As full-blown Poppies.*] This Simile is very beautiful, and exactly repreſents the manner of *Gorgythion*'s death: There is ſuch a ſweetneſs in the compariſon, that it makes us pity the Youth's fall, and almoſt feel his wound. *Virgil* has apply'd it to the death of *Euryalus*.

---Inque humeros cervix collapſa recumbit:
Purpureus veluti cum flos ſucciſus aratro
Langueſcit moriens; laſſove papavera collo
Demiſere caput, pluvia cum forte gravantur.

This is finely improved by the *Roman* Author with the particulars of *ſucciſus aratro*, and *laſſo collo*. But it may on the other hand be obſerv'd in the favour of *Homer*, that the circumſtance of the head being oppreſſed and weigh'd down by the helmet is ſo remarkably juſt, that it is a wonder *Virgil* omitted it, and the rather becauſe he had particularly taken notice before that it was the helmet of *Euryalus* which occaſion'd the diſcovery and unfortunate death of this young Hero and his Friend.

One may make a general obſervation, that *Homer* in thoſe Compariſons that breath an air of tenderneſs, is very exact, and adapts them in every point to the ſubject which he is to illuſtrate: But in other

Com-

Compariſons, where he is to inſpire the ſoul with ſublime ſentiments, he gives a looſe to his Fancy, and does not regard whether the images exactly correſpond. I take the reaſon of it to be this: In the firſt, the copy muſt be like the original to cauſe it to affect us; the glaſs needs only to return the real image to make it beautiful; whereas in the other, a ſucceſſion of noble ideas will cauſe the like ſentiments in the ſoul, and tho' the glaſs ſhould enlarge the image, it only ſtrikes us with ſuch thoughts as the Poet intended to raiſe, ſublime and great.

XXXV.

VERSE 393. *There, where the juncture knits the channel bone.*] *Hector* ſtruck *Teucer* (it ſeems) juſt about the articulation of the arm, with the ſhoulder; which cut the tendon, or wounded it ſo, that the arm loſt its force: This is a true deſcription of the effect of ſuch a blow.

XXXVI.

VERSE 407. *As the bold Hound that gives the Lion chace.*] This ſimile is the juſteſt imaginable; and gives the moſt lively picture of the manner in which the *Grecians* fled, and *Hector* purſued them, ſtill ſlaughtering the hindmoſt. *Gratius* and *Oppian* have given us particular deſcriptions of thoſe ſort of Dogs, of prodigious ſtrength and ſize, which were employ'd to hunt and tear down wild beaſts. To one of theſe fierce animals he compares *Hector*, and one cannot but obſerve his care not to diſgrace his *Grecian* Countrymen by an unworthy Compariſon: Tho' he is obliged to repreſent them flying, he makes them fly like Lions, and as they fly, turn frequently back upon their purſuer; ſo that it is hard to ſay if they, or he, be in the greater danger. On the contrary, when any of the *Grecian* Heroes purſue the *Trojans*, it is he that is the Lion, and the flyers are but ſheep or trembling deer.

XXXVII.

XXXVII.

VERSE 439. *The ſtubborn God, inflexible and hard.*] It muſt be owned that this Speech of *Minerva* againſt *Jupiter*, ſhocks the Allegory more than perhaps any in the Poem. Unleſs the Deities may ſometimes be thought to mean no more than Beings that preſided over thoſe parts of Nature, or thoſe paſſions and facultys of the mind. Thus as *Venus* ſuggeſts unlawful as well as lawful deſires, ſo *Minerva* may be deſcribed as the Goddeſs not only of wiſdom but of craft, that is, both of true and falſe wiſdom. So the Moral of *Minerva*'s ſpeaking raſhly of *Jupiter* may be, that the wiſeſt of finite Beings is liable to Paſſion and Indiſcretion, as the Commentators have already obſerv'd.

XXXVIII.

VERSE 461. *What mighty* Trojan *then, on yonder ſhore.*] She means *Hector*, whoſe death the Poet makes her foreſee in ſuch a lively manner as if the image of the Hero lay bleeding before her. This picture is noble, and agreeable to the obſervation we formerly made of *Homer*'s method of prophecying in the ſpirit of Poetry.

XXXIX.

VERSE 469. *Floats in rich waves.*] The *Greek* word is κατέχευεν, *pours* the veil on the pavement. I muſt juſt take notice that here is a repetition of the ſame beautiful verſes which the Author had uſed in the fifth book.

XL.

VERSE 477. *Smooth glides the Chariot*, &c.] One would almoſt think *Homer* made his Gods and Goddeſſes deſcend from *Olympus*, only to mount again, and mount only to deſcend again, he is ſo remarkably delighted with the deſcriptions of their Horſes, and their manner of flight. We have no leſs than three of theſe in the preſent book.

XLI.

VERSE 500. *For* Juno *headſtrong and imperious*

ſtill

ſtill, She claims, &c.] *Euſtathius* obſerves here, if a good Man does us a wrong, we are juſtly angry at it; but if it proceeds from a bad one, it is no more than we expected, we are not at all ſurprized, and we bear it with patience.

There are many ſuch paſſages as theſe in *Homer* which glance obliquely at the fair Sex, and *Jupiter* is here forced to take upon himſelf the ſevere husband, to teach *Juno* the duty of a Wife.

XLII.

VERSE 522. *But thee what deſp'rate inſolence.*] It is obſervable that *Homer* generally makes his Meſſengers, divine as well as human, very punctual in delivering their meſſages in the very words of the perſons who commiſſion'd them. *Iris* however in the cloſe of her Speech has ventur'd to go beyond her Inſtructions and all rules of decorum, by adding theſe expreſſions of bitter reproch to a Goddeſs of ſuperior rank. The words of the original, Κύον ἀδδεὲς, are too groſs to be literally tranſlated.

XLIII.

VERSE 525: Juno *her rage reſign'd.*) *Homer* never intended to give us the picture of a good Wife in the deſcription of *Juno:* She obeys *Jupiter*, but it is a forced obedience: She ſubmits rather to the Governor than to the Husband, and is more afraid of his Lightning than his commands.

Her behaviour in this place is very natural to a perſon under a diſappointment: She had ſet her heart upon preferring the *Greeks*, but failing in that point, ſhe aſſumes an air of indifference, and ſays, whether they live or die, ſhe is unconcern'd.

XLIV.

VERSE 531. *They breathe or periſh as the Fates ordain.*) The Tranſlator has turn'd this line in compliance to an old Obſervation upon *Homer*, which *Macrobius*

crobius has written, and ſeveral others have ſince fallen into: They ſay he was ſo great a Fataliſt, as not ſo much as to name the word *Fortune* in all his works, but conſtantly *Fate* inſtead of it. This Remark ſeems curious enough, and indeed does agree with the general tenor and doctrine of this Poet; but unluckily it is not true, the word which they have proſcribed, being imply'd in the Original of this ℣. 340. Ὅς κε τύχῃ.

XLV.

VERSE 547. *And fix the Car on its immortal baſe.*] It is remark'd by *Euſtathius* that the word βωμοὶ ſignifies not only *Altars*, but *pedeſtals* or *baſes*, of Statues, *&c.* I think our language will bear this literally, tho' M. *Dacier* durſt not venture it in the *French*. The ſolemnity with which this Chariot of *Jupiter* is ſet up, by the hands of a God, and cover'd with a fine veil, makes it eaſy enough to imagine that this diſtinction alſo might be ſhewn it.

XLVI.

VERSE 570. Juno *and* Pallas.] In the beginning of this book *Juno* was ſilent, and *Minerva* reply'd: Here, ſays *Euſtathius*, *Homer* makes *Juno* reply with great propriety to both their characters. *Minerva* reſents the uſage of *Jupiter*, but the reverence ſhe bears to her Father, and her King, keeps her ſilent; ſhe has not leſs anger than *Juno*, but more reaſon. *Minerva* there ſpoke with all the ſubmiſſion and deference that was owing from a Subject to a King; but *Juno* is more free with her Husband, ſhe is angry, and lets him know it by the firſt word ſhe utters.

Juno here repeats the ſame words which had been us'd by *Minerva* to *Jupiter* near the beginning of this Book. What is there utter'd by Wiſdom herſelf, and approv'd by him, is here ſpoken by a Goddeſs

who (as *Homer* tells us at this very time) imprudently manifeſted her paſſions, and whom *Jupiter* anſwers with anger. To deal fairly, I cannot defend this in my Author, any more than ſome other of his repetitions; as when *Ajax* in the fifteenth Iliad, ℣ 561. uſes the ſame Speech word for word to encourage the *Greeks*, which *Agamemnon* had made in the fifth, ℣. 529. I think it equally an extreme, to vindicate all the repetitions of *Homer*, and to excuſe none. However *Euſtathius* very ingeniouſly excuſes this, by ſaying that the ſame Speeches become entirely different by the different manner of introducing them. *Minerva* addreſs'd herſelf to *Jupiter* with words full of reſpect, but *Juno* with terms of reſentment. This, ſays he, ſhews the effect of opening our Speeches with art: It prejudices the Audience in our favour, and makes us ſpeak to Friends: whereas the Auditor naturally denies that favour, which the Orator does not ſeem to ask; ſo that what he delivers, tho' it has equal merit, labours under this diſadvantage, that his Judges are his Enemies.

XLVII.

VERSE 590 *Nor ſhall great* Hector *ceaſe*, &c.] Here ſays *Euſtathius*, the Poet prepares the Reader for what is to ſucceed: he gives us the outlines of his piece, which he is to fill up in the progreſs of the Poem. This is ſo far from cloying the Reader's appetite, that it raiſes it, and makes him deſirous to ſee the Picture drawn in its full length.

XLVIII.

VERSE 621. *Ye valiant* Trojans, &c.] *Euſtathius* obſerves that *Hector* here ſpeaks like a Soldier: He bears a ſpear, not a Sceptre in his hand; he harangues like a Warrior, but like a Victor; he ſeems to be too much pleaſed with himſelf, and in this vein of ſelf-flattery, he promiſes a compleat Conqueſt over the *Greeks*.

XLIX.

XLIX.

VERSE 648. *And let the Matrons.*] I have been more obſervant of the decorum in this line than my Author himſelf. He calls the Women Θηλύτεραι, an Epithet of ſcandalous import, upon which *Porphyry* and the *Greek* Scholiaſt have ſaid but too much. I know no Man that has yet had the impudence to tranſlate that Remark, in regard of which it is politeneſs to imitate the Barbarians, and ſay, *Græcum eſt, non legitur.* For my part, I leave it as a motive to ſome very curious perſons of both Sexes to ſtudy the *Greek* Language.

L.

VERSE 679. *Full Hecatombs*, &c.] The ſix lines that follow being a tranſlation of four in the Original, are added from the authority of *Plato* in Mr. *Barnes* his Edition: That Author cites them in his ſecond *Alcibiades.* There is no doubt of their being genuine, but the queſtion is only whether they are rightly placed here? I ſhall not pretend to decide upon a point which will doubtleſs be the ſpeculation of future Criticks.

LI.

VERSE 687. *As when the Moon*, &c.) This Compariſon is inferior to none in *Homer.* It is the moſt beautiful Nightpiece that can be found in Poetry. He preſents you with a proſpect of the Heavens, the Seas, and the Earth: The Stars ſhine, the Air is ſerene, the world enlighten'd, and the Moon mounted in glory. *Euſtathius* remarks that Φαεινὴν does not ſignify the Moon at full, for then the light of the Stars is diminiſh'd or loſt in the greater brightneſs of the Moon. And others correct the word Φαεινὴν, to Φάει νῆν, for Φάει νέην, but this criticiſm is forced, and I ſee no neceſſity why the moon may not be ſaid to be bright, tho'it is not in the full. A Poet is not obliged to

to ſpeak with the exactneſs of Philoſophy, but with the liberty of Poetry.

LII.

VERSE 703. *A thouſand Piles.*] *Homer* in his Catalogue of the *Grecian* Ships, tho'he does not recount expreſly the number of the *Greeks*, has given ſome hints from whence the Sum of their Army may be collected. But in the ſame Book where he gives an account of the *Trojan* Army, and relates the names of the Leaders and Nations of the Auxiliaries, he ſays nothing by which we may infer the number of the Army of the beſieged. To ſupply therefore that omiſſion, he has taken occaſion by this piece of Poetical Arithmetick, to inform his Reader, that the *Trojan* Army amounted to fifty thouſand. That the Aſſiſtant Nations are to be included therein, appears from what *Dolon* ſays in *l.* 10. that the Auxiliaries were encamped that night with the *Trojans.*

This paſſage gives me occaſion to animadvert upon a miſtake of a modern Writer. The *Abbé Terraſſon* in a late Treatiſe againſt *Homer*, is under a grievous error, in ſaying that all the Forces of *Troy* and the Auxiliaries cannot be reaſonably ſuppos'd from *Homer* to be above ten thouſand Men. He had entirely overlook'd this place, which ſays there were a thouſand fires, and fifty Men at each of them.

LIII.

VERSE 707. *The Courſers o'er their heaps of corn.*] I durſt not take the ſame liberty with M. *Dacier*, who has omitted this circumſtance and does not mention the Horſes at all. In the following line, the laſt of the Book, *Homer* has given to the *Morning* the Epithet *fair-haired*, or *bright-throned*, ὔθρονον ἠῶ. I have already taken notice in the Preface of the method of tranſlating the Epithets of *Homer*, and muſt add here, that it is often only the un-

uncertainty the moderns lie under, of the true genuine ſignification of an ancient word, which cauſes the many various conſtructions of it. So that it is probable the Author's own words, at the time he uſed them, never meant half ſo many things as we tranſlate them into. Madam *Dacier* generally obſerves one practice as to theſe throughout her Verſion: She renders almoſt every ſuch epithet in *Greek* by two or three in *French*, from a fear of loſing the leaſt part of its ſignificance. This perhaps may be excuſable in Proſe; tho' at beſt it makes the whole much more verboſe and tedious, and is rather like writing a Dictionary than rendring an Author. But in Verſe, every Reader knows ſuch a redoubling of Epithets would not be tolerable. A Poet has therefore only to chuſe that, which moſt agrees with the tenor and main intent of the particular paſſage, or with the Genius of Poetry itſelf

It is plain that too ſcrupulous an adherence to many of theſe, gives the Tranſlation an exotic, pedantic, and whimſical air, which it is not to be imagined the Original ever had. To call a Hero the *great Artificer of flight*, the *ſwift of foot*, or the *Horſe-tamer*, theſe give us ideas of little peculiarities, when in the Author's time they were Epithets uſed only in general to ſignify alacrity, and vigor. A common Reader would imagine from theſe ſervile verſions, that *Diomed* and *Achilles* were Foot-racers, and *Hector* a Horſe-courſer, rather than that any of them were Heroes. A Man ſhall be call'd a faithful Tranſlator for rendring πόδας ὠκύς in *Engliſh*, *ſwift-footed*; but laugh'd at if he ſhould tranſlate our *Engliſh* word *dext'rous* into any other language, *right-handed*.

FINIS.

2 AP 57